

OAKLAND TRIBUNE

WEDNESDAY
MAY 25, 1923



The Over- land Mail—

After several con-
tracts for carrying
mail via stage from Ir-
rington, Mont. Sta-
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tion, Calif., then from St.
Louis via Santa Fe, Albuquerque
and Salt Lake to Sacramento, from
the early 50's to 1858, the government
finally in the latter year made the con-
tract for the great "Overland Mail." The
mail, in four- and six-horse drawn Concord
coaches, left St. Louis and San Francisco simul-
taneously. The schedule time was twenty-five days,
three days faster than steamer. The line was splendidly
equipped, with 100 new stages, 1000 horses, 500 mules and
750 men, of whom 150 were drivers.

D. H. 24

Revolt of the Gypsy Brides

Flappers Among Nomads
No Longer Content to Let
Parents Pick Hubbies;
Tribes Are in a Turmoil

IN Gypsy-land, the parents decide who is to marry, and to whom. This is Gypsy law. A Gypsy maid is never expected to question this entrenched tradition of the race.

But now the Gypsy maids—like American flappers—are changing. And the Gypsy brides are in revolt!

"Len sos sons! abela pani e reblerdani terela!"

When Paraska John, beautiful maid of the John clan of Gypsies, whispered those words of the Gypsy tongue into the ear of Nick Lee, heir-ascendant to the kingship of the Lee clan, did she mark the shattering of customs which have held sway over Gypsy hearts and Gypsy love for all the centuries since the first tribe or clan of the familiar vagrants of the highways and byways of the world left the original home of the race in the mysterious northland of far-away India?

When Paraska John defiantly called the wonders of modern science to the aid of her romance did she indicate that Gypsy women have broken from the rigid bonds of tribal law to assert their right to select their mates as they wished?

From the Oregon line to the boundary of Mexico—wherever the paterans, trails, of the Gypsy caravans cross—Paraska John is a topic of campfire conversation.

"Gypsy law—la liri de los Cales—has gone! Our girls flaunt our choices for their husbands and go into the courts of the hated and thrice-cursed gorgios to prove their fathers and mothers liars and tyrants," say the grizzled old men of the tribes as they gather round the smoky campfires by night.

Old women of the clans nod their heads in worry which is quite the same thing to do among elderly women the world over when their girls do something that "wasn't done when I was a girl."

Paraska John, a shy Callee, is a bride of the pateran of a new day, a day that threatens to see the breaking of the last strands of Gypsy law remaining with the tribes which wander about the states of the west. Paraska John is only one of the many Gypsy maidens who are revolting against the bondage of the Gypsy law in the same spirit of defiance which has actuated their sisters of other races in the last half century.

Gypsy law divides itself into three major heads or precepts:

Separate not from the husbands; be faithful to the husbands; pay your debts to the husbands.

Under these three heads are found the many intricacies which led to the story of Paraska John becoming the choice tid-bit of conversation among the California Romanies.

It was against this law, held inviolate through the centuries of wandering, against which Paraska John rebelled and defeated with the aid of the X-ray of modern science.

Never before had Gypsy maiden defied the Gypsy law in quite the fashion that Paraska John did to win her husband, her rom, as the husband is known in the Gypsy language. Paraska John is a member of one of the best known Gypsy tribes of California. Her clan ranks third in numbers in California, following the Adams and Mitchell clans. Her clan came to California from Mexico, and from Spain to Mexico, bringing with it the Gypsy dialect peculiar to Spain.

In the course of the caravan's travels through the state, the Lee clan was encountered. The Lees are English Gypsies, interbred with a clan of Serbian Gypsies.

stalwart lad, who could touch the strings of his guitar quite as skillfully as he could shoe a horse and there was no farrier in the Lee tribe better than Nick Lee. Also he was reckoned as the successor to the ruling king of the Lee tribe. Altogether Nick Lee was a lad to catch the eye and fancy of any pretty Gitana.

Paraska John, a beauty according to Gypsy standards, looked at Nick Lee and smiled. Nick Lee smiled back. The smiles led to conversations and the conversations became more friendly, until the hot Gypsy love thrilled in their hearts and Paraska John one day admitted shyly to Nick Lee that she was willing and ready to be his rom. Now this in itself was in contradiction to Gypsy law. Gypsy law in all countries leaves the mating of the young to the parents. The father of the girl keeps an eye open for a suitable young man. Likewise the father of a youth is alert for a good fortune-seeking Gypsy maid who would be a useful wife to his son. The fathers discuss all proposals matrimonial and pledge the troths of their sons and daughters, and



often as not, the children know nothing of the matter.

Paraska John had watched the maids and youths of the gorgios, often she had told their fortunes and stolen their trinkets, and in time something of their independence in social matters entered her bold Gypsy heart. So she broke Gypsy law recklessly and told Nick Lee that she loved him.

There was excitement in the camp of the Lees and Johns near Napa recently when Paraska John and Nick Lee made known their betrothal. The parents, who had different ideas and beside had not been consulted, stormed, and the clansmen spoke of the penalties for breaking Gypsy law. There is a Gypsy stanza which expresses the clansmen's feelings as the story of the broken Gypsy law was told. It follows:

"They sire and mother wrath and hate—
Have vowed against us, love!
The first, first night that from the gate
We two together rove."

against the infraction of tribal law that the Lees and Johns broke camp and separated. But Nick Lee followed the caravan of his beloved and secretly met Paraska John.

Paraska John and Nick Lee fled the caravan, abandoned the pateran of their fathers and Lee claimed the girl as his rom and she proudly called him her rom, her husband and protector. When the tribes found them Gypsy law threatened to end the romance then and there. Paraska John's parents and kinsfolk spoke of stealing the girl from her rom and carrying her from the state.

Nick Lee had listened to Paraska John's opinions of the white men's laws so he hurried to the office of a Napa attorney.

Thus it happened that one of the strangest events in Gypsy history transpired in the Superior Court at Napa before Superior Judge Percy E. King.

win their case by white men's methods.

"The girl is not 13 years of age. She is too young to be married," charged the parents' attorney. Paraska John counted back the summers and winters she could remember and came to the conclusion that she was 13 years old and that her parents were trying to prevent her marriage to Lee by this method. Lee's attorney consulted with the girl.

Science, with its modern miracles of magic to the Gypsy mind, was called into this strange case. Doctors who understood the use of the X-ray were questioned.

"Can X-ray pictures of the girl's bones tell her age?" was the question.

The doctors nodded in assent. It was represented to the court in lengthy technical answers that X-ray photographs of certain bones of the girl's body would indicate her state of maturity. Paraska John did not know what the black machine might do to her; she feared it, yet submitted to the fearful test as the last resort to win her love suit. X-ray photographs were taken and the doctors, after an examination, announced to the court that Paraska John was more than 13 years of age.

The miracle of the black ma-

chine gave Paraska John the right to marry the man of her choice. Before Judge King could give his decision the parents of the young couple decided that perhaps the time had come when Gypsy law must bow to the growing independence of the children and they gave their consent.

Paraska John and Nick Lee were married—twice, first by a justice of the peace at Napa after a white man's marriage license had been obtained, and the second time according to the old rites of the Gypsy sect.

How far Paraska John and Nick Lee transgressed beyond the pale of Gypsy marriage law may be seen in an account of a typical Gypsy marriage. Perhaps the most vivid description is given by George Borrow, who spent many years among the Gypsies of many countries and became intimately acquainted with their customs. Borrow describes a marriage as follows:

"It is impossible to diminish the subjects of Gypsies without adding some remarks on their marriage festival. There is nothing which they retain connected with their primitive rites and customs

"Miracle of Black Machine" Gives Maid Right to Wed Man of Choice; Two Ceremonies Held

more characteristic perhaps of the sect of the Rommany, of the sect of the husbands and wives, than what relates to the marriage ceremony. The Gypsies are almost entirely ignorant of the grand points of morality; they have never had sufficient sense to perceive that to lie, to steal and to shed human blood violently, are crimes which are sure, eventually, to yield bitter fruits; but on one point, and that one of not little importance as far as temporal happiness is concerned, they are, in general, wiser than those who have had far better opportunities than such unfortunate outcasts, of regulating their steps and distinguishing good from evil. They know that chastity is a jewel of high price, and that conjugal fidelity is capable of occasionally flinging a sunshine even over the dreary hours of a life passed in the contempt of almost all laws, whether human or divine.

"The Gypsy child, from her earliest years, is told by her strange mother, that a good Calli need only dread one thing in this world, and that is the loss of Lacha, personal chastity, in comparison with which that of life is of little consequence. 'Bear this in mind, my child,' she will say, 'and now eat this bread, and go forth and see what you can steal.'

"A Gypsy girl is generally betrothed at the age of 14 to the youth which her parents deem a suitable match, and who is generally a few years older than herself. Marriage is invariably preceded by this betrothment, and the couple must then wait two years before their union can take place, according to the law of the Cales. During this period it is expected that they treat each other as common acquaintances; they are permitted to converse, and occasionally to exchange slight presents. One thing, however, is strictly forbidden, and if in this instance they prove contumacious, the betrothment is instantly broken and the pair are never united, and thenceforward bear an evil reputation amongst their sect. With all the other Gypsies and with the Gentiles the betrothed female is allowed the freest intercourse as their parents conceive it next to an impossibility that their child should lose her Lacha by an intercourse with the white blood.

"A short time previous to the expiration of the term of betrothment, preparations are made for the Gypsy bridal. To the Gypsy, the wedding festival is an important affair. If he is rich, he frequently becomes poor before it is terminated; and if he is poor the losses the little which he possesses and must borrow of his brethren to procure the means of giving a festival; for without a festival he could not become a Rom, that is, a husband, and would cease to belong to the sect of Rommany.

"There is a great deal that is wild and barbarous attached to these festival. After much feasting, drinking and yelling, in the Gypsy house, the bridal train sallies forth—a frantic spectacle. First of all marches a villainous jockey-looking fellow, holding in his hands, uplifted, a long pole, at the top of which flutters a snow white handkerchief, emblem of the bride's purity. Then come the betrothed pair, followed by their friends; then a rabble rout of Gypsies, screaming and shouting. On arriving at the church gate the fellow who bore the pole stuck it into the ground with a loud huza and the train, forming two ranks, defiled into the church on either side of the pole and its strange ornaments. On the conclusion of

same manner in which they had come.

"The festival endures three days, at the end of which the greatest part of the property of the bridegroom has been wasted in this strange kind of riot and dissipation.

"Gypsies have said that throughout the three days they appeared to be under the influence of infatuation, having no other wish or thought but to make away with their substance; some have gone so far as to cast money by handfuls into the street."

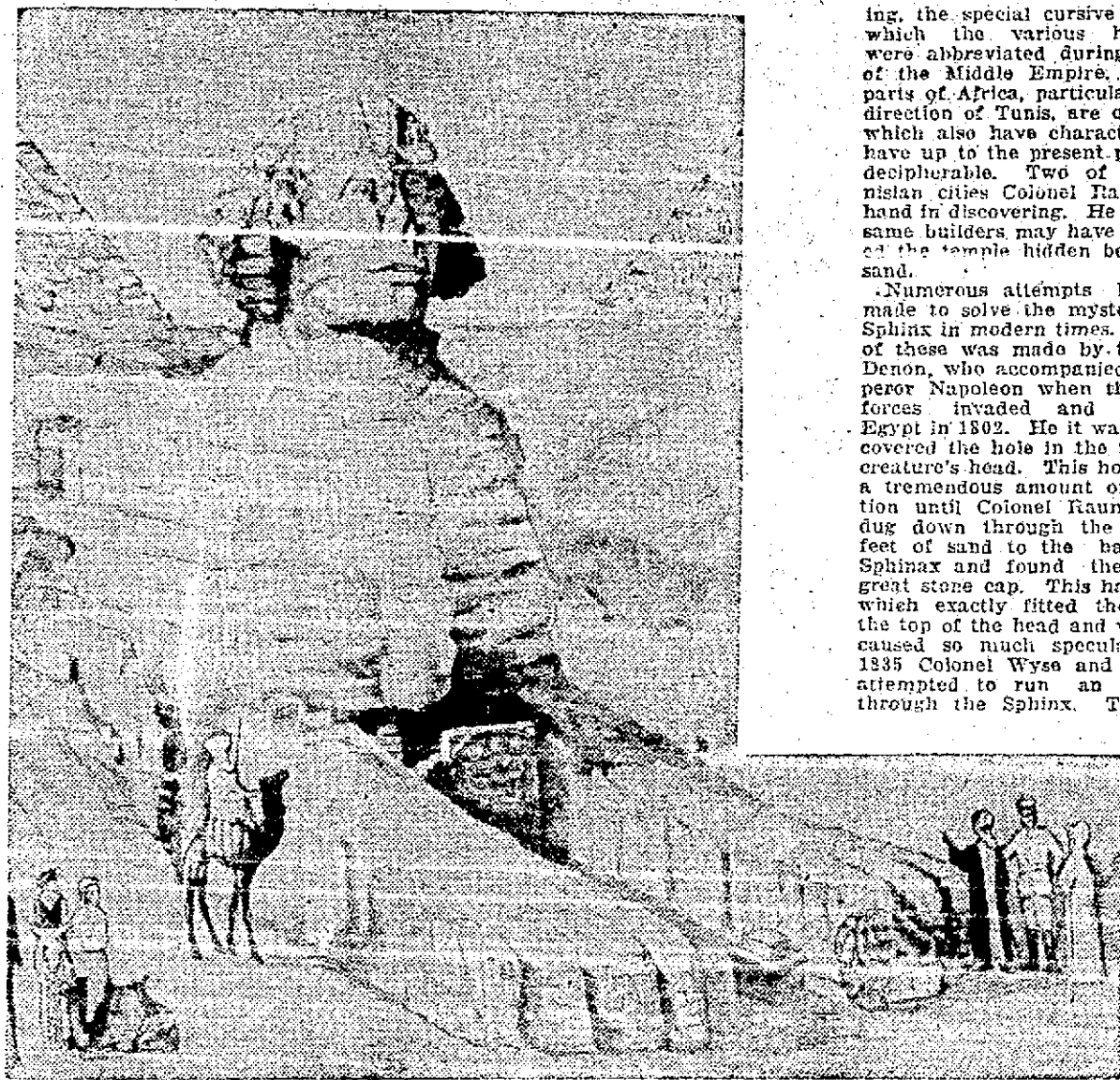
"And there you have the story of the Gypsy law as broken by brave little Paraska John, belle of the John clan. Perhaps her remarkable divergence from the accepted standards of her tribe marks a new era in the history of the Rommany; and perhaps some of the glamour and romance that has been written about this strange people will vanish when X-ray and modern medicine and the scientific movement make their way into the simple and formerly barbarous lives of these swartly vagrants of the world's highways and byways."

OAKLAND TRIBUNE MAGAZINE and FICTION SECTION

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What's Behind the Sphinx?

by Frank Cliff



Col. Raum of Berkeley, Who Unearthed Mystic Figure, Says Temple Lies at Rear of Statue

DEEP hidden beneath the shifting sands of the valley of the Nile within the shadow of the Pyramid of Cheops, and only a few dozen feet away from the Sphinx lies an ancient Egyptian temple which should tell of one of the most remarkable tales yet unfolded to modern man, a perfect legacy from the Ancient World to that of the present.

So believes Colonel George E. Raum of Berkeley, famous American Egyptologist, the only modern man to completely excavate the sand from about the great body of the Sphinx, that mysterious creature of stone, crouched at the base of the great pyramid, silently checking off the centuries of human progress and awaiting the time when the answer to the great riddle is given.

Colonel Raum bases his theory upon the results of his own digging. He has found at both the Sphinx and in the vicinity of the pyramids. For many years the alabaster temple to the south of the great mythical animal was known by the name of the Temple of the Sphinx. However, Colonel Raum uncovered a real Temple of the Sphinx between the lengthy forepaws of the animal, a temple which had lain for centuries undisturbed until he came along.

Then he found a passage way through the mid-section of the great stone statue which was a pathway from the south temple to the hidden one on the north.

What that lost temple contains is a mystery which only time and extremely patient labor can solve. Should only a scroll be recovered which might throw some light upon the origin of the Sphinx or upon the origin of the Egyptian peoples, the time of the archeologist will be well repaid. At the present time the name of the builder of this, probably the world's most famous monument, has been lost in the mists of time. A great many theories are advanced as to who and what the Sphinx is supposed to represent. Colonel Raum believes that it was

erected at a considerable time before the building of the pyramids, but he is unable to say by whom, although he has his theories.

One of the most popular suppositions is that the great graven image is the representation of the Pharaoh Kahfre. Others again contend that it is a representation of Menes, the first historical ruler of the great empire who ascended to the throne of Egypt 3400 years before the Man of Galilee walked the earth and at a period estimated at 5323 years ago. Others again contend that the first settlers in Egypt from the lost Atlantis were its constructors.

That the figure in its symbolism of a crouching lion, represents a pharaoh, is generally conceded. With the supposition that it is Egyptian, however, Colonel Raum finds room for argument.

"There are several reasons why this should not be so. One is that the features are not Egyptian. The position of the Sphinx also attests to its great age, for it was erected by people who were most certainly true sun worshipers. It faces the east in a position from which it catches the very first beams of the rising sun. I am also firmly of the opinion that it was erected at a considerable time in advance of the great pyramid. The fact that Herodotus does not include it in his enumeration of Egyptian things was covered by the sand. Only the head was exposed when I started work.

"But it will take a lot of digging now to prove my contention, for I understand the Sphinx has again greatly sanded up. The work is picturesque. The carriers each have a basket and walk from the excavation to the dump in a continuous procession, dump their load and return for another. Some nights the wind would undo the day's work of 100 carriers. Always it is necessary to have Arab overseers who can convey the orders to the workmen."

In substantiation of the suppositions of Colonel Raum, in 1837 Colonel H. Wyse, one of the earliest investigators of the Sphinx, discovered some surfacing stones evidently belonging to the great stone monument, which had been lettered for the benefit of the workmen. The strange part of the discovery lay in the fact that the lettering was not Egyptian at all, but a language that neither Colonel Wyse nor any other scientists were able to decipher and which were not hieroglyphs or hieratic writing.

ing, the special cursive hand into which the various hieroglyphs were abbreviated during the time of the Middle Empire. In other parts of Africa, particularly in the direction of Tunis, are other ruins which also have characters which have up to the present proven undecipherable. Two of these Tunisian cities Colonel Raum had a hand in discovering. He thinks the same builders may have constructed the temple hidden beneath the sand.

Numerous attempts have been made to solve the mystery of the Sphinx in modern times. The first of these was made by the servant Denon, who accompanied the Emperor Napoleon when the French forces invaded and conquered Egypt in 1802. He it was that discovered the hole in the top of the creature's head. This hole created a tremendous amount of speculation until Colonel Raum in 1898 dug down through the sixty-five feet of sand to the base of the Sphinx and found the statue's great stone cap. This had a pivot which exactly fitted the hole at the top of the head and which had caused so much speculation. In 1835 Colonel Wyse and M. Perry attempted to run an iron rod through the Sphinx. This broke



How Colonel Raum (above) dug out the sphinx below the forepaws is shown by sketch at left, drawing made by Colonel Raum after finishing work and finding temple between the paws.

man. It depicts General Lee leading the army of Northern Virginia. Colonel Raum was able to give many valuable pointers in regard to the men he knew and suggestions as to relative positions of the officers on the great mountain.

Following the Civil war he put into execution his plans for taking up archeological research and proceeded to visit a good many wild places and practically all of the civilized ones. About the only large area which he has not investigated is Australia. More than once during his career he has been face to face with death. One of the narrowest escapes occurred in the great Dravidian Temple of Madura, in 1883, at which time he was only saved from being sacrificed to the golden idol, whose right eye was the famous Orloff diamond, one of the famous jewels of the Russian crown which was stolen many years before by a French soldier who had secreted himself in the temple.

Colonel Raum was saved in this instance from the mob of a couple of thousand fanatical Hindus by a native boy he had helped out of trouble a few days before. The boy spirited him from the temple by a rear entrance and the two escaped in a bullock cart. He also attempted to reach Lahassa, the sacred city of Thibet, but was driven back by the fierce soldiery, after he had penetrated the country far enough to obtain a wonderful view of the great mountain chain and Mount Everest, the world's highest peak.

He was personally acquainted with Lord Kitchener and accompanied the famous British general on his trip to Nubia when he went to Khartoum to relieve General "Chinese" Gordon, with whom he was also intimately acquainted. He was a close friend of the explorer Henry Stanley and tells with much laughter how they both served together in the Civil war, and how both went courting the same young woman. The late Cecil Rhodes was keenly interested in Raum's excavations in Egypt. The Khedive of Egypt held Colonel Raum in high favor and there is little doubt, had he remained in power, would have granted extensive favors to the famous Egyptologist.

Colonel Raum has done signal service to the cause of archeological research history in Egypt. He was responsible for the discovery of the tomb of the great conqueror, Ramesses the Great. Three Arabs came to him when he was at work on the Sphinx and endeavored to sell him the war helmet of the great Pharaoh for \$2500. He refused, and until after the first trans-

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The Oldest Man In the World

By *Andrew R. Doone*

Juan Pione, California Indian, Is 150 Years Old, Say Tribesmen; Science Is Studying Him

WHILE Juan Pione is fluttering away the last of his life, on a remote little ranch, tucked away in a forest of towering trees at the foot of the Laguna mountains, 15 miles north of the Mexican-American border, in Southern California, medical science is trying to determine his age. Juan, the last remnant of the once powerful Cuyapipe Indian tribe, is known to be more than 120 years old, and the few remaining members of his tribe say he is 150, or the oldest man in the world. No one really knows the aged man's life story or his age. He was born when his tribe of savages roamed the mountain ranges of old Mexico and California, even before California became a state. His squaw mother carried him as a papoose on her back and counted time by changes of the moon. He fought with the Cuyapipe; saw the white man like his first existence in the old, wild west; counted his quota of white scalps—and now is wasting away the last of his many days while white doctors are trying to find out how old he really is. Some members of his own family, particularly Apechuck, his wife, and Gertrude, a younger woman, say he is over 150 years old.

Juan Pione was "discovered" ten years ago south of the Laguna ranger station by a group of mountain people who lived in that vicinity. He was taken to the Cuyapipe Indian reservation over the trail that still is the chief line of communication between his hut and the outside world, and there he tries to see from sightless eyes the white men who have crowded him from his own lands; accepts with forbearance the new names for his ancient gods and the acquired tastes the whites have not given him money to buy.

The narrow California trail that leads from the reservation to his primitive tule hut, covered over here with wild California undergrowth and there by huge trees, finds him blinking at the same sun that smiled on him more than a century ago. The trail begins at the "tin store" and quite abruptly at the end of its rocky course near the rough bench, beside which Juan sits the day through. The course of the trail winds its way at first under pines that give way to stubby oaks at the lower level, with here and there a cactus growing in the shallow sands that absorb the water from the brook, running from the thickets of August roses and the tangles of clematis to form cascades about the roots of the willow trees. In front of his primitive and highly uncomfortable hut, which contains a scant handful of the accessories of civilized man, are fields of yellow daisies, which blend gracefully with the cardinal flowers and the Indian paint brush growing on the side.

But Juan Pione has not been happy in his Laguna home. He preferred, when he used to talk about his situation, to roam the rocky regions of the west. He became too feeble to live the life of a brave and had to give up such a free existence in the stony regions of the south mountains.

Cuyapipe, the tribe of which he was once a powerful leader, is a Spanish name. It is the Spanish way of spelling their "wee-a-pipe," which means "a stony region." The tribe whose memories are locked beneath the withering brow of Juan, was named after the description of the border country through which its brave red men ranged to hunt down deer, and, occasionally, white men; and to gather the dark-red wild cherries that grow there in abundance; the more starchy food, acorns, and the greens of the mountain.

When white settlers reached out for new lands in the Laguna country years ago they paid little attention to Juan Pione. Even then his hair was turning gray and his step becoming more feeble. Then he was "taken" to the reservation. He had his tule hut, hidden away from the storms under the close-growing trees, close to the little mountain lake, but gradually he has been forced further away from the home the government gave him to the hot sands further down the mountain. The few acres which he can call his own are now tilted by his wife, who already is beyond her 95th year. She irritates her, after a fashion, and gathers acorns and dries them in big, conical-shaped bags, as was the custom in tribal days, to make meat for his strange morning mush.

When Juan Pione's quick ears hear the tread of a strange foot on his mountain path he smiles in expectancy of receiving a welcome visitor. Occasionally he seems to turn in fear—fear that a white man is coming, to shove him further along toward a still smaller home and his grave. Usually, however, the morning routine that used

to show to his senses a country he could call his own, seem to radiate a soft light of welcome. He understands much. The Indians

converse with the white people, and when he hears the word "friends," he understands that none will trick him and that some one has come to cheer him in his last days.

His wife appears from some hidden place, studying the faces of those who visit his mountain abode. She receives them with a sort of placid curiosity and stands by in silence while a coin is placed in the hands of her husband and cameras click. But Juan's hands, withered by the suns of many summers and cracked by the cold of many winters, once stretched toward the majestic wilderness of which he was master. Then he and his people were free. Southern and Lower California, belonging to the government of Mexico, were free, too, and were as much or more his than any other man's. Finally the march of white civilization took Juan Pione in its grasp and squeezed him from the soil and the wilderness that had been his.

As the last days of the old-time monarch of the Indians of the far west wear on, his exact one unknown, the two women who have

known him longest and love him best, sit close by. One of these is his wife, Apechuck, and the other his grand-daughter, Gertrude, whose husband died not many years ago. Gertrude makes ollas, or jars made of clay and mud, coiling the soft mud rope fashion, then patting it smoothly in place with a small wooden paddle. She sets them aside in the shade after moulding, and occasionally adds a modern touch by firing them in a little oven nearby. Gertrude also makes baskets, and from the sale of these and the ollas to the people in San Diego and Los Angeles the three manage to squeeze out a bare existence.

Occasionally Gertrude packs Juan and Apechuck in their rickety buck-board, which they keep further down the trail nearer the modern highway, and carries them to view the last material vestige of their own civilization. It is the old Vallecito stage station, which was once an overnight stopping place on the older Butterfield trail, running from St. Louis to San Francisco, by way of Yuma, Ariz. The trail traversed the then Colorado desert, now the great Imperial valley; crossed the famous Warner's ranch and stopped again at San Diego. It was the last of the old stage routes and the last



Above—Juan Pione (left) and his wife, Apechuck. Center, Gertrude, Juan's grand-daughter, making an olla. How's she for a grand-daughter? Below, old Vallecito stage depot, near which place Juan lives.



Redman Who Was Here in Time of Junipero Serra Interviewed — Wife Makes Ollas

continental railway was built. Now cattlemen ride on the road frequently and occasionally an automobile chooses it as an alternative route between the Pacific and Imperial valleys. The building is constructed of adobe (unbaked mud) bricks, and the roof supported by pine and cedar logs, presumably brought down the steep trail from the Laguna mountains. A forlorn cemetery back of the station bears the inscription, "John Hart, age 31, died 1853," on a lone headstone.

Juan's visits to the ancient building are becoming more infrequent, however, and the day will soon come when he will make these pilgrimages no longer. But before the end of the coming summer, if Juan lives that long, he will make his visit to San Diego. There the doctors who are interested in the aged Indian will make further inquiry, trying to determine his age. They have not yet divulged the methods they will use. But white man's science will attempt to replace Juan's failing memory and before the last of the once powerful Cuyapipe passes on the southwest may learn the answer to this one question—is Juan Pione, son of the first freeman of the southwest, the oldest man in the world?

Behind the Sphinx

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fused to pay the price and managed to learn the location of the tombs which were situated near Del-el-Baharia. With government officials he was the first to gaze upon the face of Ramesses after its 3200-year sleep. Thirty other royal mummies were discovered in the same place.

His explorations in Egypt caused him to believe that Biblical history will have to be entirely rewritten, for one of the mummies recovered was that of Meneptha I, who was supposed to have drowned in the Red sea while pursuing Moses and the Israelites. This story interested Colonel Raum keenly and he made a careful study of the area crossed by the Israelites.

"Moses must be classed as a keen minded scientist," he declares. "It was only after considerable careful study that I discovered his secret of crossing and of how he out-generated the Egyptian forces. At that particular point I found that the tides go out swiftly for a great distance, leaving the shore clear of water. Then the tide turns and comes in with a bore averaging about 16 feet in height. This comes in with express train speed. Moses had observed this phenomena and timed his passage safely. Not so the pursuing Egyptians. They were caught fairly in the center by the rushing wall of water and swept to destruction. From other evidences I am also of the belief that Moses was the son of the Pharaoh's daughter, who found him in the bulrushes of the Palace gardens. He was of an extremely high type of intelligence and was thoroughly conversant in the mysteries, magic and learning of the Egyptians. The result was, that in the various tests recited by the Bible, he was more than able to hold his own with the court magicians. He also learned the foundation of the laws which he gave the Hebrews in the courts of Egypt or in Babylonia, for the Code of Hammurabi, found at Susa, or as it is better known, Babylon, was written at least 200 years previous to his time. The laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi bear a close resemblance."

"There is no line of work more fascinating than archaeological research. The scientist is in the same class as the prospector who seeks for gold and is always expecting to strike a find. Just so is it in excavating work. Days and years may be spent in searching and then success crowns the effort. I would far rather be living in a tomb in Egypt, as I have done, and carry on my excavating work than live here in comfort. In working, one is contributing to scientific knowledge, is aiding in the advancement of the world and its comfort and knowledge, and there can be little better than this."

At Last! The Cougar Trapped

By Ben Hur Lampman



Catnip Solves Problem of Landing Beast Which Has Defied Efforts to Lure Him to Death

THE cougar, dread beast of the forests, has succumbed to catnip!

"You can't trap a cougar. It ain't done. The cougar is too wise for man-made traps. Any trapper will tell you that, because there is basis for the tradition that the big, tawny beast, called cougar in the Northwest and mountain lion in California, is too cunning to fall prey to devices of death planted by man.

But Oregon has at last solved the problem, according to Stanley Jewett, predatory animal inspector of the United States Biological Survey. If the experiments now being tried out are fully vindicated California may find an easier way of exterminating the beasts than by slaying them with the gun.

Revolver and rifle admittedly are not the most desirable means of extermination, in the opinion of Jewett. To hunt the animal with guns means the employment of dogs and a great deal of wasted effort. If an ideal scent could be found, one so compelling that its fragrance would master fear, the trap would prove to be the best exterminator. Such a scent the predatory animal inspector feels certain he has found. He held up a bottle of clear fluid, filling the air with a familiar and herb-like odor.

"That's it," said Stanley Jewett. "We have already trapped two cougars by using this scent, and are confident that it will work successfully. What sort of stuff is it? A pure extract of catnip in oil of eucalyptus. Catnip—the same sort of catnip that grows on the mountain side on his head in a harmless jar. Cats are cats, apparently, whether you find them in the kitchen or the lumber."

"I took two or three saturated pellets of blotting paper, wet with this stuff, and tossed them into the bobcat cage at Washington Park. The most laughable scramble that I have ever seen was on in a moment. Those five cats were all in a heap, rolling and tumbling and cussing over the paper wads. It seemed to work. So we tried it on the cougar traps and took two, and are out for more."

The cougar is a beast of many names and wide range. Panther, puma, catamount or varmint, in his Eastern habitat of old—where the great cat prowls no more—cougar, mountain lion or puma in the West and Southwest, where still he holds the immemorial fastnesses that sire and dam and cat, he and his kind have been masters of for tens of centuries. These are his names, yet by all give one of them he is named—*felis concolor*. He is neither, nor cougar, but the name of them.

and South America, a distinct and distinctive breed of cat.

Somewhere in Kipling is estimated the price of a tiger's meal. Was it one rupee, eight annas? And how was the precise statistical figure arrived at? No matter. We are not in the least concerned with Stripes himself, far away in the Indian jungle, but with the economic losses incident to the appetite of his lesser yet formidable cousin, the cougar of the Northwest. The price of a cougar's meal none is so bold as to estimate, but the cost—the toll of eventual reckoning—is death. The cougar must pay.

Since the time of the saber-tooth, and that was quite a while ago, the forests of the Pacific slope have known but one feline overlord, this great tawny cat whose insatiable hunger requires not less than a full-grown deer each calendar week. Because of his fondness for deer, of his elemental yearning for food that will maintain his sleep muscles and his eight-foot length at explosive efficiency, men have sentenced him to die. By poison and rifle and trap.

You would not guess, to clamber up some craggy eminence and look across the tumbled hills and mountains of the coast, checkered with farm valleys and towns and mills, that within the scope of your vision this primitive of the land yet crept upon the hunt. He most indubitably does, and close upon his trail are the hunters and trappers of the federal biological survey, of the state game commission and those free lances of claim and cabin who are, first of all, given to the rifle. From such pursuit the cougar family, for all its cunning, cannot hope to escape.

"There will be cougar in Oregon a lifetime from now and longer," estimated Jewett, "but they are even now thinned and scattered. In 1914 alone 53 cougars were killed in Curry county. Last season but nine were killed. These facts are indicative. Once they were so plentiful and unafraid that they would enter the barnyard and young cattle in the barnyard. Now they are so scarce and wary that they must be hunted with dogs if found at all. Frank Robson, one of our hunters, killed seven this fall in the Sandy creek country of Coos county. He has the record for the year."

"They say that the cougar is not dangerous, that it will not attack man. I have never heard of an authenticated instance of attack in the Northwest, but of my own knowledge I can testify that at least one of the family was willing to attempt an unprovoked charge. It happened in South America. They call them puma there, but the beast is the same."

"I was in Venezuela, near Merida, with Wilfred H. Osgood, and we were collecting specimens for the Field Museum of Chicago. The country was arid and desolate, very much like Arizona or New Mexico desert. Osgood had taken a light shotgun to hunt for small birds, and was some distance from camp when a rustling noise beside the trail caused him to glance sharply at the withered grass. What he

saw there brought the gun to his shoulder in a flash.

"Not more than ten feet distant was a huge puma, or cougar, crouched to leap. His tail was swaying and twitching in the way that cats have of announcing attack. His eyes were fixed on Osgood. Nor was he mangy or thin, to indicate madness—but a full-grown, sleek and powerful animal. Osgood fired the light charge of fine shot straight into the snarl. The cougar sprang into the air, whirled and was gone. There could be no mistake about that cougar's intention. He meant to attack, and but for the shotgun Osgood would certainly have been mauled, possibly killed."

There are no others of the feline sort that properly lay claim to the name of puma. Certainly, though, to direct attention to the error would not abate it, he is not of the cougar clan. This misnomer was given him in Brazil, and is the colloquial name in many parts of South and Central America and Mexico of the eyra—a far smaller and more tractable puss. The eyra or true cougar is scarcely larger than a house tabby and domesticates readily. A fondness for poultry has not served to advance the popularity of the amiable eyra as a pet. However, eyra or cougar, the little fellow can well afford to permit us the employment of his name for another. Biological lapses in nomenclature are too firmly fixed to be uprooted, and in this section of the West, at least, the puma must remain the cougar.

Nor vocal. If, in cougar country, you wish to excite debate or invite scorn, you may incautiously recall that eldest of American biological traditions—to wit: that cougars scream their complexes like any other tabby.

When Frederick Funston, the same that won fame and his spurs as "the fighting bentam of the army," was a stripling on an outing in the California mountains with a friend of his own years, they were privileged to hearken to the solo of a melancholy mountain lion.

The cougar seemed moody and introspective. The red cavern of his maw gaped again and from his throat poured the same cry that had roused them—the cry of a woman in pain.

But woodsmen of the West are positive in their denial of the vocal cougar. Billy Everett of Port Angeles, who in his time has killed approximately 100 cougars among the tumbled ranges of the Olympic peninsula, has never heard the cougar cry. Further, in the many years of his experience, he has seen but one cougar on the ground. In the fraternity of the biological survey the Funston story incites to laughter. And this despite the fact that young Funston's first glimpse of the West was as a member of an expedition of the biological survey dispatched to Death Valley.

Deterring to all records, both scientific and ancestral, Westerners must be constrained to admit that the panther of the Eastern forest differed materially in temperament from his Western cousin.

Potentially the Western cougar is fully as effective. His lethal weapons are not less deadly—but in the feline mind of him there is no taste for fighting unless hard pressed. Men have roped him and dragged him spitting from his perch, to show their disrespect—indeed, an Oregon man has done as much. He is a hunter of Western big game, whose lonely cabins in remote ranges have been pegged with many a tawny pelt.

To return to the roping of cougars, it is simplicity itself. All that one requires is the rope, some degree of skill at throwing the same, and a freed cat. Hammerly possessed all three, and before a clicking camera he dragged the outraged cougar from its perch to make a picture for gawping cinema audiences. He freed the beast and watched it bound again into a convenient fir. He roped and dragged it down once more. Between performances, not a little bored by the routine, he rolled cigarettes in wheat-straw papers and squatted on his haunches like any tribesman, inhaling deeply, and discouraging upon cougars of his acquaintance.

There are other gay and debonaire methods of subduing the cougar, each of which depends mainly on the sagacious noses of hounds. The excited bay of the leader as he strikes the hot track, the distinct mellow melody of his mates as they



Oregon Finds New Means of Combating Big Cat, Foe of Cattle and Deer —Facts About Puma

join him, rising, waning, and far away coming at last to station beneath the tree in which the cat has taken refuge. If you have skill with the longbow, an all but obsolete science, you may kill your cougar as a certain captain of aviation recently slew his first one in the ranges of Northern California. With the fellowship of Sherwood at his shoulder, unseen but eagerly anxious for the twang of string, he marked the nervously vibrant tail three-score feet aloft in the needles, and traced the flattened vicious body, lined in taut grace against the brown bark. The yesterdays, the years, the centuries, swept backward with a rush. Hunter and quarry were of the primitive. A steel-tipped arrow to the string, the slow bending of the great bow, the eyes of changing opal fixed hatefully upon him—"I drew twice, before I loosed the shaft," recounted the captain, "to be sure of my muscles. Then I let him have it in the chest. The old cuss reared and whirled, to fall dead."

Poor puss of the pines and firs, with all his hunting at an end—the terror, quelled, the slayer slain. The fox-red body huddled, listless in death, at the foot of the aged tree—the shaft of the feather, the barb gleaming beyond the powerful shoulders. Our captain calls him a "cuss." No matter. He died as a lion should die, not to the sharp remark of a rifle, but to the resonance of an elder weapon that first won for men the right to walk untroubled and upright through the forest.

Consider the Old Hunter, the practical man of adventurous affairs, the unperturbed, the repository of all lore of trail and chase, the wisecracker of the wood. He is hunched before the hot embers of the cooking fire, and to and from the heaped plate of crisped trout his hand goes with methodical regularity. Night is falling over Woodland meadows, grave and kindly and just a trifle sad. The remote ventriloquial call of the rain-crow is as the music of silver bells. Bused with eating, the Old Hunter somehow finds breath and space for speech.

"Porkypine," says he, "is good. I've known trappers that was fond of polecat. Blie a muskrat with an onion and you have meat that is fittin' to eat. Venison is real good, nat'rally, yet to be prime it should be young—a spike-buck for my fancy, there ain't one equal to cougar. You never eat cougar? You never did? I'm 'stonished."

The Old Hunter licks his fingers gingerly. He towels them well upon his careless trousers. With studious solicitude he fashions a cigarette, presses a glowing twig to the tip, drinks deeply of the smoke—and sighs with the memory of most memorable meals. In time he resumes:

"White as chicken," he reflects, "and twice as tasty. Little like veal, only a whole lot better. Fry it or bile it—the best meat I ever set teeth into. It ain't exactly like any other kind of victuals, neither; in a class by itself. You never eat cougar? Well, nardner, you got something comin' to you."

Hunted, harassed, an outlaw, this largest of North American cats is the survivor of a dying species. Not all the toll that he takes nor all the bounties we offer for his sinful pelt, nor his obvious incompatibility with the scheme of progress, can stifle the morose satisfaction that he is with us yet.

Storage Bins of the Birds

Frank A. Leach

California Woodpeckers
Dig Holes in Bark of
Trees, Dead Wood and
Posts and Hide Acorns

THE bird life in and about the grounds of the Diablo Country Club is so extensive and varied, but few visitors fail to be attracted by it.

A very frequent question by strangers is, "What bird is that?" pointing to a red-crowned woodpecker.

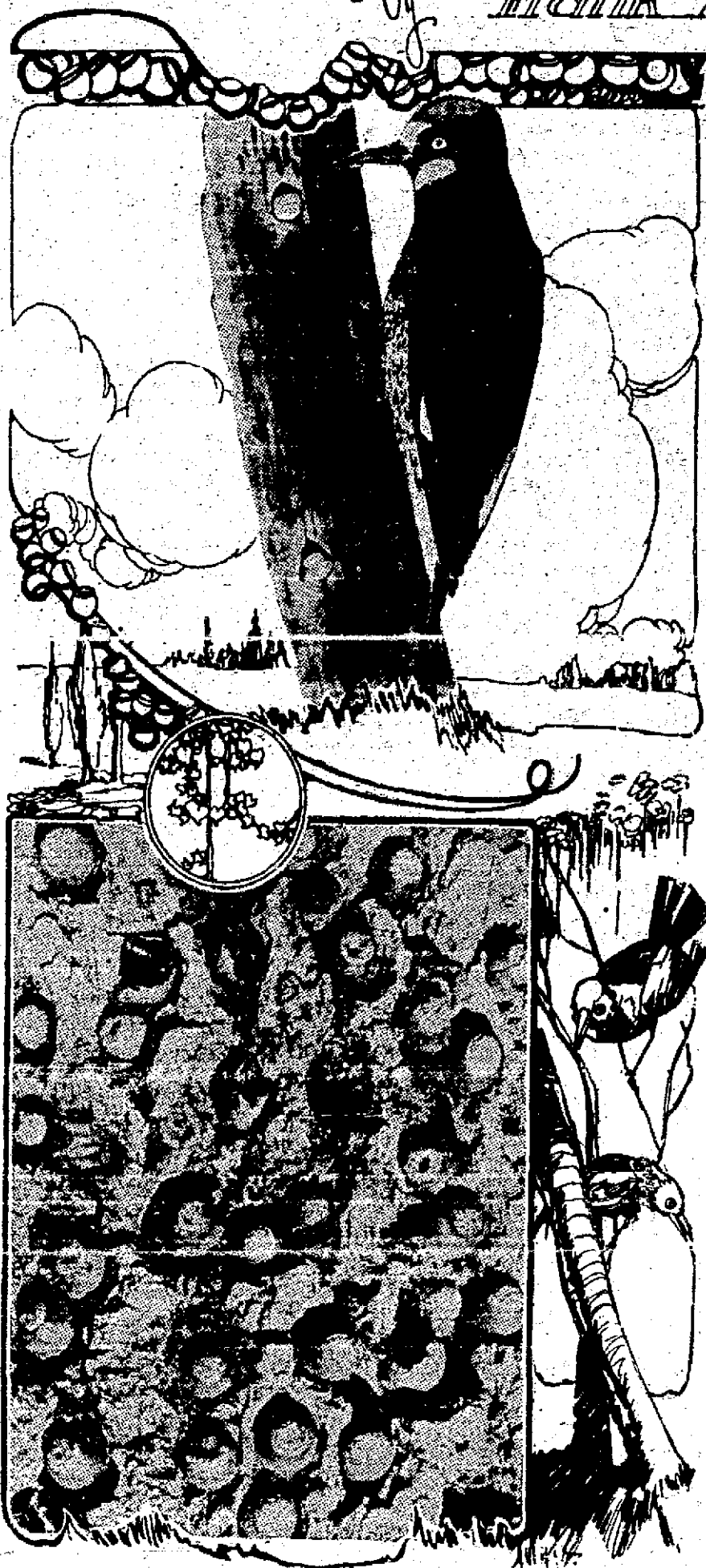
These birds, as all old Californians know or should know, are among the most common in the valleys of the state of all the feathered inhabitants. Although noisy, it is no singer. About its only attempt at song is Ja-cob, Ja-cob, Ja-cob, in rather harsh and unmusical tones, but it is an entertaining bird nevertheless. While playful, it is also industrious, courageous and independent.

But before entering upon further details of its habits and characteristics, it may be of interest to know something of its family history and connections. According to ornithologists, the woodpecker family of the Western United States has seven genera, with from one to eleven species each, embracing about thirty-two different kinds altogether. Not all the members of this numerous family are to be seen in any one locality. Some are peculiar to one section of country and some in another. Only six or seven different species are located in Central California parts, and of these only four are commonly seen. They are the Flicker, California Woodpecker, the Downy, and the Sapsucker. Of the others less frequently noticed are the Pileated Woodpecker or Rainbird, and the Lewis Woodpecker; the former is the largest bird of the whole tribe. It has a spread of wings a third greater than the California. Its long, slim neck and lengthy bill gives it a most peculiar appearance. It inhabits the mountains and rough coast districts. Its loud, ringing cry, uttered at times while in flight, is said by some people to be a warning of approaching rain storms, hence has been given the name of "rain-bird." The facts in the case do not bear out the prophetic power attributed to it. As a weather prophet it will be found to be wholly unreliable. The Lewis Woodpecker is almost wholly a black bird, the variations from the sombre color are not usually discernible or noticeable on the birds in the distance at which they are approachable. Another peculiarity of these last mentioned birds is that they spend the greater part of their lives in flocks, in the foothills or valleys adjacent. While watching the actions of a flock of Lewis Woodpeckers one day on the south side of Mt. Diablo I was surprised at the antics of one member in particular. It separated from the other birds and flew out from the mountain side for a distance of two or three hundred yards, then circled around until it obtained an elevation equal to, perhaps, half that distance, when it began to vary its flight by tumbling tricks, turning over and over like a tumbler pigeon does. Some people might describe it as "looping the loop." After a few moments of indulgence in the sport, the bird returned and mingled with the flock.

The habits and general behavior of all the members of the woodpecker tribe are so unique and so different from those of other birds, their actions afford much interest to the student of bird life. I was greatly amused recently upon witnessing a fight that was in progress between two flickers or yellow-hammers on the ground. Unlike other members of the feathered kind, when similarly engaged, they did not face one another with heads down, beak to beak, and wings spread, but with beaks perpendicular they stood straight up, breast to breast, like a couple of pugilists in a boxing bout; they side-stepped,

wings, but all in a very comical and awkward manner. They did not appear to use their bills or beaks at all, which seemed strange in view of the fact that with all woodpeckers these appendages are considered weapons capable of inflicting serious injury. So far as could be seen, only the wings were used or relied upon for offensive work. They might be said to be boxing with those members. After coming in close and "mixing it," as the writers of prize fighters say, they would back off and hop around, each eyeing the other for an advantageous attack. It was in one of these periods that I left the birds to "fight it out."

Around houses and settlements in the country the flickers are sometimes a nuisance, if not destructive, on account of their propensity for boring large holes under eaves and like places of wooden structures. It was thought that these holes were work to provide nesting places, but it seems this is not wholly correct. In valley districts where the habits of the bird have been under observation,



the work complained of was done in the fall and winter months. The flickers did not remain in the locality to use the excavations for brooding purposes, but early in the spring migrated to other sections of the country, where they nested and raised their young. If it had not been noted that in several instances the birds retired to the holes at night during the fall and winter and remained there until morning there would be reason to believe that the unsightly work was purely mischievous and an exhibition of a mean streak in the family. The excavations are usually made in such places as to afford full protection from the effects of disagreeable weather, thereby the flickers enjoy more comfortable quarters in inclement weather than many of their feathered relations.

To return to the subject of this sketch, the California Woodpecker,

of the family peculiar to the state. In the valleys of California where the white oaks (*Quercus lobata*) still stand to beautify the landscapes, with luxuriant shade and agreeable shelter for man and beast, prolific in fruit for animals, birds and insects, there the *Melanerpes formicivorus*, the name by which the California Woodpecker is known to ornithologists, is at home; is most numerous, and most contented. There it lives the year round, and seldom ranges to any great distance unless forced to do so by change in food conditions.

If its presence is not made conspicuous by the coat it wears of black patched with white, and its crown of red, then its loud and cheery cry of "Jacob, Jacob, wake-up, wake-up" is sure to advertise the fact. It is a busy bird and is seldom seen unoccupied in one position longer than for a few seconds at any one time. Ordinarily it is restlessly moving from tree to tree, back and forth, or creeping about the trunks and limbs, pecking into holes and crevices of the bark for the insects that seed such

retreats. Its strong claws are so arranged that it can, with the aid of the stiff feathers of its short tail, stand or maneuver about on the perpendicular side of a tree trunk, or even the under side of a limb, with as much ease as if there was no law of gravity to interfere.

While seldom seen sitting still, unoccupied, occasionally it can be found practically in one position for hours and even days at a time, but that is when it is engaged in constructing a place for a nest. In such instances it will be found boring a hole into some part of a tree trunk where the wood is soft, or in a dead limb easily worked, or in an old, weather-battered telegraph pole or other similar post. The entrance hole is made round, about two inches in diameter, and if it does not connect with a cavity, the excavation is continued to a depth of about twelve inches, sometimes less. The bottom of the excavation

nesting purposes.

In the month of March, 1921, I discovered a California Woodpecker at work excavating a hole within a few inches of the top on the west side of a telegraph pole. At that time the hole apparently was about an inch and a half in depth and about two inches in diameter. How long it had been at work before I discovered the operations I could not say, but estimating from the progress it made afterward I concluded it had been employed on the job for at least a week.

It would be difficult to parallel the show of industry displayed by the bird in carrying on the work by referring to the activities of any other form of animal life. For the greater part of the two weeks it was under observation it kept steadily at work from early morning until sundown, using its sharp, strong bill in chiseling out the interior of the pole, or, in other words, driving the hole deeper in. Except on rainy days or when frightened away by people going too close to the scene of its opera-

No Satisfactory Conclusion Has Been Reached as to Whether Birds Intended to Store Nuts

tion, it was seldom off the job. In the drilling its head would fly back and forth, driving its bill into the wood with the rapidity of a machine hammer. Its progress after excavating to the depth of a couple of inches became slower; probably the wood of the interior part of the pole was sounder, therefore harder and more difficult to excavate. It was on the first day of March when the bird was first seen at work; on the eighth day of the month the hole was at a depth that admitted the greater part of the woodpecker's body as it carried on the drilling operation. Thereafter bad weather interrupted its work, so it only put in part of its time; finally on the fourteenth there was a heavy rain which drove the bird away, and it never came back to finish the job on which it had spent so many hours of labor. Whether the bird had been killed, or had simply become discouraged by the growing hardness of the wood, made tougher by the wetting, or had while off the job discovered a place suitable for a nesting place without the requirement of labor to make it so, who can tell?

The partly finished hole on the telegraph pole remained through the nesting season just as the woodpecker left it in the middle of March. During the intervening period I kept a close watch of the abandoned hole to see if another bird of the tribe, or a bluebird, or wren, would attempt to make use of it. Several times I saw woodpeckers perched on the summit of the pole or on the cross arm, remaining for only a moment or so, but giving no attention or interest whatever to the neat, round hole near the top of the pole. It was disappointing, for I was in hopes that some bird or other would preempt the quarters during the nesting season, as it was very conveniently located for observation of bird habits during that interesting period.

Digging or boring holes for nests is not the only industry of the woodpecker. When not engaged in that occupation it gives a great deal of time to boring smaller holes in the bark of trees, dead wood, posts, etc., and in season filling the holes with acorns. There has been much discussion among the observers of the life history of the woodpecker as to whether these holes were primarily drilled for the purpose of storing acorns for winter food, or were the result, incidentally, of boring operations in search of insects and subsequently made use of in providing for future needs.

But with all the logic and evidence brought out by the discussion, no satisfactory conclusion has been reached, and the question seems as far from being settled as it ever was. It is true we find holes made in dry but sound redwood posts and timber where no insects are to be found, hence it is reasoned that the woodpeckers could have had no other purpose in making them than for storing the nuts from the oaks, and the freshly made holes entirely free from evidence of their ever having harbored insects perhaps justifies the presumption that these excavations were primarily for storage use. The argument appears logically sound, but is not conclusive, in view of the fact that many other holes are made where insects are known to exist, and that holes made in search of insects similar to those seen in the bark of trees are to be found in the large galls of oak trees, where no acorns are ever stored; besides, the cracks and crevices in the bark of trees would possibly afford storage capacity without the necessity of making excavations for the sole purpose of

storage, and they are so used in conjunction with the drilled holes; and finally, the primary theory does not appear consistent with nature's methods where instinctive actions characterize the different phases of the habits of animal life, the woodpecker being stimulated by instinct to dependence upon storage of acorn food, if it was necessary to provide or construct places for the reception of the food, it would seem that there should be an additional stimulus to some system and method in the execution of the work, which now is wholly absent. The so-called storage holes are drilled at irregular times during the year, just as they would be if the birds were making the excavations in insect-infested bark, and not at such time prior to the maturity of the crop as would be expected if the sole purpose was provision for storage.

Another interesting question arises in relation to these holes, and that is, does each bird use the holes it makes for storage, or after the making are they used in com-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

A Black Sun In California

by Helen Hilliard



Path of Totality Fringes
Edge of Coast Here and
There; Important Work
Be Result, Is Belief

her place she of hood the shadow California will forty-eight states of the total eclipse which is scheduled to take place on September 10 of this year.

This is not only a distinction; it is also an economic asset. Last year, California astronomers had to travel half way around the world to view the total eclipse of the sun, which took place in Australia. This year they can sit in their own front yard, so to speak, and observe a spectacle that occurs in any place only rarely, though partial eclipses are frequent occurrences. Therefore, California astronomers are already making preparations for the event, and scientists in all quarters of the globe are getting ready to come here to observe and make records of the eclipse.

The track of the total eclipse of the sun in September will begin at sunrise near Kamchatka. It will cross California and Mexico. Thence taking its way out on the Caribbean Sea, it will end at sunset off the north coast of South America. The entire Pacific coast, though not in the path of the total eclipse, will see a large partial one. The path of the total eclipse in this state will begin near Casimira, in the northern part of Santa Barbara county. In its downward course it will include Point Conception and touch at Santa Barbara. At Huemul, in Ventura county, it will follow the coast line for about five miles. It will just miss San Pedro and Los Angeles, coming ashore again at Oceanside. From this point it will go southeastward through Southern California into Mexico.

San Diego and Santa Barbara are the only two large cities in the country that will be in the path of the total eclipse.

In Oakland 95 per cent of the sun will be obscured, and what little light will remain will be of an unearthly kind.

All of the islands along the Southern California coast will be in the path of the total eclipse, and astronomical expeditions will be sent to several of them.

James Worthington, formerly of the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, and Dr. Alfred E. Burton, formerly dean of the Boston Institute of Technology, both now living in Carmel, will conduct an eclipse expedition to Point Conception, which is on the main coast railroad between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. At Point Conception this eclipse will be total for three minutes and ten seconds. James Worthington is familiar with the country and plans to make camp between the railroad and lighthouse. Thanks to Mr. John Lagomarcino of Ventura, Worthington has permission to use two buildings on the coast.

Dr. Burton has also received special facilities from George Putnam, head of the Light House Board at Washington. Messrs. Worthington and Burton are already at work on the details of this expedition, for such preparations must necessarily be made a long time beforehand. Special apparatus has to be designed; cameras have to be built for astronomical photographs, and at the eclipse station a temporary observatory has to be constructed. Mr. Worthington and Dr. Burton plan to take on this trip one or probably two celostats, (a celostat is a mirror turned by clock work so as to follow the sun); a battery of long focus cameras; specially designed to get pictures of the sun's corona on a large scale, and a specially built spectroscopy for analyzing the light of the corona. Mr. Worthington expects to go to England in the spring to get some of the instruments to be used on this eclipse expedition.

The eclipses of 1923 will be remarkable in another way for Venus will be nearly in line on the further side of the sun and will appear like

TRACK
OF TOTAL ECLIPSE
OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1923

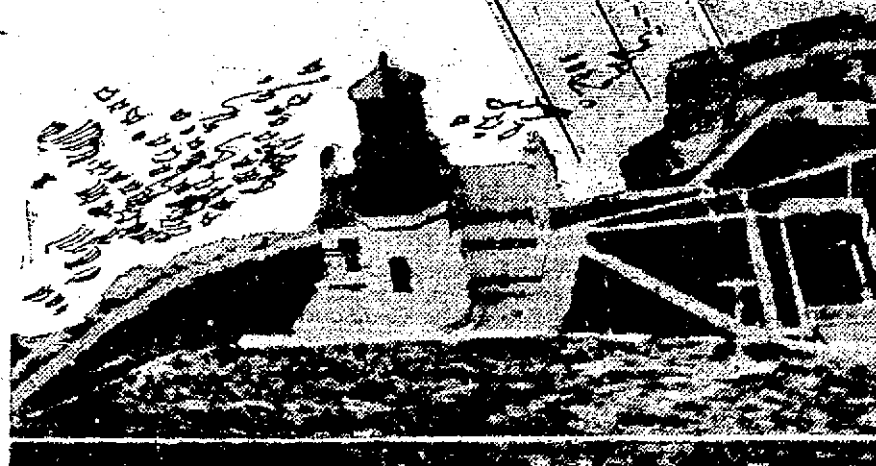


Diagram shows path of eclipse, red highway making area of totality. Note how it touches the coast only here and there. Above, James Worthington, who will head expedition to Point Conception. Lighthouse below is near Point Conception.

a diamond in the corona. She will show in the telescope a small silver disc like the full moon. This positioning of Venus, when she is full, near an eclipse of the sun is an exceedingly rare occurrence. It will not happen again in the lifetime of any one who observes the eclipse next September.

The eclipse this year will be much more nearly complete than the one of 1913, which was the last eclipse, though partial, that appeared in this part of the world.

The corona is the special feature of a total eclipse of the sun upon which the observer, as a rule, concentrates his attention. The corona is the broad ring of light that surrounds the sun at the moment of totality and disappears from sight on the return of the sun. Around the edge of the sun is a carmine ring of flames, which is barely apparent to the naked eye. At the suggestion of scientists at the Mt. Wilson Observatory the party conducted by Dr. Burton and Mr. Worthington will do some work on light analysis. This work is intended to supplement the special observations to be made by the Mt. Wilson expedition.

The Mt. Wilson Observatory will

equip two expeditions for the purpose of observing the eclipse in September. One party will establish quarters at Point Loma; the other at Point Conception, in the interior of San Diego county, which is near the edge of the shadow.

Another party that will go to this eclipse will be made up of Lick observers, under Dr. W. W. Campbell, director of Lick Observatory, who has chosen Escondido, Mexico, as their location.

At Catalina Professors E. B. Frost and E. E. Barnard, from Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago, will make their camp.

Professor Brackett besides taking a party to Catalina will probably send one or two observers from Pomona College to join Worthington and Burton at Conception.

A party from the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff will be headed by V. M. Slipher. Astronomers are also expected from England, France and Germany. But they have not as yet fixed their location. E. W. Johnson will bring a party from the British Astronomical Association.

There will be a meeting of the

astronomical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Pasadena after the eclipse and it is expected that the results of the expeditions.

Mr. Burton and James Worthington will head hands at Conception. Expeditions and equipment, and this kind of

charge of the the Boston Biology to 1900, and to

Worthington was in Tasmania with the Royal Astronomical Society of London. He conducted his own expedition to the Friendly Islands. In 1915 he was present at the eclipse in Portugal. This was an exceptionally short eclipse, lasting less than two seconds, and Mr. Worthington was the only observer fortunate enough to see the corona. In October of the same year he went to Brazil with the British government expedition at the request of the Astronomer Royal of England.

Why is an eclipse of the sun so important? Why do scientists go to so much trouble and travel such great distances to witness an event that is over in so short a time? These questions can be answered by a short account of a few discoveries affecting human life that have been accomplished as a result of eclipse observations.

Astronomers have been devoting special attention to eclipses for the last eighty years. During this time they have been able to study the corona and the sun's outer atmosphere for about an hour in all. It is only during a total eclipse of the sun that the outer atmosphere can be seen. Since the sun is a star and the only one that can be studied near at hand, anything that observers can find out about it applies to myriads of other stars. In addition to results of vast theoretical interest, they have made many practical contributions to human activity. Observation of eclipses give the most accurate information obtainable on the position of the sun and moon, and this information is of the utmost value in navigation and surveying.

Recent observations of stars made during total eclipses have been used to verify the specific making hypothesis of Einstein, which revolutionized all preconceived ideas of time and space.

As the results obtained from an observation of an eclipse are of vast importance, astronomers from England, the United States, France and Germany will gather in Southern California this September to witness the one which will occur there on the 10th day of that month. Dr. Burton and Mr. Worthington's party will make their observations from Point Conception.

When Winslow's Ship Stood Still In the Heavens

by Jack Bell

This remarkable narrative of Jack Bell, detailing the experiences of Pilots Winslow and Vance, both of whom were "stuck" in the atmosphere, rivals a tale of fiction, yet is a realistic chronicle of hard fact.

MAY the Good Lord take a liking to him." This was the devout prayer of a grizzled old cowboy, as he stood spell-bound for a full twenty minutes, and watched an airman and his craft standing still in the heavens. He was witnessing the heroic battle against a 100-mile hurricane by Pilot Burr Winslow in his famous speed-distance ship 158 (the ship that holds all records for distance flown and all records for speed, except one for the Transcontinental Red Line air road), thousands of feet above Reno in the murky swirl of mists in the gathering of the full forces of the terrific storm that shortly followed.

Above, far, far above the earth, the monstrous silvered petrel of the clouds stood stationary, and the glints of the hysteric body could be seen, hanging and shivering, like a living, lost and frightened creature from another world.

As the flashing, hurrying mists drove by the seething suspended ship, a small speck of dark could be marked as it moved in the cockpit. The struggling plane was being manipulated by this driver with snags of steel and muscles of seasoned hickory, with the nerve and initiative acquired in his signal achievements of past performances in dangerous situations. But never before had this ship scoter been called upon to meet a like condition of such extreme danger.

Overhead and covering the entire sky, high up and beyond the quivering man-made bird, the dense black clouds moved with the velocity of light. The thunder roar of the billowing mists, angry and white-rimmed, swirled through the sky with momentum incalculable. Along the Sierra peaks there was a wide stretch of darkness confined to the width of the tops of the range, an unheard-of and unusual circumstance. A scene creating a Dante's Inferno. Here was an electron striving and fighting against the supremacy of the thunder and storm gods, a vision, a picture in the sky that will make lasting impression of such vividness that it will never be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it.

Hundreds of people between Reno and Verdi, 14 miles away, watched breathlessly, and with straining eyes, and shortened breaths, the battle, expecting every second to see the ship that it seemed would issue and become a broken hurtling mass earthward.

The telephones at the Reno field were busy with anxious inquiries. From many ranch houses were sent the alarm. In many homes, the women were actually suspended by some invisible force in the misty dome under the blackness of the rising storm.

A woman at Verdi, hysterical from watching the struggle, called the field and cried in a voice of frenzy:

"Please! Can't you send help to the man in the aeroplane? I have been watching him struggle in the hurricane and he tossed about like a wisp of wild cotton right above our house. He has been driven back like a flash of lightning time and time again. Then he comes back and right over our house the aeroplane stands still. Then it backs away toward Reno like a wink, then it comes back again in the same place. It's just awful, and I know that the poor boy is going to be killed. There is nothing human that can stand that cyclone, that awful, awful, terrible thing that is tearing along the rims of the low hills."

This is but a sample of the anxiety and plea that came into headquarters during the one full hour and a half that Winslow made

his fight, a fight that will stand as a record in the official log of the Reno Air Mail field.

The weather did not seem so bad when he took off at the field on the afternoon of January 27, 1923. The "Hump" did not look much worse than it generally does when there is a bit of change of weather during the storm season. The hurricane tore in from the west and a bit north—a cross wind that is the most difficult to negotiate from this field. There was no warning of the high velocity. It passed in sweeps up over the highest sawtooths of the range, and then in a down current swept along the eastern slopes of the foothills and on into the canons to the south and east in the extreme western end of the great basin wherein Reno is situated. The speed attained was rated by instruments on Winslow's ship when he ran into the teeth of the blow at nearly one hundred miles an hour.

Over Verdi, the intersection of the hundreds of miles of numerous canons and broad waste valleys, the storm center broke, as it always does, with the fury of a million fends turned loose.

The first try of the gallant pilot was made from the field southerly. Then he headed his craft toward the regular Red Line air road, over the hell spot at Verdi, where all the ships take in and out. This is the route that must be traveled to make the crossing over the "Hump" and at the same time be in reasonable reach of the railroad that, snake-like, winds in and out through the canons and hills, through the passage of the

"Hump," and in view of the miles and miles of snowsheds.

On this first try Winslow made an altitude of 13,000 feet. When he struck the hump over Verdi he was almost catapulted from the cockpit. Then his struggles began. He had often hit these impacts that are as severe as going full force into a mountain of granite. Bump, bump, smash, he went into them. He used every known experience he has gained to keep the ship from losing speed, going off on a wing and then into the deadly tail spin, that ordinarily spells death to the pilot and a complete washout of ship as well. Even to demolishing the motor, which would of a certainty happen if the ship were to spin down into the maw of the granite monoliths thousands of feet below.

The deceiving part of the

"Hump" was that just a rim of dense black clouds showed along the tops of the mountains. The pinnacles and roundtops and shattered spires showed through, and the sky seemed to be clear. Traveling beyond this line looked all right from the air. There was safety if he could but get out of the maelstrom of angry, uncontrollable winds.

The blasts ran wild, and the driver imagined that they came from every direction of the compass. However, the ship waded and tore through for about a quarter of a mile, right above Verdi. There she stopped. Just as if she was tied to a snubbing post she had halted.

"My old boat stood still for what appeared to me an hour," said Winslow. "Say, that Verdi hell-hole ought to be arrested and put away forever. Well, the blast began to hit the ship with a force that shook it just like an old swamp angel with an extra dose of the ague. Never in all my flying did I have the queer sensation that resulted from that long, stationary lie-up. It was weird and most inhuman. I might have been in another world for all the feeling of ordinary sensibilities that encompassed me.

"It was a new situation. There was danger of a crash in almost any direction. I was in a position to use the time of my career in keeping her about down so she wouldn't go dud and into a spin. But, believe me, I worked. Then I began to reeде, slowly at first, and glancing at my clock I saw that when I looked over the top for a second I was again over Reno. It shook me up a bit. I had lost 4000 feet of altitude, too.

"I still had hopes that I would make the crossing over the 'Hump' and get the mail down to San Francisco. I circled the great Truckee meadows and again started for the 'Hump.'"

"I zoomed her right up in a southerly direction until I reached 14,000 feet. Heading the ship toward the Verdi hell-hole again, I started and went into it again from over Reno, in nothing of time. The crash I received the first time was terrific—never had such a pound against a ship. I thought for a minute that she would fly to pieces.

"Say, right here we all have to hand it to the 'Motor Macks' for their care of these sky traffickers. They make them safe. When a ship was stuck over the Sierra back in

why there is nothing in the heavens that can destroy one of them. They always function, and we all know it.

"Well, I stood still again in that spot. The wind whistled like that of lost souls. Spang, spang, Aeolian harp, intensified hundreds of thousands of times, were in the twang the wires made. The covering of the wings seemed to flatten down to thin paper thickness. All over the ship there appeared to me weird changes that I had never before imagined could be possible. The dark business kind of got my goat for a while. I was determined to get that mail down to San Francisco if there was the remotest chance.

"All at once I noticed that the altimeter was dropping at an alarming rate. The down current coming over the Sierra backed me

down to Reno in just a few seconds over one minute. It was just whang, and the ship was again over the town. It had been pressed from 14,000 down to 8000 feet.

"Around the meadows, over Sparks, I again took her, stepping on her. I went up to 13,000 again and swept her into the hole at Verdi again. Not getting past that barrier of savage, intense wind that I had already found was over a mile thick—that is, this hurricane was that intense through this measurement. As a matter of fact, there was no top or bottom that I could find.

"At the third and last try for the crossover, I noticed that the 'Hump' had darkened and was black as night over the entire range. At that I took another chance, believing I might get through. I made Verdi again. It was worse than ever. I succeeded in turning the ship again and came back to the field. Doggone tough luck, not getting the mail down! Makes me mad when I default! We have enough troubles without

falling to get the mail across. But when you can't, you can't, that's all there is to it.

"I am mighty glad that I did not have a passenger on there on that trip. It would have worried me for his safety."

January 27, 1923, will always be remembered by the United States Air Mail service, and by each member of the personnel at Reno and San Francisco, as having the most remarkable condition of wind and hurricane directions in the history of the U. S. Weather Bureau. It is very doubtful if this exact condition will ever obtain again.

Over and along the topmost crests of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, for a distance of about one hundred miles, easterly and westerly, the sky was clear and bright. The condition was described by the two pilots, Winslow and Vance, who made identical weather reports, detailed the same air hazards, told of the awful battle they had—how their ships stood stationary.

Back end of Reno field of the

terrible currents of air coming down on top of their planes, and how their altitude dropped thousands of feet in a fraction of time. They related how they made the three attempts to reach their goal, the famous "Hump," how their ships sang and trembled, and how the 400 horsepower Liberty motor was as an ant hurrying its puny self against a locomotive under full headway.

There was but one startling exception in the reports and tales of their united, parallel experiences on this banner day of days. Winslow fought against a wind that came out of the west, by a bit north. Vance made his great fight against the elements that blew from easterly to a few points northerly.

This was due to a weird, abnormal splitting of the hurricane by the colossal row of peaks along the Sierras. There was created a complete change in the direction of the hurricane. As shown by the reports of these two airmen, the great width, depth and height of the wind flow was actually split and changed in opposite directions.

The two pilots were doing the same things at the same time and they were over one hundred miles apart in an air line. Neither man knew of the battle of the other until the next morning. It was then that even they were dumfounded, and only after long argument were convinced that the wind had blown in different directions, divided by the Sierras.

Pilot Clare K. Vance left the field at San Francisco on this same day and at the same time as did Pilot Winslow from the Reno field, on the afternoon of January 27.

Vance came along at record-breaking clip on the wings of a fair westerly wind until he reached a point within a few miles of Colfax, Calif. Colfax being about, air line distance from the "Hump" as Verdi is from Reno.

It was here that he ran smack into a bump that almost unseated him with the shock of a liner striking a submerged iceberg. Then the battle began. After the first attempt to negotiate the roaring flow of winds, Vance found himself standing still in the air, immobile, with the grand Liberty motor holding its own, against the pressure of an unknown, unknown, singing its song in the long roar of combat, in defiance to the kings of the whirlwinds. The ship shook and wavered with the jumpy increase of the raging element.

With masterful courage, Vance watched for a method of deliverance. The change came with suddenness that could not be timed. The wave of energy came from above and struck the ship with an impact terrific, and down and back the plane flew. With expertness supreme, the ship was headed tail-to. In less time than it takes to recount the ship was again over Sacramento at 8000.

up, and up and up until he calculated he had reached the other above the wind flood. Then he guided his ship for the straight line over Placerville and Colfax for the

"Hump." The cauldron of mixed and varying bumps he sped and with a crash he again landed against the full force of the gale. The crash tried both pilot and ship. Over Colfax again the same air conditions remained unchanged, from those which he had experienced just minutes before. He turned the giant bird again and with the speed of a moon trail on the hills he again found himself at Sacramento, with loss of altitude, again.

It seemed inconceivable that the "Hump" could not be reached when it was so clear and bright from the vantage of 12,000 feet above the earth.

Once more this wonderman headed back up into the altitudes and reached 15,000, and hoped to take the fight with his mail into Reno and not default. Again when he reached the hole and bumps and terrible, pounding of the swirling winds, and landed the

same trying, exhausting fight, and saw that the dense black clouds were beginning to envelope the mountains from every direction, he gave it up. But he had made his fight that will go down with Winslow's as the most gruelling, most unusual and thrilling experiences that flyers can experience, here over the dreaded hundred miles of territory where there is absolutely no landing without death, and where the elements are always vying with each other to encompass and destroy these aces of the U. S. Red Line road.

No rating is too high, no compliments are too great for these men who fly the "Hump."

Vance then landed his plane at Sacramento, put his cargo of mail on a limited train and headed his ship for San Francisco.

Strange again are the freaks of the winds. Starting toward his home field he ran into west winds that slowed him up and made his journey back as difficult as many of the trials in the fights over the mountains. The good old Liberty motor growled through, but it took one hour for the 96 miles.

The log books at this field have material enough to make a thousand movie thrillers and no picture ever taken could half depict the courage, dangers and hardships experienced by these unsung men of this branch of governmental service.

Pride in service—100 per cent mail carrying—is the slogan of the Reno air mail field.

The crux of the entire success of every flight is the care, attention and personal feeling and labor put upon the ships and the great motor, the careful servicing. This is the seed that makes the rest of the vast plant grow and have its being.

Added to this, that feeling of knowing that all that is humanly possible has been done for the safety of the pilot when he takes his ship into the air is the outstanding factor of success of that very same flyer. If there was a little doubt in the mind of the pilot that his ship had been neglected in the least bit he would naturally be worried.

This would of course retard his performance in his line of duty. But there is nothing but that absolutely trustful understanding among the entire personnel along the western divisions, and of course the same conditions must prevail all along the Transcontinental air road.

The craftsmanship of the "Motor Macks" on Reno field and San Francisco is a thing to be proud of. The world that the technical knowledge and genius of workmanship are there. They have invoked from official Washington recognition of the master care of motors and the perfect construction of the standard De Havilland B-4 type of ship.

presented the magnificent compliment of being perfect in efficiency of its personnel, under the direction of Major O. A. Tomlinson, field manager, and his incomparable assistants, San Francisco mentioned about on par under the supervision of Assistant Superintendent LaFollette and his expert array of "Motor Macks." The staffs at Reno and Marias fields are justly proud of this distinction, of the road sweeping appreciation of their careful labor and inspection of the world-famous ships that fly over the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Major Tomlinson has received official notification from the Postmaster General at Washington that the United States air mail was the recipient of the Collier aeronautical trophy. This prized award is the most sought of all the cups and rewards given to every branch of aeronautics in the United States. It means that the United States air mail has the recognition, unobtainable aggregation of experts, with reluctant accomplishment in this country.

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Raine Writes of "Jack Bell of the Frontier"

WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE, famous American writer, author of successful novels of the West, has penned the following tribute to Jack Bell, author of the Air Line articles appearing in The Oakland Tribune:

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE.

JACK Bell of the Frontier! There it is in a word. For Jack Bell typifies that zest for high adventure, for the conquest of the wilderness, that is the soul of the West. In the days of his youth the dry and thirsty desert, the lands of the high snow peaks, were trumpet calls to the eager hearts whose eyes turned always to the frontier.

Jack answered that call. He has been answering it ever since. For Jack Bell is your true soldier of fortune. He has always been on the edge of civilization and beyond, tramping blithely wherever there was a promise of hardship or danger, of colorful drama in the wilderness.

As a lad he followed the shining rails of steel to the camps known temporarily as "end of the road." He was telegraph operator, railroad, lumberjack, bartender, cowboy, prospector. In two wars he put on the khaki and went through. There is no city in this country or Canada where he is not known. He has mushed in Alaska and hiked through the hills of Mexico. With a burro as companion he has broken new trails in almost every state of the West. Cripple Creek and Goldfield were his habitat when the names stood for all the riotous and picturesque vitality of new mining camps. He has seen and been a part of the vanishing West, of the transition from the nineteenth to the twentieth century in the land of wide sun-and-wind-swept spaces.

To look once at Jack Bell is to place him instantly. The sun-browned skin, the compact strength of the little, graceful body, the cool grey-blue eyes that can be warm or chill and hard as steel, mark him for an outdoor man who

has lived long alone among the high plains with the stars for a roof. As much as any man I know he looks the part.

But he is more than a soldier of fortune. Always in his wanderings he has carried with him another Jack Bell, one who loved birds and trees and little chipmunks and sunsets in the high hills. He can tell you all about ptarmigan in the white snow regions of the peaks. He can talk by the hour of the habits of beaver and blue jay and mountain sheep, and he is always interesting, because the thing he knows has come to him from first-hand observation. For Jack is a born naturalist.

He keeps diaries in the long months when he is prospecting in the hills with only a burro for a companion. (By the way, you should hear him talk about the burro if you want to understand the man.) I have heard men talk about the burro, but Jack's diaries are full of notes of the things he sees, and what he sees are the things that the rest of us ought also to see but do not. For Jack comes to Nature with the same simple and open mind that Muir and Burroughs brought to it. It is the inquiring mind of a child, plus the trained eye of a scientific observer. He studies patiently, always observing and classifying. So he makes his theories fit his facts rather than the reverse.

A man worth knowing, this Jack Bell of the Frontier—worth knowing both in his own person and in the stuff he writes. There are few of his type left. In the not distant future the last of them will have vanished.

Above at left, photo of Reno gangway. Below, photo Burr H. Winslow beside his ship 158, famous for speed and long-distance records.

why there is nothing in the heavens that can destroy one of them. They always function, and we all know it.

Back end of Reno field of the

A Lesson On Yosemite

by Uncle Sam

Government Issues Story of Great Wonder, Tracing Its Origin From Days of the Glacial Ice Age

Uncle Sam, represented by the U. S. Geological Survey, has written an interesting history of Yosemite for general distribution. The author is F. E. Matthes of the Survey. Things not generally known about the great California valley are told for the first time.

If you should start from San Francisco in an airplane and fly due east, you would first cross the wooded crests of the coast ranges, next the broad, level expanse of the Great Valley of California, checkered with irrigated fields and orchards, and then, after a flight of more than a hundred miles, you would come to a huge mountain barrier rising in a long, gradual slope and culminating in a resplendent row of snow-flecked peaks. This is the Sierra Nevada, the longest, highest, and grandest mountain range in the United States.

Deeply carved in its western flank, about midway between the torrid foothills and the wintry summit peaks, in the genial middle zone of majestic forests, you would discover the Yosemite Valley, the chasm that has become renowned the world over for its towering cliffs, its stately trees, and its delightful climate, but, above all, for its sublime waterfalls. If "Yellowstone" spells "geysers," "Yosemite" spells "waterfalls."

As you fly over the valley you may at first be surprised to find that it is no larger. It measures only 7 miles in length and 1 mile in width and is really but a widened part of a narrow canyon that furrows the range from crest to base, the canyon of the Merced River. Indeed, the valley is only one of a great many features—though by far the most wonderful—of the Yosemite National Park, which embraces a part of the western flank of the Sierra Nevada, almost as large as the State of Rhode Island, that is studded with peaks, domes, and spires, and sculptured by valleys, gorges, and canyons. Among the canyons is the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River, which lies 12 miles north of the Merced Canyon and parallel to it and which also has a Yosemite-like widened part—the beautiful Hetch Hetchy Valley.

But when finally you descend into the Yosemite you at once perceive the reason for its world-wide fame. No other valley is so remarkably fashioned; no other valley holds within so small a compass so astounding a wealth of striking and distinctive scenic features. As a whole, it is a broad rock-hewn trough with parallel sides, boldly sculptured and ornamented with silvery cataracts. The level floor, whose groves and meadows afford ideal places for camping and other forms of recreation, lies 4,000 feet above the sea, and the forested uplands on either side rise 3,000 to 4,000 feet higher.

As you look eastward up the valley from its lower end your eye is at once attracted by the sheer profile of El Capitan, the most majestic cliff in the Yosemite, and perhaps in the world. It projects from the north wall, its top fully 3,000 feet above the valley floor. Directly opposite stand the three Cathedral Rocks, which form a promontory of great height, the only promontory that juts far out into the trough. From its end leaps the Bridal Veil Fall, 620 feet in height, its spray suffused with the glory of the rainbow.

Beyond El Capitan and the Cathedral Rocks the valley abruptly regains its full width, and you behold in an embayment on the right the two Cathedral Spires, the frailest rock shafts in the valley. On the left are the Three Brothers, whose gabled summits rise one above another, all built on the same angle, as if designed by an architect. The highest, known as Eagle Peak, stands 5,300 feet above the valley. Opposite them rises Sentinel Rock, a finely modeled obelisk with pointed top.

A mile beyond the base of Sentinel Rock nestles Yosemite Village, the main tourist center of the park, and just across the valley, booming amid clouds of pearly mist, are the Yosemite Falls, most glorious of all the cataracts in the valley. The upper fall, 1,400 feet high, would alone make any valley famous—it is the highest unbroken plunge of water on the American continent, perhaps the highest in the



world. The lower fall, which descends 320 feet, seems insignificant in comparison, yet it is twice as high as Niagara. The entire chain of falls and cascades measures 2,565 feet.

Farther up, on the north side, are the Royal Arches, sculptured into a series of natural rock wall rises to a height of 1,500 feet. An enormous natural pillar, the Washington Column, flanks them on the right, and above them rises a smoothly curving, helmet-shaped boss of granite, the North Dome.

Facing the Royal Arches, on the south side, is Glacier Point, a high promontory that has become a veritable Mecca for tourists, by reason of its matchless view and its unique overhanging rock, below which the cliffs fall off sheer 3,200 feet.

The head of the valley is squared off by another rock wall, and above that wall, planted as on a pedestal, stands Half Dome; the most colossal and most strangely modeled rock monument in the Sierra, smoothly rounded on three sides and cut down sheer on the fourth, like an apple cleft in two. Though it has been inaccessible heretofore, owing to the smoothness of its sides, it may now be easily scaled with the aid of steel cables or ladders as to carry as hand men.

From the summit of Half Dome, 14,390 feet above the valley, you

look down, on the south side, into the Little Yosemite, a broad-floored, cliff-girt valley shaped like the Yosemite, though much smaller. It lies at a level 2,000 feet above the main valley, and from its portal, guarded by Liberty Cap, the

stairway, making two magnificent cataracts, the Nevada Fall, 594 feet high, and the Vernal Fall, 317 feet high. On the north side you look down into Tenaya Canyon, a chasm as profound as the Yosemite itself, yet the pathway of only a small tributary brook. Almost directly under Half Dome, at the canyon's mouth, lies romantic Mirror Lake. To the northeast Clouds Rest, the loftiest summit in the vicinity of the valley, rises 8,924 feet above the sea, and beyond spreads the vast panorama of the High Sierra, its jagged peaks culminating in ice-cloaked Mount Evell, at a height of 13,096 feet.

And now, filled with wonder at the marvels of this stupendous scene, you may feel impelled to ask: How was this all created? By what strange forces has the Yosemite been fashioned, and through what happy circumstances has it become endowed with so much charm and grandeur?

This, then, is the story of the Yosemite. Millions and millions of years ago all of the country reach-

How Rivers Formed and How Some Were 'Locked In' by High Granite Elevations Over Valley

ing from the Pacific coast to the Rocky mountains began to bulge up as a result of convulsions in the interior of the earth. In spite of the exceeding slowness of the movement the earth's crust was broken into huge blocks that crowded and chafed one another. Some rose into mountain ranges, others sank so as to form low basins. The westernmost and largest block, 400 miles long from north to south and 80 miles broad, was pushed up at its eastern edge and bodily tilted westward. After a great lapse of time it was thrust higher and its westward slant was increased. Still later—probably less than one million years ago—the block was lifted by successive upheavals into a lofty mountain range with gentle westward slope and abrupt eastern wall—the range now known as the Sierra Nevada.

With the first tilting, naturally, the waters on the Sierra block were rearranged. They had been flowing in various directions, but now they began to follow the westward slant. A series of parallel rivers came into existence, all draining westward into the Pacific Ocean, which then still covered the basin of the Great Valley of California. The Merced was one of these new rivers.

In the long period of quiet that followed the earlier uplifts the Merced fashioned for itself a broad, level valley, flanked by rolling hills. The entire region still lay near the level of the sea; it had a mild, humid climate and was covered with dense, semitropical vegetation. But when the Sierra block was raised to mountainous height and its western slope was steepened, the river, until then sluggish, became swift and powerful and with the boulders, gravel, and sand which it swept along in its current vigorously scoured and deepened its bed. With each additional uplift it cut faster and deeper, until at length it produced a narrow, rugged canyon more than 2,000 feet deep.

Meanwhile those side streams of the Merced that run at right angles to its course, and therefore at right angles to the slant of the Sierra block, remained unsteepened and continued to flow as leisurely as before. They were consequently unable to cut as rapidly as the master stream, and so their valleys remained "hanging" high on either side of the main chasm. From the mouths of these hanging "valleys" the waters descended in tumultuous cascades. Particularly was this so along that stretch which later became the Yosemite Valley, for it was bordered by uplands of hard, massive granite, exceedingly difficult for streams to cut. Yosemite Creek, which now produces the Yosemite Falls, then made a cascade 1,900 feet high—a cascade broken by many steps, but doubtless one of striking beauty.

And now came that epoch of snowy climate which brought on the great Ice Age. Snow gathered to depths of hundreds and finally thousands of feet in the upper valleys of the range, and, becoming compacted to granular ice, formed glaciers that slowly crept down the canyons, moving a few inches to a few feet each day. Small remnants of these ice streams remain today on the shaded sides of the highest Sierra peaks, notably on Mount Evell and its neighbors.

for occasional intervals, the ice held sway, quarrying and scouring the rocky sides and floor of the chasm with the tremendous force due to its weight and its irresistible forward movement. And so, when at length the Ice Age came to a close, the narrow V-shaped canyon was transformed into a broad U-shaped trough. The sloping sides of the canyon had been quarried back to vertical cliffs, and the broken cascades had been replaced by leaping falls. A basin also had been scooped out in the rock floor, and in this basin was formed a lake 5½ miles long, the ancient lake Yosemite.

The ice was greatly aided in accomplishing these prodigious changes in the aspect of the Yosemite by the numerous cracks that cut the granite into blocks and made it easy to quarry away. Above and below the Yosemite, on the other hand, the granite was mostly solid and the ice could do little more than rip and polish. Hence it left those parts of the Merced Canyon more or less gorge-like.

Taming Wild Horses With Music

by *Frances Montgomery*

Grand Opera Subdues
Untamed Equines,
Balky Or Wild, Says
Musician Who Tried It

"GRAND OPERA bath charms to sooth the savage breast of the wild and balky horse." A new version of the old familiar saying!

Edward Andrews, noted comedian with the Rex Reynolds Opera company, has some advice for discouraged owners of the fractious equine. He makes 'em tame with music!

Since the hunch which resulted in experimenting successfully on his own non-going mare, some thirty years ago, Prof. Andrews has constantly kept his opera eye out for wild or balky horses. He has met scores in his time and although the medium has varied from the tempestuous tones of "Die Walkure," ejected from the brass instruments of an 8-piece band, to the ministering rhythm of "Te Deum" on the clarinet, this exponent of opera de luxe for balky horses has turned the trick every time.

Unruly steeds have been absolutely and thoroughly broken never to balk again, excepting, perhaps, in the case of the sorrel which tried the second time only to be forever afterward cured by the timely treatment of a toot or two on the troupe trumpet. Prof. Andrews tells about it:

"My father was a Methodist minister and we were a family of singers. The home of the Andrews was in St. Peter, Minn., and because we all sang, we started a concert company. Just around home at first, then widening out the circle until we found ourselves a regular concert company giving to the communities about us music of a high order. Then entered the unruly horse discovery.

"Those were the days when every show that amounted to anything carried a band. Well, we had one, an eight-piece brass band. On our first ventures we traveled in wagons with four horses on the passenger wagon and two on the baggage. In our earliest days we invaded only the villages, where we always preceded our performance with a parade. We were proud of our band-wagon, which, by the way, we made. In a small town in Missouri, just across the river from St. Joe, one of our horses got loose in the barn and was kicked. A flesh wound in the hip, not serious, but requiring stitching, made the animal unfit for travel. I started out to find a trade.

"Yes," said the liveryman, "I can get you a dead mate for your team and I think you can trade and get fifteen dollars to boot." He produced the horse and we made the trade. With my fifteen dollars boot money and a good sound mare I felt so satisfied that I called my brother George to see the new animal.

"There's something wrong here," said he. "Why, this is a fine high-headed animal and easily worth fifty dollars more than the other horse."

"Thorough as we were in our inspection we could find nothing wrong with our new possession. So we went to the liveryman.

"Look here," I said, "we're game. The trade's made and the horse is ours. Now what's the secret?"

"Well," drawled the liveryman, "he's sound and we recommend him, but he won't pull the hat off your head."

"Precious near right about him being a dead mate for your horse," chuckled my brother George.

"Well, we'll hitch him to our four-horse team," I said. "The other three horses can pull and he can march along."

"I reckon it'll take more than three horses to mal that feller march," replied the liveryman.

"We hitched up. A big crowd gathered. By this time most of

also of the tendencies of the new horse.

"Well, boys," yelled one villager, "we'll have the troupe here tonight. They'll never get out of town."

"The worst part of the embarrassing situation was that the road facing us, which took us out of the Missouri river valley, was up a steep hill. That was the moment of inspiration. 'We'll be game,' I said. 'Get out your band instruments, boys, and let's play 'em a little tune.'"

"With a grand flourish, we struck up a lively air. The horse that wouldn't pull began to prance and then to pull at the bit. Let him go," I yelled. The driver gave him the reins and we went out of town flying and the bystanders hurrahing.

"That horse never balked but once after that and then I got out the horn and tooted it a couple of times and he went right into the collar."

"It was about a month later that we drove into Creek, Nebraska. I saw a team of horses in front of the hotel. One of them had balked and was lying down. They were



Edward Andrews in opera role costume. Comedian uses voice or instrument to make unruly horses behave.

hitched to a load of lumber and the owner was standing by, looking disconsolate. I stopped my wagon and approached the owner. The horses were a beautiful pair of chestnut sorrels with silver manes and tails.

"Horses balking?" I asked.

"The stranger slowly and indifferently lifted his eyes.

"Looks like it, don't it? S'pose you've got some remedy fer to drive 'em. Ye needn't bother to tell it. They've all told me how a'ready and nothin' works."

"I can drive your horse," I replied; "but not now. I'll trade you this gray team you see here; perfectly sound and young. If you don't live too far from here you can take my team and drive your lumber home. I'll take your team and put them in the barn here. I'll give them no medicine—only oats and hay. After you've tried my team, if you want to, we'll trade."

"Fair enough," said the stranger. "I live only a half mile from here. I'll try your team and if I am not here by 9 o'clock tomorrow morning you can consider it a trade."

"Well, he hitched my horses to his lumber and drove off. I was on the spot at 9 in the morning. So was the stranger. But he did not bring the team with him. He was satisfied and smiling.

"It's a trade alright," he said. "I've tried your team to every farm implement on the place and they stop at nothing. But, stranger, what I come back for is to see you drive that consarned balky horse of mine!"

out the band instruments. I told the farmer to get in. "We're going right by your place," I said, "and we'll take you home. You may then see how I drive a balky horse."

"All set, we struck up the march from 'Tannhauser' and we kept it going crescendo until we reached the astounded farmer's front gate.

"By Gad! You've turned the trick," gasped the dazed man. "But a farmer can't carry a brass band around to keep a balky horse going. I guess I made a good trade."

Andrews had discovered that stories about horses responding to music on the battlefield are founded on a scientific fact. Animals react to music everywhere. The opera comedian had discovered that grand opera has a particularly salutary effect on balky horses.

The Andrews Concert company now possessed two splendid new steeds. "Why not make a business of acquiring balky horses?" thought the far-seeing comedian. Wherever the opera man shouldered his brass bandstand and a fello of open covers and be-

tween concerts, hunted untamable horses.

At the end of the following year, the Andrews Concert company was still driving six horses. Every one of them had been balky.

Time went on and the "Concert Company" became the Andrews Opera Company. They now traveled by train. Balky horses had almost become a forgotten subject with Edward Andrews, now a well-known comic opera star. The company arrived one day at a little station in Texas. There were teams waiting to drive the players to the town, two miles distant. The company was loaded into the various vehicles. The comedian, with some of the chorus boys, climbed up behind two sleek sorrels.

The "off" horse wouldn't move. "I can drive that horse," volunteered Andrews.

"What do you know about a horse that I don't?" snapped the driver. "I was brung up with 'em."

"Well, I know a little trick that you don't," hinted Andrews.

"Well, I guess you kin spring it," growled the driver.

On the instant, Andrews realized that the company carried no band instruments. He jumped up. "Boys," he shouted, "The Soldiers' Chorus from 'Faust' as loud as you can—sing it and hang on!"

"Glory and love to the men of old—"

they burst forth in great volume. It worked. Away they went, the startled chorus boys choking on the harmony as they were bumped over the uneven road.

"Keep 'em singin'!" yelled the driver.

"Keep 'em singin'!" There's a patch of sand ahead. Sing 'em through that sand!"

And they did. Arrived at the hotel, the grateful driver passed the cigars. "If you can charm this town like you done this little ole place here, you'll make your reputation," he laughed.

"Some years ago," relates Andrews, "we went to Medford, Ore., just over the California line. There we bought a ranch. Among the stock was a team badly matched. I started out to look for a balky horse to mate him. At a little place called Willow Springs, about five miles from Medford, I found a widow, a timid widow with a balky horse. She never took him out of the barn. She had given up entirely. Besides being balky, she told me with trembling voice, the animal was somewhat vicious."

"Well, I took him home and petted him for a few days. Then I hitched him to a load of apples which I wished to take to town. I had borrowed a cornet in Medford while an interested neighbor said the lines I put my whole soul into the 'Hesperus' from 'Tannhauser'."

If Your Horses Refuse to
Budge An Inch, Don't
Be Discouraged, Urges
Artist With Solution

Mater." Charmed with this famous tenor solo, the balky bay proved no exception to the rule, but dug her toes into the sand and started out.

"She was thoroughly broken. I afterwards sold her to 'hat same neighbor, who says she is one of his best horses."

Nor is Andrews willing to have his theory taken facetiously. He explains the phenomenon thus:

"A horse has a one-track mind. He can think of but one thing at a time. Balking, after all, is only a form of nervous hysteria and a good lively march by a good brass band will make a balky horse forget all about balking and just—go!"

"It is a psychological fact that animals are affected by music. The circus elephants perform to the music of a brass band; dogs howl when they hear strains of music and a canary will sing when he hears a few tinkling chords struck on the piano. When the next hunting season opens I am going to demonstrate what I firmly believe can be done. I am confident that I can stop a deer in flight with the clear tones of a trumpet. I believe wild horses of the desert can be tamed by music."

"Can I start a balky mule?" laughed Andrews in reply to a question. "Well, I haven't experimented with balky mules, but I think it would take Mary Garden singing 'Thais' to do that."

Try a little grand opera on your balky horse and if you fail, Prof. Andrews guarantees to start him for you if it takes the whole Rex Reynolds Opera Company and the orchestra to do it.

Storage Bins of Birds

(Continued From Page Six)

mon? I have found no one with a decided opinion, but the inclination of the best authorities on the habits of the birds is that the use is generalized or in common.

A remarkable feature in the selection of trees for storage is that in some sections where pine and oak trees are neighbors in growth the former will be selected for storage to the exclusion of the latter. In other localities the selection is reversed. In one place in Contra Costa county on an area of a half acre I found two white oaks and fourteen pines. One of the oaks had its bark filled with a countless number of holes, nearly all of which were occupied with acorns, and the crevice spaces in the bark were also largely utilized by the birds for storage. The other oak tree was only slightly used. I made a careful examination of the pine trees, and though the woodpeckers were seen in them, I failed to find a single hole bored in the bark or an acorn stored in them in any form. It may be of interest to state that the birds stored a considerable number of acorns in the cracks between the shingles of the roof of a small house near by, and to do so they enlarged the crevices in some instances.

I have been asked a number of times if the holes drilled into the bark were not injurious to the life of a tree. If an examination of the holes is made it will be found that they only occupy the dead tissue of the bark and do not, as a rule, at least, penetrate the inner living layer and disturb the growing cells or live tissues, therefore no injury to the tree can come directly from the drilling of any number of such holes, but a different result might happen should the holes invite the presence and harbor a multitude of insect enemies of the tree.

ever, in the latter case the woodpeckers and other insectivorous birds would quickly relieve the situation. I never noticed a tree that had suffered injury by use of its bark by woodpeckers. It is only the older trees with thick bark that are usually resorted to for storage purposes. The bird never drills holes for the acorns in anything but dead wood, dry timber and the dead tissue of tree bark.

The number of holes the woodpeckers will put in one tree is surprising. Prof. Ritter of La Jolla counted 31,800 in fifty feet of the trunk of a prostrate pine in the San Jacinto mountain. The oak tree mentioned above was so irregular in shape that it was impossible to make a satisfactory count of the holes drilled in its bark. The main trunk and the large limbs were perforated almost as closely as the holes in a pepper box top. In that portion of the tree where I could make a fairly good count of the number, there were probably between ten and twelve thousand holes, and there were possibly as many or more in those parts of the tree difficult to examine.

Geraldine on Dutch Treats

What's the Matter With Women 'Paying Their Own' in the World of Feminine Rights? College Youths Interested

A STRAW will show the way the wind blows and a luncheon check will serve as well as any other institution to indicate the trend of the times. Hitherto luncheon checks have blown in only one direction, he-ward. The man might have dined on junket and the lady on thirty-seven varieties of boiled dinner—the man might be poor as the proverbial church mouse and the lady a daughter of Croesus—it mattered not, the chivalrous gentleman always paid the bill. There was a good and sufficient reason for that—the lady couldn't. Those were the good old days when the Lovely Woman stood on a pedestal, which simply meant that she didn't own a cent and couldn't call her soul her own. Pedestals have their advantages. One of them is having luncheon checks paid for you. But in the long run they have more disadvantages than advantages. So finally Lovely Woman shinned down from hers, with considerable detriment to her dignity, declared herself the equal of man, grabbed the vote and started out to look for a job.

She Gets a Job

But now comes the odd part of this little cross section of human history. She looked for the job. She found the job. The main disadvantage of her pedestal period was at last overcome. She was on an economic plane with man. But—BUT—Suddenly she found that economic planes have almost as grave disadvantages as pedestals. All sorts of troublesome things were expected of her. She had to serve on juries, pay taxes and bother her head with politics. There was even talk of sending her to prison when she committed the crimes for which men were sent to prison. Chivalry seemed to have been wiped right off the face of the map! Men no longer lifted their hats in the elevators when she entered, nor took their feet down from the office desk nor the cigar out of their office mouths. They even fired her from her job without the slightest consideration for her sex. And worst of all, they began to expect her to pay her own way! Which is right where this story starts in.

James took a good long look at his Jenny and said: "Looka here, what's the big idea of my paying for everything? Why don't you pay your own way some times?"

"The very idea!" cried Jenny. "Why should I? I'm a woman." "Well, that's nothin'—I'm a man and a purse is a purse. You have as much in your purse as I have in mine. You enjoy these parties just as much as I do. Then why shouldn't you pay your share?"

Some times it wasn't James who asked these questions. Quite as often it was James' mother or father, who were paying James' way through college. Some times it was Jenny herself, slowly becoming aware of her new status. But from all sides the questions came until at last the hitherto humble luncheon check became as momentous as a government mandate.

A Burning Issue

It is quite true that many of the universities are conducting questionnaires on this subject among the students. The following opinions were gathered in a recent discussion in the University of California. The western universities, where co-education has for so long been in operation, would naturally be expected to hold less conventional views along these lines. Nevertheless "jobs for women" are the word today in the east as well as the west. And wherever the woman has a job, sooner or later the question of "going Dutch treat" is bound to arise. Obviously the home woman and the girl who has neither job nor allowance must be exempted from such an innovation. But how about the others?

Eulalie Diehl speaks—

"Decidedly a woman should not meet on a fifty-fifty basis with men. If a man wants the pleasure of a woman's company let him furnish something in return. A woman says in her marvellous book, 'The Marvellous World of the Woman' that in ancient times



"In days of old when knights were bold
And warriors held their sway"

When Lancelot took Gwen to dine
He paid the lady's way.

In truth he had to buy her meal
Or eat his hash alone,
For jobless Guenevere possessed
No kopecks of her own.

The world moves on—now Guenevere
Has grabbed both job and vote,
And yet she still insists that Lancelot
Shall buy the table d'hôte!

But if her "equal rights with man"
Give Gwen sweet freedom's thrills,
Should she not also share the cost
And help him foot the bill?

work. It's a bad precedent to establish."

(But how about the man's manicured hair, manicured nails and expensive clothes, Eulalie?)

Kenneth Gow speaks—

A Matter of Funds

"The man in college is in a different position from his brothers in the business and professional world. He has yet his way to make and a dollar looks as big to him in college as a hundred will probably appear when he graduates. Every college man undoubtedly enjoys the company of college women but he cannot fully enjoy that company unless he is plentifully endowed with funds. For instance, if he takes a co-ed to dinner with the last of his allowance in his pocket, can he enjoy the meal, wondering how he is going to pay his rent next week or meet his other obligations? A sane, sensible arrangement in college would solve a lot of difficulties. Of course there are special occasions when the man should ungrudgingly foot all bills, but in the little everyday occurrences a fifty-fifty plan would be most acceptable."

Phyllis Kent speaks—

"I'm strong for the fifty-fifty plan. I have brothers of my own and I know their difficulties. Most of the time men are placed on the same allowance as their sisters and they have to make this money do for two, where the co-ed has only herself to think of. Furthermore, men invariably have higher college expenses, in that they take the technical courses demanding heavier fees. Certainly a college woman should do her part in a simple matter like this—bringing her good common sense to play in fairness is all concerned."

Helen Bolles speaks—

"If a man can't afford to pay for a woman's company, let him dine by himself. I'm against the fifty-fifty plan as applied to men and women. For either sex alone, yes, but man is shirking enough responsibility as it is. This is a graceful way to get out of more." There you are, folks. These are the opinions of representative young college people. They might equally well be the opinions of representative young working people. What do you think of them?

"Mother Machree With a Broom"

'Ever the Weak Shall Perish and Strong Survive'; How the Fear of Hunger Makes Lives of Persons Miserable

Like a machine, this thing they have named Efficiency, an automaton that knows neither compassion or fear and methodically without favor it chooses the fittest, which after all is the first law of Nature, "Ever the weak shall perish and always the strong survive." Animals I think are more merciful than men for their weak perish instantly, while the unfit man is left to exist as best he may.

The "Man with the Hoe" has had difficulty in presenting a practical solution for the gang and I do not wonder. Countless men have tried and failed in the millions of years that lie behind us and as many more will make their futile effort in the eons ahead. Socialism, communism and like political panaceas are worthless. No plan that savors of brotherhood is feasible until man reaches that infinitely higher stage of civilization which is essential for the ideal state, and, Jerry, when the world reaches that stage America, the British Empire, the World War, all, will be as remote from the thoughts of men as Atlantis is today.

The Fear of Hunger

If the militant lady with the broom had any conception of the stark wretchedness that is poverty she would never say that the poor deserve their lot. No one could ever deserve such an existence; there is nothing more pitiful, more productive of evil, more menacing to society than poverty; no one who has ever felt its shadows, who has ever known the haunting fear of hunger, could hold such a selfish outlook.

Have you ever tried to put yourself in the place of the derelict who "bums" you for the price of a meal? I wish it were in my power to portray the utter despair, the bitter humiliation of the man broke and jobless. Charity is abhorrent to him unless he is altogether devoid of self respect, (no real man would want some plus hypocrite patronizing him) and eventually he does one of three things, gets a job, commits a crime or does a little job of hari-kari.

Now a word about stupid governments and I'm through. A few months ago I spent a day in a tent city of striking miners in West Virginia. I will not go into details, but they had been living in tents over a year and had just about reached the depths of human misery. The kids were gaunt travesties of childhood, pinched looking little tikes, I never say one smile all day, and the point of all this is that those same hungry little brats are the citizens of tomorrow, and their birthright is a deep and abiding hatred of their country, and a sincere distrust of anything representing law.

I think that a government that will permit and encourage such conditions is stupid, very stupid.

In closing I want to say that for every Lincoln (100%) man there are a million 75% men who are born in squalor and will live and die in squalor, that for every man who can get a job there are a dozen who can't, and that 30% of those employed are barely existing.

Marriage and Love

Here's the finest sort of a letter on Marriage. I do want to differ with the following writer a little, however, in her assumption that there are only two courses open to loving couples—marriage or free love. Marriage may be and has been based on any one of a thousand different contracts. The feeling underlying these contracts has been the same, but the contracts have varied to comply with changing social and economic conditions. No "free love compact" could possibly be more base or unjust than some of the perfectly "respectable" marriage conditions, which have held sway from time to time. The growing clamor is not that we shall do away with the marriage contract but that we shall make it "fit the times." Why would specific regulations affect the disposal of property and the individual



What They Say To Geraldine



rights of husband, wife and child destroy the sanctity of marriage.

Dear Geraldine:

This is the first time that I have ever written to you, although I have read your paper for a long time, but I just feel like I would like to say something in regard to something that I saw in yesterday's paper in regard to free love and the present day marriage making the parties "as dull as dishwater!" Yes, that person is perfectly right in this regard—marriage does get monotonous and sometimes things seem dull, but a person who goes into marriage with the idea that it is going to be one grand series of "thrills" had better change their views before they get them changed for them.

Thrills in Novelty

Did you ever take a trip around the tunnel road, Gerry? The first time I went around that road, I had one delicious thrill after another. It's one series of turns and around every turn, there is something new to see, and I think that we all love the glorious mountain scenery and outdoor life down in our hearts. I have been over that road a great many times since, and now when I go over it, I sit back complacently and look at the scenery and enjoy myself deeply, but I don't have any more thrill because I know just about what is around each turn. But just let me go into another mountain road where everything is NEW and I go through the same thrilly time at first.

That's the way with marriage, I think. The courtship and the first days of marriage when everything is new is full of thrills and very interesting but later on, you get to know all about each other until there is NOTHING new. Then is when YOU HAVE TO SHOW A LITTLE EXERTION to make marriage a success. You have got to find your joy in serving and doing your little bit in the very best way that you know how and not laying down on the job and making yourself unhappy just because you can't live on excitement. There will be a lot of work and responsibility and as a rule, it's not going to be very exciting either. There isn't going to be something new around every corner for there won't be very many corners, for we will see the road stretching way ahead as far as we can see—we probably will be going through the same line of duties a year from today that we are going through now. WE KNOW JUST ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN EVERY DAY, MONTH, AND YEAR. But why sit down and worry about THAT? Why not do the little that we have to do and take pleasure in the doing?

Individual to Blame

It's NOT the present day marriage that is wrong—it's OURSELVES. We too often go into it with the idea that it is going to be a regular sentimental orgy and we don't put the effort on it that we would devote to a business proposition. For that is just exactly what it is bound to become in a way, and woven through it, should be a joy in achievement, true love in serving each other, and real companionship. There's where we find lasting happiness and those people who seem successful in marriage are those who have realized that you can't be IDLE AND LAZY in marriage any more than you can in any other business proposition and be a success.

Things can't stand still—marriage will either make YOU as drab as dishwater (as the free love advocate said) or you will make a success of it. I'm speaking about those bored couples now. Why were our grandmothers happier

realized their duty and did it—they had lots of work to keep their mind occupied and a family of children to care for and not any time to sit around and look for thrills and soul mates.

We have it within ourselves to be happy and successful, and free love isn't going to better things any. It's the people who want to dodge serious responsibility and real settling down to things, that want free love. They want new worlds to conquer and after each one was conquered, there would be the desire to travel on and see what mysteries the next one held. We would get bored with the clearest, nicest mate as soon as the thrilly newness wore off and then hunt another—and in the end, we would lead a life like the beasts of the field. Thrilling? Perhaps. But is it merely thrills that is going to make us accomplish and achieve and make this old world better?

I want to say here, Gerry, that I am married and have been for four years and I have a darling baby, so I know a little about marriage and I realize that I have a lot to learn yet.

Petting Parties, Foul Stories and Plain Mothering Discussed On This Page Today; Woman Who Neglects Her Four Young Children Condemned; Repression Will Not Eradicate Petting Parties; What One Says About Dirty Stories.

What's a Mother's duty? Should she simply concern herself with the welfare of her own children or should she extend her supervision to the children of the whole community whenever she senses a need on their part? Here is a Mother who thinks that Mothering is a civic duty which extends beyond the four walls of her individual home. I'm going to publish her letter verbatim. I would also like to add that if conditions are as she described them, it is certainly her duty to inform the Juvenile Court. It is, of course, very easy to mistake mere meddling for constructive service. But in this case there would certainly seem to be a need for outside interference.

Let me take this opportunity to repeat a statement which I have often made in these columns. If you know of a child being abused or neglected in any way, and desire to do your duty as a decent human being, telephone or write to Geraldine in charge of The Oakland TRIBUNE, or to the Juvenile Court. Immediate attention will be given to the matter.

My dear Jerry:

This might be called a letter on the carelessness of Mothers, but any way no matter. We are continually reading and hearing about the remarkable growth of crimes committed by the young and there are all sorts of reasons given as to the why of this. Now, I have a reason to advance, and as I am the mother of four lively boys (grammar school age) and a great admirer of the same, I believe I'm on the right track.

Getting Started Wrong

I contend that young children get started in the wrong direction due to the carelessness of their mothers, and due to the carelessness of others to report the first said carelessness. What got me going, was over aring one neighbor say to another this morning that it wasn't any of her business how some woman they were speaking about treated her children, as long as said woman left her alone. I happen to know that this woman whom they were mentioning is shamelessly neglecting her four young children. I reported the matter to an official and they wanted me to have a few other neighbors complain, also. But they seem to think it isn't any of their business. Of course, it would make trouble, but I don't give a hoot for trouble if I can save little children from wrong treatment. I find that people would rather go about letting helpless little children be abused and neglected rather than report the matter and stand a chance of getting themselves in dudge.

I'll tell you briefly why I consider this woman is neglecting her four children. They have a nice home, and apparently plenty of money, but no matter, rain or shine, all four are herded outside into the street along about eight and they can go to their home and cry and cry to be let in, but she never opens the door until she gets good and ready, no matter whether it is raining and cold or what. The youngest is two and the poor little thing stands around in the rain without proper wraps on, crying and crying. As a result, the different neighbors take pity on them and they about live anywhere but home. The two older ones (7 and 9) are

the same story. No one is watching over them. They are just helping themselves, and who can blame the poor kids? Now, if they get more proficient and steal something so that the police take them in, who is to blame? You know the devil always finds mischief for idle hands.

I have heard this woman say she hated kids, and when someone asked her if she didn't worry when hers were out of her sight so much, she answered, "Why should I worry? The sooner the kid learns to look after himself, the better. I say." I guess that is the opinion of many mothers from the way children are allowed to wander about.

We have a large yard (three large lots) and my boys spend most of their time in it. I give them quite a few chores to do, such as running errands, chopping wood, tending to the chickens, etc.

Then they can ask other boys in to play ball, marbles, play on the bars and swings, and sometimes I make them candy. But I will not allow them to run wild on the streets.

But to get back to the point of my letter: Don't you think, Jerry, that everyone should report a mother who doesn't care for her children? Best wishes to yourself and all.

E. M. E.
I most certainly do, my dear, and if you'll send me names and addresses I'll see that that "mother" is called on before she's a day older. A decent PIG would be a better mother than a human being like that. And I wish greatly that I knew the lady's address that I might tell her so to her face.

Anent Petting Parties

An issue of the Geraldine column was recently given over to the discussion of "Petting Parties," much to the disgust of many worthy citizens of Oakland Town. I was sorry for that for I like worthy citizens. I might almost be one myself, if I had time. However, since this column discusses all current activities and since petting parties are one of the most active activities of the year 1928, I fail to see how I can overlook them. Joking aside, the petting party is only one of the straws which show the way a mighty wind is blowing. You may not like the wind—you may close your eyes to it, but it will blow your hat off all the same, my friend. For the wind is the wind of Freedom and it has never been known to pay much attention to the opinions of even the most worthy citizens.

However, if the worthy citizens are wise they'll face the wind and try to understand its blowing. Something more valuable than their peace of mind is at stake—the future of the next generation. If we are having Petting Parties (and we most certainly are) it is because they are a natural manifestation of definite conditions. They are not the conditions which prevailed in our youth, or will prevail in our old age. But they do prevail now and they must be coped with. Hand wringing and lamentation will not cope with them. Repression will not eradicate them—it will only result in training a generation of sneaks. Society is in a revolt against the hypocrisy, the sentimentality, and the repression which resulted in the late war. That war was the most tremendous expose of human silliness, stupidity and selfishness which the world has ever seen. Young minds and hearts fought in that war, young minds and hearts were disillusioned by it. And today young minds and hearts are saying: "You older people made a mess of things; the war proved that your program wouldn't work; that it didn't bring freedom and happiness in our own way."

They are trying to find freedom and happiness in their own way. The Petting Party is one of their "ways." There are scores of other manifestations—social manifestations, economic and industrial manifestations, but they are all part of the same upheaval and rebellion. And the parent or teacher who will refuse to face or acknowledge that upheaval is a derelict to his or her duty.

Here is one teacher who comes out boldly and faces the issue. I like this letter. I do not like Petting Parties, nor does she, in all probability. But I'm not going to try to smother them with platitudes, nor is she. So here's my hand on it, Pal, and thanks!

Dear Jerry:

I am writing to let you know that I agree with you on Petting Parties. You have what I call the scientific attitude toward the subject. All contrary opinions spring from prejudice, tradition or savage emotion. The world has suffered greatly from the old puritan morals, with their hectic estimate of such things. The youngsters are demanding a freer companionship and unions based on soul harmony rather than physical contact.

I have your article on jazz and the verse on petting parties cut from the paper to be mounted side by side and some day maybe they will have gold frames. You should be the highest paid newspaper writer in the world because you

reach the greatest number and the most important part, namely, the rising generation, and Jerry, praise God, you are with the tide—that wonderful rising tide of human life emerging out of the chaos of Old Night.

Ben Voyage from

TEACHERS.

Foul Stories Again

The following is a very frank dissertation on a very homely subject—FOUL STORIES. I started it by writing an article against foul stories. I wrote that article because I knew that it was badly needed and because most writers are too squeamish to handle the subject. I am not squeamish. If I find a slug on my dorsill I promptly sweep it off. I consider dirty stories infinitely nastier than slugs and I intend to do my best to brush them off the dorsill of our social life. If the beastly things only cling to the dorsill that would be an easy job, but they have invaded every domain. People who would recoil in horror from the thought of crime, will befool their minds and conversation with language that isn't fit for the garbage can. So prone is the average mind to wallow in vulgarity that it is extremely difficult for a public writer to avoid arousing that instinct. It is almost impossible to conduct even these discussions which are vitally necessary for our physical and mental health without starting a deluge of nasty comments. It's time someone began to war on this state of affairs and I'm a self-appointed Joan of Arc who is going to lead the campaign. So here goes, and I warn you there'll be no mercy shown for anyone's Pet Dirty Joke.

DEAR JERRY:

I like the spunk with which you put your suggestions into print. For instance, there's that article of yours on dirty stories. I don't think any other writer, man or woman, would have dared write it. I too am a hater of rotten stories. I don't mind a foolish little "spicy one" once in a while, but when it comes to dirty rotten ones I simply get disgusted. So one time at a meeting of a woman's lodge to which I belong I told those old married and unmarried hens what I thought of them when they had their heads all down together tittering over such a story. I told them they had better cut out stuff like that in the lodge room. What did I get? The merry ha-ha! Since then they have never taken much notice of me. I am considered out of their gang.

It is ridiculous to hear the old maids; they actually seem to tell worse stories than the married ones and relish them more! What gets my goat worse than anything, is that some of those lodge members are church members, who attend regularly. In fact, one of them is the president of the ladies' aid. Yet she turns around and finds fault with the flappers!

Then there are the dirty stories which are told in the homes. I know a married couple who have growing children. It seems that the husband cannot join in any conversation unless there is a dirty story going on. Other times he sits like a mummy puffing his old pipe. I asked him once to consider his children who might be listening while he told those awful stories. He looked at me as if he would gobble me up and shouted: "Look here, my kids are not evil minded. They wouldn't know the meaning of those stories if they did listen." I said no more.

Jerry, I wish you would come out strong in your column and try to make such people understand that little pitchers have big ears. You will know how to express in words the danger of telling such stories in a home where there are children of any age. No good thoughts can travel from rotten stories.

I once told a "rotten" story after she had related the rottenest story I ever heard, where she had had that stuff. "Oh," she exclaimed, "my husband told me. He is just full of such stories!" And her husband is one of the trustees of the church! I suppose they don't consider it a sin because the Bible does not label it as such. Why I have even heard them make dirty stories out of the Song of Solomon!

Yet all these women who tell these stories are so fussy that they wear long skirts, wouldn't use a bit of powder even to whiten their noses and call the "flappers" names! Can you beat that!

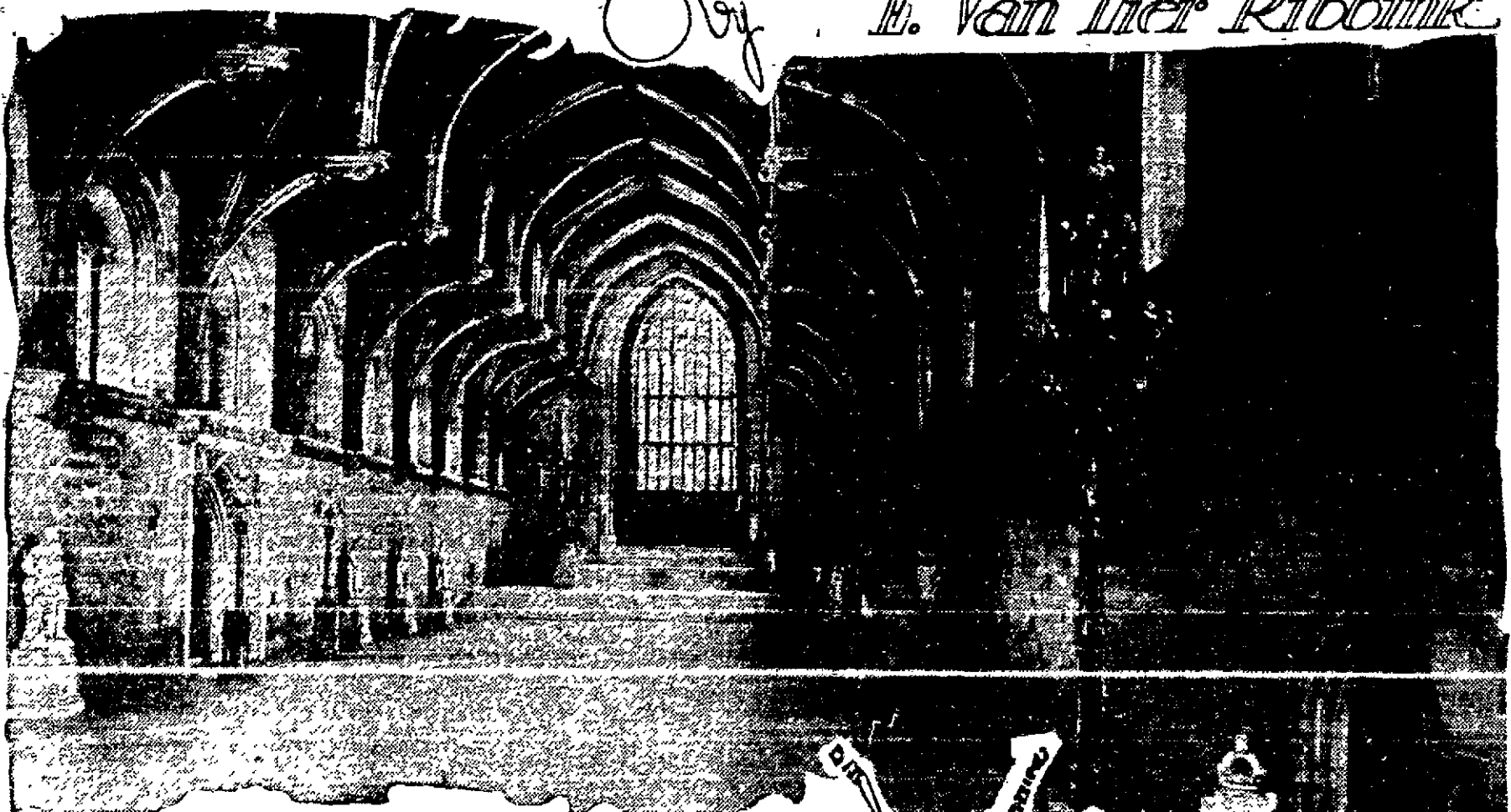
A KNICKERBOCKER.

Geraldine



The Vandal Bug of London

E. Van Lier Ribbink



Famous Westminster Hall Collapsing Under At- tack of Wood-Boring Beetle; Roof Is Saved

A BEETLE, with a penchant for sawdust! King Charles the First, Lady Jane Grey and Warren Hastings! What is the connection between those names, famous in history, and the black beetle, the name of which is "*Xestobium Tesselatum*"?

The name means less than nothing to most of us, and will even prove a severe puzzle to students of Latin. Yet this beetle has created a furor, mingled with anxiety and dismay, among historians, scientists and statesmen in London, for it has almost accomplished the ruin of the twelve-centuries-old King's hall at Westminster, which was first founded by King Canute the Dane, he who bade the waves recede.

He it said that this beetle is of the woodboring variety—an ordinary bug, if you like—that progresses like all well-behaved beetles through a larval and chrysalis stage, and that is proving absolutely fatal, in its peregrinations, to the heavy oaken beams that support the roof of the famous old hall that was already hoary with age when Columbus discovered America.

Westminster hall has witnessed many stirring spectacles in Anglo-Saxon history—such as the trials of Lady Jane Grey and King Charles the First, and their condemnation to the scaffold the great state trials of Warren Hastings, England's Empire Builder in India, the Earl of Stafford, and others. In fact the old King's Hall was the center of the highest courts of English law until recent times.

What has been his been doing to the famous old rafters to which beautiful Lady Jane lifted her eyes in agony when the dread sentence was pronounced, appears from a report received by Dr. Frederick W. D'Evelyn of San Francisco, formerly of Alameda, who as chairman of the annual Children's Pets Exhibition, keeps close tab on such matters. This report was received by Dr. D'Evelyn from Sir

Office of works, and it is not till
therein that the beetle has "hol-
lowed out" the beams of the his-
torical roof so completely that the
entire building was threatened with
collapse. However, it seems that
the beetles' ravages have been dis-
covered in time, and restoration
work is now being carried out
under the personal supervision of
Sir Frank Baines. In this connec-
tion it is of interest to note that,
when still a boy, Sir Frank climbed
to the roof of the famous old hall
in which British sovereigns have
been crowned, where they have
held court, and where they dis-
pensed the higher, the middle and
lower justice. It was on this oc-
casion that the youthful explorer
discovered that there was "some-
thing wrong" and that, instead of
being solid, the centuries-old caken
rafters were filled with dust inside.
But it required several years to
convince the authorities that the
smoking hall would be doomed un-
less steps were taken. Then, at
last, it was found that the entire
roof was falling down, and Sir
Frank was the first to suggest the in-
vention of the modern method of

placed in charge of the work of
saving the edifice.

Here is something about the history of this famous building, that was already five centuries old when the Mayflower crossed the seas, which is now threatened with extinction, not by the fury of the elements, not by earthquake and storm, nor by the enemy's fire or explosives, but by a small beetle!

The date of Westminster hall is satisfactorily fixed by the entry in the Saxon Chronicle in the year 1097, where it states that "many shires around London were cruelly burdened by reason of the wall that was built about the Tower, the bridge that was nearly all afloat and work of the King's hall that was wrought at Westminster." It was evidently finished by the year 1099—only thirty-three years after the landing of William the Conqueror—as it is set forth that "at Whitsuntide William Rufus kept court for the first time in his new palace at Westminster."

From time to time repairs were carried on at various parts of the roof and the hall. There is an ancient record, still in existence, telling how Richard the Second, on January 21, 1394, appointed "John Godmeston, Clerk, to cause the Great Hall in the Palace of Westminster to be repaired." At the same time, this 550-years-old Chronicle relates that "Hugh Eorland, Carpenter" was appointed controller to Clerk John Godmeston in respect of this work.

They wrought for the centuries, these old building masters! Today the great Hall of the King still stands, in all its main aspects, as it did when William Rufus held court there, and the same beams support its roof as they did when King Charles I was tried there, and condemned to death by Cromwell and his Ironsides. Sir Frank Baines' report states that: "At the upper end stood the great marble table at which the Kings of England sat at their coronation feasts, where the courts of King's Bench and Chancery came to be regularly held. Along the side walls were shops, with rows of shelves against the walls and counters in front of them, and these, with the Court of Common Pleas, were periodically taken down and reinstated. At the coronations galleries were set up on both sides of the hall, with much cutting of holes in the masonry, and a third gallery, for the trumpeters and kettledrums, at the north end, over the great entrance doorway."

the great entrance doorway.
Disaster was made by which
the devastating storm had almost
achieved the destruction of the
hall. Sir Frank Baines writes:

effective driving power to the jaws.

"In the larval stage, the larva takes up its position in the bore hole closely adjacent to the outer surface of the timber with the innerest film of wood between it and the outer air. Here it rests for the duration of the chrysalis or pupal stage, and on emergence from the chrysalis into the perfect beetle, the thin film is penetrated by the beetle which takes its nuptial flight.

"In this stage the beetle produces the rhythmic tapping on the timber, from which it derives its popular name of the "Death Watch."

"The call is produced by the beetle rising upon its front legs and rapidly driving its head on to the timber and striking a succession of sharp blows upon the surface of the wood with its jaws. The female afterwards lays its eggs in dark, draughtless cracks or interstices of the wood.

Summing up the damage being done by the beetle on the famous old structure, Sir Frank remarks:

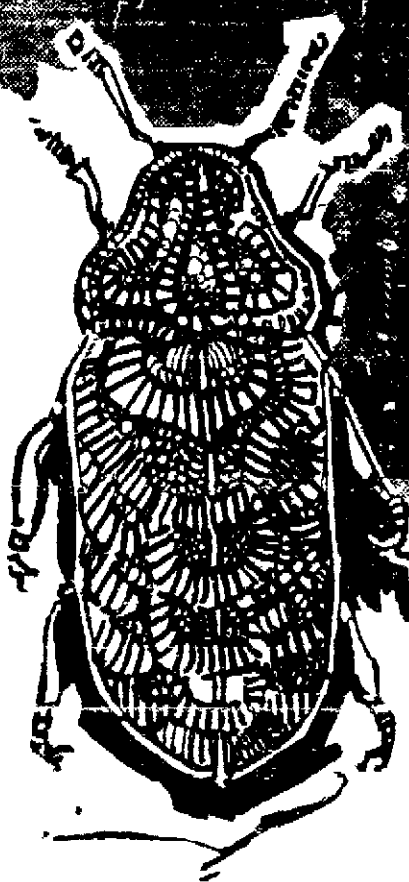
old structure, Sir Frank remarks: "The principal bearing joints of the roof trusses in the hall have been severely damaged by the ravages of the grub, while its habit of working continuously within the timber and not emerging to

gence as a beetle from the chrysalis stage, has led to the preservation of a sound-looking outer crust to the main beams, the interior of which is often found to be almost completely eaten away"

The method which has been followed by Sir Frank Baines in restoring the ancient roof, and stopping further ravages by the

beetle, is of a twofold character. In the first place, the roof has been treated with a powerful insecticide of such virulent nature that the men applying the liquid in the form of a fine spray had to wear gas masks of an approved pattern. Before application of the insecticide solution, the centuries-old timber is thoroughly cleaned, for, according to Sir Frank Baines, "The cleaning solution is found to be of primary importance, as the penetration of the solution into the wood fibres is seriously prejudiced by a screen of dirt or dust upon the surface of the timber."

From which it would appear that the smoke of the fire lighted in sunset three days ago in the forest was seen by the soldiers.



Timbers Rendered Frail
as Cork Under Boring
of Insect; the Trial of
Chas. I Held in Edifice



Thumbs Down on Bobbed Hair

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OPPOSITION UNANIMOUS.

The opposition to tousled and untidy hairdressing is practically unanimous, according to Mr. Stanlows' survey.

Mrs. George Minot Baker, president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, expresses the opinion that "untidy or careless hairdressing is never excusable," as does Mrs. John F. Lyons, president of the National Federation of Music Clubs, who says that "the careless and untidy head dress is certainly quite undesirable to the intelligent woman of today."

Mrs. Wallace T. Perham, second vice-president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, takes a more decided stand. "My observation has led me to believe," she writes, "that the woman who affects tousled hair usually accompanies it with similar mental habits."

Mrs. T. F. Neighbors, ex-president of the Bridgeport, Neb., Woman's Club, maintains that "an untidy coiffure indicates an untidy mind," and Miss Alice Lloyd, chairman social hygiene of the Kentucky Federation, also says that "intelligence and disheveled bobbed hair after a girl passes her early teens are incompatible."

Among others who take a decided stand against untidy hairdressing are Mrs. William R. Alford, president of the New Hampshire Federation; Mrs. William B. Fellows, first vice-president of the New Hampshire Federation; and Mrs. James C. Hardy, president of the Mississippi Federation.

MANY OPPOSE BOBBED HAIR.

There is widespread opposition to bobbed hair for women, although many feel that it is an attractive style for girls. Some oppose it unconditionally, and others, while they oppose it, think it preferable to the extreme styles of a few years ago. The chief objection to bobbed hair, however, is its lack of dignity.

Mrs. W. A. McIntyre, treasurer of the North Dakota Federation, says: "I am not in favor of bobbed hair for women. It has been a pretty fashion for girls, but there is no dignity to it, and a woman to be beautiful and womanly must have dignity."

Mrs. Gilbert F. Davis, director for Vermont, of the General Federation, says: "Personally I like bobbed hair for our pretty girls, though I consider it incongruous for older women."

Josephine Granger, Maria, of

the traces of a functional lock—congruous walking full shirt a

"I have no objection to bobbed hair," says Mrs. L. B. Green, president of the Idaho State Federation, "except the one that as it is worn nowadays it is becoming to few girls and no women."

A neat and becoming arrangement of the hair is a more pleasing frame for a pretty and intelligent face than is bobbed hair," says Mrs. C. A. Robinson, president of the Southwest District, Colorado Federation, while Mrs. Eugene L. Stevens, president of the Chevy Chase Woman's Club, Chevy Chase, Md., writes that "not a male I know has a good word to say for bobbed hair, except in the case of little sisters, who are thereby enabled to get down to breakfast earlier."

"Girls up to 18 are often pretty with bobbed hair," admits Ruth Mason Rice, president of the New York League of American Penwomen, "if they happen to be pretty girls; but a plain one will keep to the old styles which suit the face so much better and have so much more harmony."

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"My personal opinion in regard to bobbed hair," says Mrs. R. E. Smith, president of the New England Conference of State Federations, "is that it is not artistic except in a few cases."

Mrs. R. L. Lawrence, chairman of literature, of the California Federation, says: "A queen might not be less a queen because bobbed hair stood out beneath her crown, but she certainly would not possess the dignified appearance of one whose hair, carefully arranged, would in itself be a crown."

Prominent among the others who oppose bobbed hair are Mrs. Lin I. Noble, president of the Wyoming Federation; Mrs. J. H. Schermerhorn, ex-second vice-president, General Federation; Mrs. P. J. Schnalg, ex-president, Minnesota Federation; Mrs. William R. Alford, president of the Michigan Federation; Mrs. Russell Bassett, president of the Professional Woman's League, New York City; Mrs. L. D. Giddens, president, Woman's Club, Goldsboro, N. C.; Miss Ella M. McKim, president, League of Women Voters, Marshalltown, Ind.; and Mrs. L. L. O'Brien, ex-president, Woman's Club, Oak Park, Ill.

Many women come with Mr. Stanlows' opinion that the woman

whose hair is carefully coiffured to conform to the lines of the head and face is carrying forward the best traditions of sculpture and feminine beauty.

Mrs. George E. Owens, president of the Government Club, New York City, writes: "Truly you are right when you say from a standpoint of beauty that the clean cut, sculptured outline of a finely shaped head with hair carefully coiffured is—of course—much more artistic than the rough and tumble bob."

"My opinion is that women should wear their hair in a style that gracefully conforms to the contour of the head and face," writes Miss Charlotte P. Williams, clerk of the Rhode Island Federation, and her opinion is shared by women in every state.

Among the most prominent of these are Mrs. J. R. Frazier, president of the Oklahoma Federation; Mrs. W. L. Jennings, treasurer, Kansas Federation; Mrs. Alonzo Richardson, chairman of citizenship training, General Federation; Mrs. R. D. Cunningham, chairman art department, Woman's Club, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Frederick O. Norton, chairman of art, Nevada Federation; Miss Marjanne Clarke, president, Woman's Club, St. Cloud, Minn.; Mrs. Cora

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

Up to the time of La-may it was almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it took to put it on. Now, you can use a powder that really stays on, that stays on perfectly. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that does not contain white lead or starchy rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains medicinal powders doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also antiripant, discouraging wrinkles, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Face Powder).

La-may is pure and because it stays on so well, it is used by millions of American women. All dealers carry the large box and many carry the generous thirty-five-cent size. Remember, when you are offered a substitute for La-may it is sure to be a demonstrator or some one trying to make a larger profit at your expense. When you use this harmless powder and see how wonderfully it improves your complexion you will understand why so many beautiful New York women say they cannot buy a better powder than La-may anywhere at any price. You can also get a La-may Face Powder Compact with puff to rub your complexion with ease. These compact cases are made of gold and silver.

No More Gray Hair Says Science

**A True Substitute for the
Lost Pigmentation Found in
This Clean, Colorless Liquid**

**The Original Color Restored to
Any Gray Hair. Results in a Week**

**A Radical Difference Between
This and Ordinary Methods**

If you are gray or becoming gray, if you want to banish that appearance of age—which really may be unfair to your actual years—read this message which tells how Science has found a true substitute for the pigmentation which your hair has lost. Learn about this remarkable liquid which, although colorless itself, has the power to give your hair the actual color and exact shade it had before it "turned."

Read also the frank exposure of the so-called color "restoratives" for which much is claimed and from which little or no satisfaction is realized. The facts are plainly told and they give you information you ought to have: They are told briefly but plainly. They present this question of restoring color to gray hair in a light which makes the whole matter clear. In fairness to yourself and to makers of preparations sold on merit, read every word of this article.

**What You Ought to Know
About the Restoration of
Color to Gray Hair**

Scientists tell us that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

Preparations of every sort have been and are sold for the purpose of restoring the lost color. Some are merely colored dyes or stains. Others have been represented as having the power to replace the pigment by revitalizing the follicles—but such claims are known to be false by scientific men who have investigated all the methods generally in use. They are known to be false by those also who have used these compounds with unsatisfactory results.

The discovery of Kolor-Bak came as a revelation to thousands who had been disappointed in ordinary preparations. They realized that at last a genuine method was at their service—that a real substitute for the vanished pigmentation had been discovered. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see the results when Kolor-

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!"

—a woman who

**The One Liquid Re-
stores any Color of Hair**

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde—this one clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special formula for each shade of hair. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would see the color return exactly as it was in the past.

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original

color to the hair; it has a tonic and cleansing effect on

hair and scalp. It banishes dandruff and keeps the pores from being clogged with scurf and scale, and gives a delightful sense of cleanliness. Itching stops, and if the hair has been falling out the trouble ceases. Kolor-Bak is not messy, sticky or greasy. It is as easy to use as water. Results ap-

**Amazing Results
Reported**

THE OLD STORY

This picture tells a familiar story. Here is shown the tragedy that gray hair so often brings. A woman may be intelligent, cultured, gracious, but let grayness come and the "younger set" finds it easy to forget her. She is either not invited to their social affairs or she remains in the background because she appears "old" while others, often no younger but only younger looking, receive the attention. There, too, is the man still "fit" physically and active mentally refused the position to which he was entitled.

Kolor-Bak has been put to the test by

Gray
Haired.
"Too Old
for Active
Service."

more than 100,000 people. It has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for every color and shade of hair.

From everywhere come words like these from delighted users:

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff." "My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young." "My hair began to turn

natural color in twelve days." "Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth." "Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone." "My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

**SEND FOR
TRIAL OFFER**

To give you the latest opportunity



Youthful Appearance Means Popularity.



Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a TRIAL OFFER which will be sent on request. Or, you can get Kolor-Bak, with our money-back guarantee, at your dealer's.

No need to send a sample of your hair, as the one clean, colorless liquid is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria Street, Dept. 2369, Chicago, Illinois. Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratories.

Hygienic Laboratories

Dept. 2369

204 S. Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send your Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Care of the Hair and Scalp.

Name

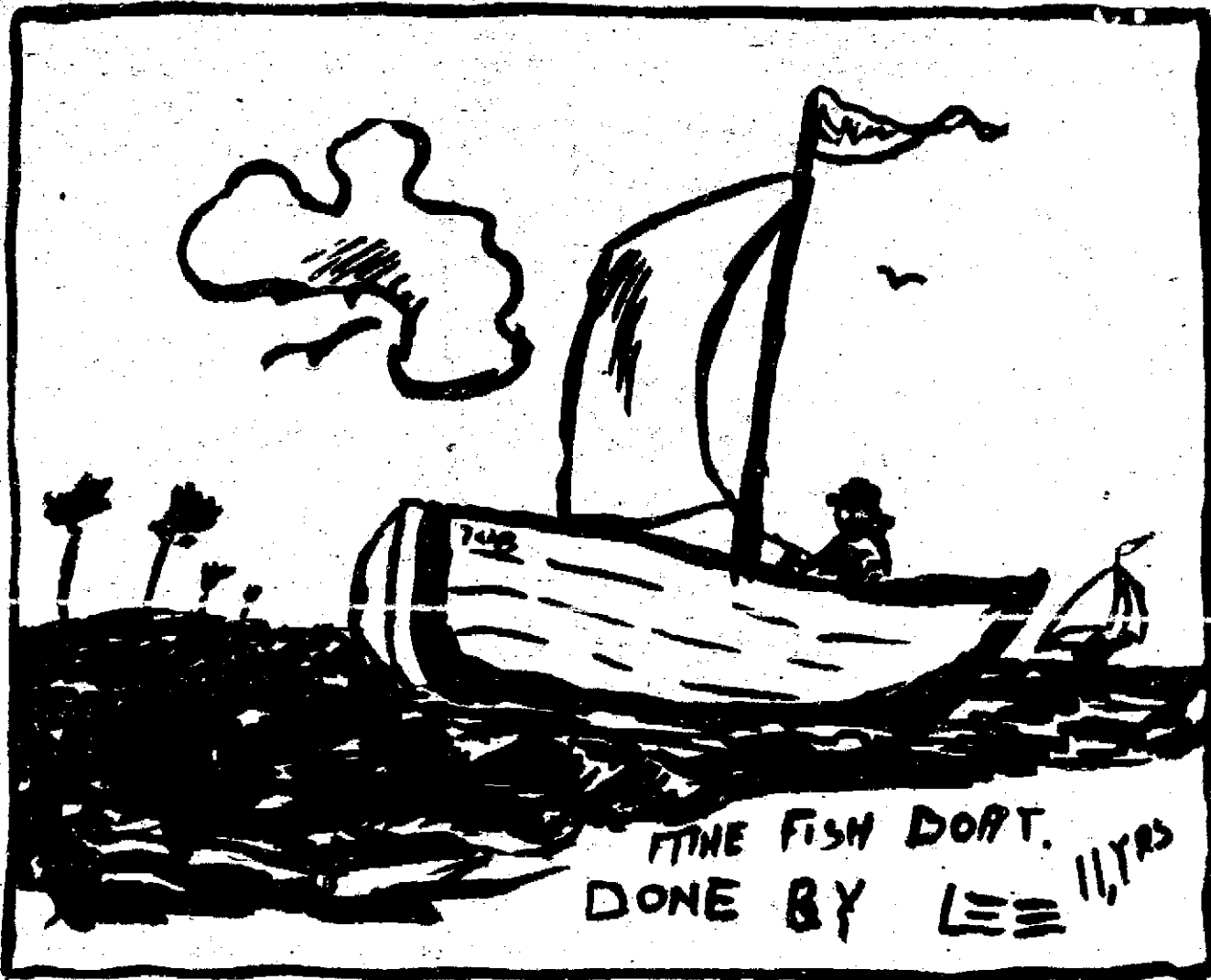
Address



Trademark Registered

Sunday, February 25, 1923

FOR ALL THE
GIRLS & BOYS



We had to re-rivet all the presses and wrap the printers in asbestos sheets before we could print the following tale by the world's champion ink slinger, Viking King. Even then, most of 'em had violent attacks of colic and had to be fed chocolate sundaes before they stopped howling. If you don't believe me, read it yourself!

MAGNUS NELSON

(VIKING KING)
R. F. D. 3, Box 34A, New Brunswick, N. J.

SAVING THE WORLD

Harry Hare, chief of the Great Complexo Detective Agency, Inc., gazed with dilated eyes at the closely printed sheet of paper in his hand. The cold sweat stood on his brow. Then his jaw set and his eyes turned into snapping steel sparks.

His hand jabbed a red button on his desk, automatically setting the bells to ringing in each office of the building in which Complexo had its home.

In five minutes the room was filled with the entire members. George Cody, the code expert, was looking nervous and strained.

"Gentlemen," said the chief, rapidly, "it's the most terrible case that I've ever had, given into my hands by a divine providence. It is only fair to say that it may mean all our lives and that anyone that wishes to leave may do so now. For our own safety we will not be able to let you go after you have found out, as it might wreck the World!"

Not a man stirred, and a momentary gleam of pride shown in Hare's eyes.

"All right, men," he said, "you have done as I thought you would. As you know, Ray Dio, our Wireless King, has had his gigantic wireless tower constructed. It was finished last Tuesday. Now, as the base is so large in circumference, you can readily see how it was possible to secure a message from Mars."

The men stirred uneasily and the Chief continued to eye them keenly. "Thursday Ray Dio received a message we were unable to decipher. George Cody, who is a credit to our agency, solved it after 48 hours study, without food or sleep. I will read it to you."

The Chief picked up the paper on his desk and read: "Dear

me, ten years to perfect is now ready. As you know, we were ill treated on the world. Although you haven't heard from me for five years, I hope you have followed our plan. You were to go to the planet Jupiter on your 'Wizard' and obtain control of the men there, or whatever beings there are on that planet. Then you were to build a giant wireless and form an army, build more 'Wizards' and attack the Earth. I have been successful here on Mars, as they are a warlike race. We must attack at once, for I have heard wireless messages from them, which I pretended not to understand, and I sent back a jumble of words which meant nothing. My five hundred million Martians are ready for your message. I have used our secret code. Yours for revenge, Professor Burke."

Hare turned to Tom Ramsay, the inventor, formerly of the famous invisible Thera. "I have heard,

(Continued on Page Five)



KATHLEEN O'BRIEN,
1017 1/2 47th St., Oakland.
(Prize Story)
DAN'S GIFT.

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

Came from out the forbidding walls, but carried no cheer to lonely Dan Keith, sitting in his solitary cell, for what reason had he to rejoice? His wife and kiddie were at home, alone, without means of support except the measly amount which Mrs. Keith made by dint of hard work while he was suffering a long term for another's crime.

As the sound of the singing died away he thought of the past year, the former part of which he had been happy and prosperous until his wayward brother Jim had returned from Alaska, bearing with him yellow backs, which he gave to Dan telling him it was a present, then he disappeared. Soon the police arrived on the scene, taking Dan away and accusing him of stealing the money, which Jim had given him from a large bank in Alaska. He was apparently proved guilty for one of the bills was marked. His alibi proved weak for his brother was supposed to be dead, so Dan went to prison.

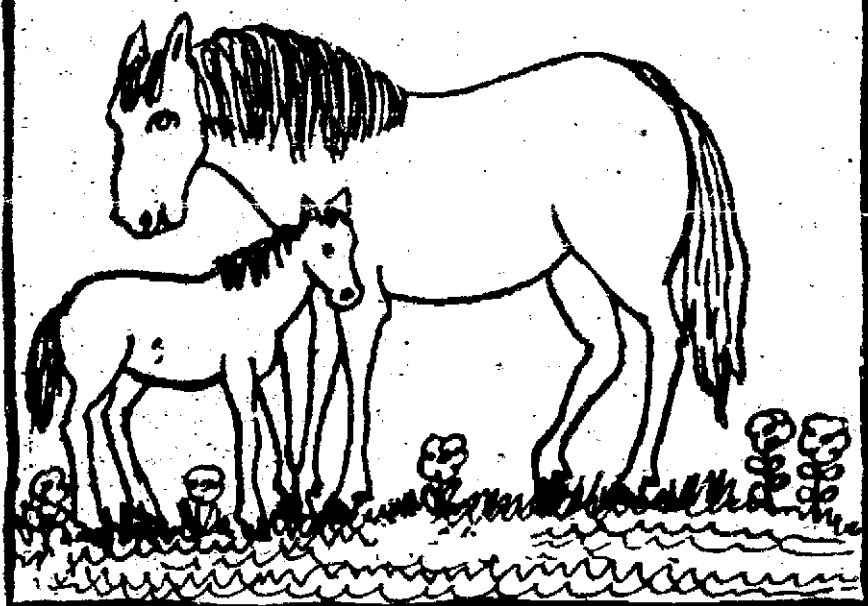
Just then the warden entered, telling Dan to "can the thought and attend the Christmas tree celebration." Each prisoner received a present from some kind person and so Dan was not left out. Among his pile he saw an envelope. Opening it he saw his Pardon, signed by the magic signature of the Governor!

Soon he became aware that all the men were watching him with either envious or gladsome faces. Dan, in his happiness was speechless.

The warden told him that his brother had been found in a hospital dying, just before his death he confessed to the theft which had haunted his dreams for so many months, thus freeing Dan.

Let us take a little peep into a day cottage where happiness reigns

SPRINGTIME By Leola Carlson



secrete. It is the home of Dan. Can that man who is singing so joyously and with such fervor "God rest ye merry Gentlemen," be the same one who sat in a lonely cell and scoffed at the carol? It is, but his face has lost its careworn lines and instead it beams with joy on his wife and child.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

ESTA FOWLE,
6085 Claremont Ave., Oakland.
THROUGH THE MIST.

Far o'er the mountain a mist is stealing,
Dim through the mist a maid is kneeling,
Waiting, watching, for her father to come,
Come as he went with the roll of the drums.

gliding
A little songbird with a song is flying,
Here he stops on a bush and sings,
Of his mate and birdlings that come in the spring.

Quickly, as the hills are covered from sight,
I bed them a soft and sad good-night
And as they are covered they seem to say.

Good-bye, good-night, and they fade away.

ESTA FOWLE.

"SENORITA LUISA,"
808 7th Ave., Oakland, Cal.
THE JOYS OF A FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Dear Pals prick up your ears and open up your mouth as wide as you can as I am going to tell you a story about a dear little girl who did not believe in Santa Claus here it comes.

Once, upon a time in the town of Cadiz in Spain lived a little girl whose parents had died while she was yet an infant. Her name was Alice and when she had grown older she worked in a boarding house for her board. For it was believed that she had no relatives.

This little girl never knew what it was to have Santa Claus come down the chimney on Christmas night and have some of his heavy pack put in the hanging stockings so that when she heard of the merry old fellow who is called Santa Claus she did not believe that such a happy person could live or that he could make so many children happy.

Now when the fairies heard this they knew that dear old Santa had really been so busy that he had not learned about this little girl

(Continued on Next Page)





(Continued From Preceding Page)

therefore he had brought her no presents. In the morning when the fairies met they decided to tell Santa Claus all about it, but when Santa heard this he was so sorry that he simply cried large round tears and told the fairies that he was very thankful to them and that he would call on the little girl.

It was Christmas eve, Alice was sleeping in the attic but she did not dream what was going on until a noise awoke her when she turned there stood the smallest, shortest, fattest and the happiest little man she had ever seen. He was hunting for her stocking which after much searching and started to fill them with everything that would go in them.

When he got through arranging everything Alice who had been watching him jumped out of bed and caught him before he could get away. She hug and kissed him until he almost smothered.

You dear old Santa Claus I am sorry for not believing that you were not a real person, but now I will always believe it and I want you to come every Christmas, will you come, promise and Santa Claus had to promise which made Alice very happy.

"SEÑORITA LUISA."

IRENE MANUCK,
642 33d St., Oakland.
(12 Years)

HONESTY AND ITS REWARD.

Honesty has its reward, as you will judge by this story.

June was a poor little girl whose father was dead. She had six sisters besides herself and being the oldest, had to endure many hardships. Early in the morning she would go out into the woods to gather bouquets of flowers and then she would stand at various stations selling them to passersby.

It was on an early summer morning, as June was standing by a station that the train came in and many people got off. One man, seeing this poor little girl, stopped and bought a bouquet of flowers, handing her a ten dollar bill. At that moment, the train started. The man, in a hurry, left without taking the change. "Mister, your change, your change!" cried the little girl, but he was gone.

In the evening, she told her mother and for many days after she watched at the same spot for the man. Three years later, June saw the man and recalled to him the incident. She wanted to return the long-kept change to him, but he not only refused the money, but also saw to it that June and her family should not want for another thing for the rest of their lives.

IRENE MANUCK.

DOROTHY MAY UPSHAW,
4720 12th Centre Ave., Oakland.
(14 Years)

Dorothy, who is one of our most prominent witch poets, has sent us several poems:

RIVALS.

To the God of high incant,
"All men my praises ever sing,
As my scepter I do wield,
In accordance to my will
The planets of worlds revolve,
The spheres forever stilled,
Or mysteries left unsolved."

"I sit upon my throne
And regard the universe,
I watch the world I own
With judgment grim and terse.
I see the seeds I've sown
Extend and blossom there
And proudly know that I alone
Have made this place so fair."

"The creatures that inhabit them
Must not as I do say
Must move according to my whim,
Must bow before my sway.
Tossed about as grains of sand
Before the rushing wind,
I hold them in my hollow hand
Until their lines do end."

"Ten far more to men than thou,
I'm God of Material Things,
With gold and riches I endow



Those men, who praises sing
Some receive the bubble fame,
And walk with a gayer crowd,
While others bear their many
blames,

And can't complain or cry aloud.
Others choose in grasping haste
The stone of earthly happiness,
That well-appearing gem of paste,
Where-in doth lie deceitfulness."

"Come, tell me truthfully now
What gifts are left for you?
All power lies within my hands,
What favorites may you woo?
The path you claim is all untrod,
And all men follow me!
Now tell me why your stately nod
Doth not call men to thee"

Said the God of Souls That Be,
To the God of Things That Are,
"The passing centuries swiftly flee
As the rush of a falling star.
Heavens orbs with endless force,
By gods and men are found,
Still on their ever whirling course
Making their changeless round.
You boast of what you've done,
You think your reign supreme,
You think your race is fairly won
And your power all it seems."

"But as the many eons pass,
Men quickly come and go,
Tho' some do choose to vilely bask
Within your untrue glow,
There are those who seek me out,
And choose the harder way.
They know that on the other route
There waits for men decay.
Closely listen while I speak,
You'll hear it just this time:
The silent souls you judge so meek,
Are those who bravely climb
Up, in awful pain and sorrow,
With evil things to fight,
And nothing more to borrow
From those of their own might."

"They struggle staunchly all alone,
For none are given aid,
But yet their gains do them con-
done

And they are twice repaid.
For when they reach the moun-
tain peak

Their souls have grown so much,
They find that what they thought
to seek

Lies dormant in the muck
takes,
And strivings left behind,
And view the others in their wake
In perfections light so fine."

"Beyond your grasping eager
clutch

They stand far out of reach,
All uncorrupted by your touch,
And completed each by each.
So tho' their numbers rank as few,
When compared with your long
train,

The strength of deeds that they
may do

Will linger and remain.
Men will come and humbly beg
To try again once more,
And those same souls who went
ahead

Will lead them on before."

THE LITTLE BOAT.

When on life's restless waters,
We lose our dream-ship boat,
The frail craft tips and totters,
Then rights and quickly floats

Away from home and native land,
To try its new-grown wings,
Gently filled and sweetly fanned
As whispering breezes sing.

Its unstained sails are whitely seen
Against the dawn-lit sky,
As knowingly the breeze careens
The cargo fraught with hopes
and sighs;
It gayly dips its eager bow,
Its youthful beams all truly set,
And scornfully tosses to and fro
All unaware of sinking nets.

It starts so staunchly on the quest
If that it hopes to find,
Careless of the hard, hard test
That it must leave behind,
Knowing not that peril wait
With ever-reaching hands,
To throw it from its happy state
Discarded on Times piling sands.

God, protect this tiny craft,
That braves the seas of life,
That taunts with glee the wild-
winds laugh,
And seeks the currents strife.

A mother watches from the shore,
Her's child's soul bark depart,
God knows that she may help no
more
Except with prayer from her
full heart.

DOROTHY UPSHAW.

ANNIE MARIE FERRERO,
1192 Ocean Ave., Oakland.
JACK AND BETTY.

Betty was a lovable child and as pure as the sun was bright. She loved animals and was always kind and helpful. Betty was thirteen and her chum Jack was fourteen.

Now I must begin my story by telling you that Jack loved Betty very much, in fact no one could help loving the beautiful little maiden, but Betty didn't like Jack and when he suggested that when they grew older they would get married, Betty always said, "Jackie dear you know I like you as a friend but when I grow older I want to marry a hero!"

One year later Betty and Jack were living in the same country, Paradise Village. One morning Betty proposed to go on a picnic up the mountain so winning in the house she set a dining table appetizing lunch.

Soon they were on their way up the path leading to the top of the mountain. It was spring vacation and the grass was just peeping into the sunshiny world, with birds singing and everything seemed to join in with the happiness.

Soon they found a grassy spot with a large tree spreading its branches over it. So sitting under it, Betty began to unpack the lunch while Jack went to find wood for the fire because Betty had bro't some coffee.

Soon all was ready and they both sat down, chatting merrily and feeling quite gay. When she finished Betty went a little further where a tree was standing right on the edge of a high cliff. She was looking at the passing birds and forgetting herself she took a step forward. Instantly she caught one of the branches, but in a few minutes it would break down, because it was a small one.

"Jack," she called in a fright-



No story will be awarded a prize unless the writer is willing to have his or her correct name and address published when the story is printed. You may use mystery names if you wish, but your story cannot be a prize winner unless you are willing to have your real name published also.

There is no Special Contest now, but if you can write a story there's always a chance for a prize. There are no stickery old rules and you can make all the blots you want. Only the story MUST be original and you must write at the top—"I honestly made this all up myself." Then give your full name and address and age. You can sign a mystery name also if you wish but Aunt Elsie must know your real name so she can send the prize if you win one. Send your stories to "Aunt Elsie, Oakland Tribune, Oakland, Calif."

ANYONE MAY WRITE STORIES—whether he or she belongs to the Aunt Elsie Club or not. You're all Aunt Elsie's pals.

ened voice, "come quick!"

Jack heard her and came running as fast as he ever had. One more minute and the branch would have broke, but Betty was safe and Jack had saved her! She looked down the steep cliff and shuddered as she saw the rocks below where she would have been torn to pieces. After a few years they were married and had a dear little baby whom they named after Betty.

ANNIE MARIE FERRERO.

JACINTA BURTON,
121 Tait Ave., Los Gatos, Cal.
(10 Years)

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

Christmas eve, and the tree had been all decorated. The toys had been hung and put in their places. Close beside the tree was a chair on which was Santa's costume. Just outside the window stood two poorly dressed little children, a boy and a girl, while at another window looking in was the figure of a man but he was not looking at the Christmas tree. He was a robber.

He walked around the house trying to find a window so he could get in. In doing so he bumped into the two children. After hearing their story he picked them up and put them into the window and then he followed. Each child picked out a toy. The little girl took a doll and buggy and the boy, a kiddie car. Then they heard a noise. The man looked out in the hall and saw that the party was coming to the Christmas tree. There being no way to escape he grabbed the suit that was on the chair and put it on just in time. When the door opened they all laughed with joy and what should they see standing by the tree but Santa!

The parents of the little girl who were giving the party said nothing and let the party go on. The toys were passed around. The kiddies shared their toys with the poor children. Now the party was nearing the end. The burglar was getting nervous. He wondered what was going to become of him. But it being Christmas eve the kind man forgave him and filled his pockets with all the goodies of a Christmas eve and sent him to take the two children home and invited him to bring them back on the next day for Christmas dinner also.

When the man knocked at the home of the two little kiddies a lady with tear stained eyes opened the door and she was so glad to see her babies she did not notice the man right away. The little boy took the man by the hand and told

dinner they were going to have the next day, and when she turned to thank him who should it be but her own husband, who had gone away a few years ago. She forgave him when she heard his story and he asked for another chance. So they all went to the dinner the next day and now he has an honest job and is a good husband and father as he never meant to be bad. he was lonely and did not care what was going to become of him at the time, but now they are all happy again.

JACINTA BURTON.

MARY KUNICH,
338 Chester St., Oakland.
SWEETHEARTS.

There was once a girl, her name was Salina. She had a sweetheart. His name was Angelo. They were very fond of each other. Salina was a pretty beauty. Some robbers were planning to steal Salina when she was asleep. But Angelo heard of this. The next night



Here's the way to draw a picture for your page, and the ONLY way: NO PICTURES WILL BE ACCEPTED UNLESS THEY FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS: NEVER USE A COLORED PAPER.

Draw on white, smooth, firm paper which will hold ink well. The picture must be either 4x4 inches or 6x6 inches.

Odd sizes will not be accepted. MEASURE CAREFULLY.

USE EITHER SIMPLE PENCIL OUTLINE, WITHOUT ANY SHADING, OR DRAW YOUR PICTURE WITH HIGGINS BLACK DRAWING INK. DO NOT USE ANY OTHER KIND OF INK, AS WE CANNOT PRINT FROM IT.

Do not use any colored crayons or colored inks.

ALL DRAWINGS MUST BE ORIGINAL. NO COPIES OR TRACED DRAWINGS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Aunt Elsie cannot promise to print all drawings—as all kiddies cannot draw well. But she will print the best ones.

about 1:30 in the night Angelo hid in some bushes and waited. At last they came.

Angelo stepped forward and said "Hands up!" The robbers stood in amazement. Salina heard all the noise. She looked out of the window and said "Angelo, my hero!"

Angelo took the robbers to prison and they had to stay in jail for life. Angelo went back to Salina. Then in the morning Angelo proposed to Salina. Salina said "Yes." They had a wonderful wedding. I wish Aunt Elsie was there. Angelo and Salina led a most beautiful life. And you know the rest.

MARY KUNICH.

"MISS VANITY FAIR,"

1535 17th Ave., Oakland.
(11 Years)

THE ENCHANTED CHATEAU.

Once on a long time, long, long ago on an island in the Monroe Sea, which is somewhere near the South Pole, was a beautiful Kingdom ruled by a very good King. However there was no queen because just a few months ago she had mysteriously disappeared, and so had the beautiful princess Redd Rose.

Many nobles, knights and warriors and other brave men had disappeared trying to get the princess who was in an enchanted chateau. The King knew she was there but could make no advance in getting her, for every night between twelve and one o'clock, two ghosts would come and carry away these men.

The king said he would give a reward of half the kingdom and his daughter's hand in marriage if any man could bring back the Princess Redd Rose, and the Good Queen June.

Many men had gone but never returned, where they had disappeared to no one knew.

One day a stranger came on a boat. He was the only passenger on it. He went to the king and told him that his name was Dick Dare, and told him his purpose of which he had come, which was that he wanted to try his luck in winning back the princess and the queen. He went that night to the Enchanted Chateau. The first thing he saw when he entered was the girl.

He at once fell in love with her, she also with him. They hid in a trunk, and made a hole in it so they could see.

At last a figure dressed in white appeared. Dick thrust his gun through the hole and said "Hands up!" The figures went over to the trunk and lifted the lid. Dick jumped out and shot in the floor. The figures were so frightened that they started to run, but Dick stopped them and told them to show him where they brought the other people. They led them out of the chateau down a tunnel and on and on down a dark road until they came to a castle. The guards were so frightened when they saw their own men being overpowered that they dropped their arms and ran.

Dick, the princess and the two supposed to be ghosts, marched right past the door guards and up into the supposed to be King's Court. The queen could hardly put the words out of her mouth, but she managed to say, "My daughter!"

Dick said "Hands up!" and the supposed King obeyed.

Dick told him to show the people he had taken. The King ordered

By
Edith
Bennett

THE FARMER- ETTE.



his slaves in and there came nobles, knights and princes. Then Dick took him to the real king. He was sent to the gallows. Dick married Redd Rose, got half the kingdom and lived happy to the end of their lives.

"MISS VANITY FAIR."

MARIE ROSE.

Crockett, Calif., Box 561.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

One day Bob and I went to find an adventure. Bob said, "I read in the paper that there is a haunted house around here, let's look for it."

"All right," said Jack. They looked and looked and finally they saw a grey house, old and shabby. "Maybe that's it," said Jack.

"No, I don't think so," said Bob. "Well, let's try it," said Jack.

Bob agreed and soon they were on their way. When they reached it Bob said, "What's that noise?"

"I don't know, but you needn't be afraid," said Jack. "Let's go in."

"Oh, I'm afraid, Jack."

"Well, I'm going in, if you're not, Bob."

"Well, Jack, I'll go too, then."

They opened the door and went in. "Take me home—I'm afraid."

"I am too!"

When they turned to open the door it was locked. "Look! Help! Help!" shouted Bob, that's a coffin going up and down in the stairway, and a skeleton in it. Help! Help!—they cried, but no one came.

They walked to the sink to drink some water when they saw two more coffins with skeletons inside.

"Oh, please help," cried Bob—"I want to go home."

No sooner had they turned to go when two men caught them. They were pirates. As they were about to kill them some one shook Jack. "Get up, Jack, you will get a cold sleeping on the wet ground!"

"Where am I mother?" said Jack.

"You're in the back yard, why?"

"Oh, I had a bad dream, and I am very glad it was only a dream."

MARIE ROSE.

LEONA MILLER.

7705 Foothill Blvd., Oakland.
A CHRISTMAS BLESSING.

lived a little girl named Helen Moore. She was a very rich girl. Helen lived in one of the richest sections in Chicago, named Lakeshore Drive. Although Helen had everything that a child could have, she never was happy or contented. She wanted a sister of her own age.

Now it happened that there lived in an alley, not so far from Helen's mansion, two motherless little girls. They thought their father was dead, but he spent the largest part of his life in a saloon in the poor district of New York and never cared where his children were. The children's names were Betty and Dolly Brown. Betty was the eldest, aged fourteen and Dolly was aged eleven. Betty was all worn out from hard work, indeed she worked entirely too hard for the wages she got.

They lived in a very old one-room shack, but it was very clean and tidy. This alley was called Poor Man's Alley, but they always hated that name so they called it

Sunshine Alley. Betty's mother always told her to be sunny to everything.

Now Mr. Moore visited the little shack and saw how poor they were but they were very happy and contented. Now this made him very unhappy because his little daughter had everything a child could wish for and she was never happy, so he said to himself, "These are just the kind of girls I will adopt because they will make my Helen happy."

Mr. Moore asked them about their parents and they told him all they knew.

He felt very sorry for them so he said "I am going now, but I will be back in one or two days with a great surprise for you."

So he departed. As soon as he got home he told his wife he would like to adopt the two dear loving girls for company for Helen. She agreed and was happy because Helen would no longer be lonesome.

Mr. Moore called Helen to tell her about the two girls so she said, "Let us go and see them."

"Yes," replied Mr. Moore. "I want you to see what some of the poor children are going to do for their Christmas."

So Helen put on her hat and coat and got in the machine with her father. At last they were there. Helen's heart beat very fast as she was very excited. When Dolly opened the door she with a very courteous bow asked them if they would come in and sit on the chair which Betty offered them.

Helen, by mistake said, "Why where is your Christmas tree, and the dinner for tomorrow? Don't you know it is Christmas?"

"Yes," answered Betty, through sobs, "we know it is Christmas but we only have money enough for clothes and a little bit of food."

"Oh," cried poor Helen, "I didn't mean to make you unhappy. I forgot you were poor."

Mr. Moore said, "You are no longer poor, nor your names are not Brown but it is Betty and Dolly Moore, how do you like that?"

Betty and Dolly were indeed too happy to utter a word, so Helen said, "I am so glad."

"Yes, so am I, and I don't know how to thank you."

Helen said, "I never will be lonely or selfish again."

Betty said, "If it wasn't for you we would never have had Christmas again."

"Mr. Moore," said Dolly, "is also to have thanks, don't you know that, Miss Betty?"

"Don't you call me that again. Just call me father or Daddy, or anything but Mr. Moore, remember I am your dad you know."

Betty, Dolly, Helen and Mr. and Mrs. Moore are all very happy to this day. And they never forgot the days they spent in the shack. Many a child has not been as lucky as them and today there are many poor children in the tenement districts in New York and Chicago who will not have a Christmas.

LEONA MILLER.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON,
506 Sycamore Ave., Modesto, Calif.
(12 Years.)

THE TROUBLES OF FOUR CHILDREN.

Once there were three girls whose names were Alice, Nancy the Lavoine. Their father died when they were only babies. Alice

STORY SECRETS

Here's the way to write a story for your page—

And the ONLY way:
Make it short—about 300 words.
Make it snappy—full of thrills.
Make it original—all your own.
NEVER COPY.

Write only on one side of the paper.

Write in ink, or heavy pencil—or, best of all, have it typewritten if you possibly can. Your story will be printed almost as soon as received if it is typewritten.

Anyone may write stories, whether he or she belongs to the club or not.

And now grab your pen and start right in, for we all want to hear from YOU.

Send your story to "Aunt Elsie," Oakland TRIBUNE, Oakland, Cal.

was fifteen, Nancy thirteen and Lavoine four years old when this story was told.

One summer when they were all camping in the mountains of Nevada, they were attacked by Indians who stole them. The mother, Mrs. Birdsong was only 28 at that time. The girls escaped and thought their mother was with them. When they found out she was not they were lost and could not go back to find her.

They found a little log cabin in a forest. Alice went up to it first. She knocked on the door and a boy came out, about Nancy's age. The boy was surprised to see them. He asked them to come in and tell him how they got to his house. Alice told this story. They all were greatly grieved. He was sorry for them and told them that he had been lost when he was five years old and had found this house to live in. "My name is Raymond, but I want you girls to call me Bus," he said.

He liked the girls, especially Nancy, and asked them to live there with him. They accepted the invitation gladly. They were very pretty girls, but little Lavoine was the prettiest.

"You girls must go to bed now, as it is getting late," said Bus.

The three girls went to bed for they were tired from their long journey. Lavoine did not like the cabin so she went out to take a walk at night. She walked for a long time and finally came to a desert which was a little south of the cabin. She became tired and layed down. She soon fell asleep.

When she awoke she found herself in a tent. She did not have on her camping dress, but an Indian dress. Her golden curly hair was braided and she had paint on her fair cheeks. An Indian woman came in and gave her some dinner now.

In the meantime Bus and her sisters were looking for her. But the search was all in vain. The tribe of Indians that Lavoine was with had a war with another tribe. Love, as the Indians called Lavoine, was now sixteen years old. She was given a horse and sent away from the tribe. She rode until she came to San Francisco, California. She came to a sign saying, "Girls wanted to become Movie actors."

Love became a famous singer. She was known all over the world. She did not remember her last name.

Her mother escaped from the Indians and had married a very rich man. She was invited to a dance given in honor of Love's seventeenth birthday. She did not know Love was her daughter. Love's mother's name was now Mrs. Price. Nancy, Alice and Bus came to Love's birthday party. Mrs. Price and the two girls found out that Mrs. Price was their mother at the dance.

Love talked to Mrs. Price and found out that she was her mother. There was great rejoicing and Love and her mother and sisters lived happily ever after.

VIRGINIA JOHNSON.

JEAN SCOTCHLER.

98 HILLCREST Road, Berkeley.
11 Years.

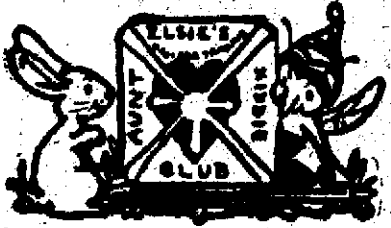
MARION'S EXPERIENCE.

(Prize Story.)

One bright day Marion's mother asked her to go and gather some berries in the woods near by. Marion was pleased because she always liked to gather berries. She put on her sunbonnet and took her can and started on the way.

When she arrived at the patch she did not notice that somebody else was picking berries, and she started to picking them. As she

(Continued on Next Page)



Do you want to belong to the AUNT ELSIE CLUB? Do you want to wear the prettiest pin in Oakland, swear to the secret vow, and be admitted free for the next six months to THE MERRIEST SHOWS AND MEETINGS THAT EVER WERE THOUGHT OF? There'll be lots of them, each one more fun than the one before. So you had better sit right down and send a letter to

THE AUNT ELSIE CLUB,
OAKLAND TRIBUNE,
OAKLAND,
CALIF.

Say that you want to join the Club and give your name and address. A letter will come back to you at once with directions which will tell you exactly how to join. Then do what they tell you as fast as ever you want and at once the pin and all the secrets and Magic Card that will admit you to all the fun will go flying back to you. And you had better HURRY—for you don't want to miss a single giggle, somersault.

SPECIAL NOTE—Lost or broken pins will not be replaced. But your card will always admit you to any of the parties, within the time stated upon it. If you lose your card you may have another.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

worked further into the patch who should she see but a big brown bear. She screamed and started to run.

She ran toward the stream near by and noticed that the bear was still coming after her. There was a large tree that grew out across the water and the end of it came within two feet from the opposite shore. She ran out on this log a little ways expecting to wait there until the bear went away, but to her surprise she saw the bear coming out on the branch too.

She did not know what else to do but to keep on going. She soon came to the end of the line and to her own surprise she had jumped to the shore. Luckily the bear who was walking along on the log did not see which way she had gone. Marion ran along through the trees keeping close to the river. She knew there was a bridge near there that she could cross. From there she knew her way home. She soon reached the bridge. She had expected to find it, and crossed and ran all the way home, not stopping to look back once.

When she got home she told her mother what had happened. Her mother said it was very unusual that a bear should attack anyone but she said that she thought Marion was pretty brave since she had never seen a wild bear.

JEAN SCOTCHLER.

LOIS MURIEL ABBOTT,
Box 183, Niles, Calif.
(10 Years.)

RUTH'S VACATION.

Once upon a time there was a girl named Ruth. It was the last day of school and everybody was happy for there was no more school for a month. Ruth went home very happy. When she went home her mother said, "Ruth you are to take a trip this year."

Then Ruth said "Where are we to start?"

Her mother said, "Sunday at six o'clock. Hurry we must start packing."

So Ruth packed all her things on had their supper and went to bed early.

Chap. 2. Sunday Morning.

Ruth was up and dressed at half past four on Sunday. They traveled all day, at ten that night they reached Donner Lake. Ruth's father said "Well, I guess it's time we were stopping."

Ruth said "Yes, let's stop here. They all said yes." So they unpacked and stayed there for the night.

In the morning Ruth said, "Let's take a dip," so they did and had a very nice time. They stayed five days. When they got there it was July the third, and it rained, thundered and lightened every day she was there. On the fourth of July she shot like crackers and had a nice time.

Chap. 3. Home Again.

Ruth got home the day before school opened and then she unpacked all her things. The next morning she got ready for school and at school all the girls asked her about the trip and she told



them and they all told what they did.

So Ruth went to school happy ever after.

LOIS MURIEL ABBOTT.

CAROLYN E. LOMBARDI.

No address.

Come, ah, come and dance with me, Merrily, merrily.

Come, ah, come and dance with me, Under the green wood tree.

Dance, neath the moon so bright, Come, ah, come, the glen is light.

Come, ah, come, twill be day soon, Neath the moon, neath the moon.

Come, ah, come, twill be day soon, Dance with me neath the moon.

Come, ah, come, the grass is green, Silver sheen, silver sheen.

Come, ah, come, the dew is seen, Covered with silver sheen.

Come, ah, come, and dance with me, Merrily, merrily.

Come, ah, come, I beg of thee, Dance neath the greenwood tree.

CAROLYN E. LOMBARDI.

MARIEANGE LOCKE.

No address.

JACK, JEAN AND TOWSER.

Jack was a pleasant and studious boy, and Jean was a beautiful girl, but of course Towser, who is a dog and not very beautiful is an Air-dale and loved bones. Well this is the way the story began.

Jack was a boy of sixteen and Jean a girl of fourteen. It happened that they did not know each other. One day Jack was writing a fairy tale about the girl of his dreams. He had really seen her before some place but did not know her name, or who she was.

It was near Christmas and all the people of the town were wishing they had a snow queen for the ball. And so an agent was sent around to every door to find the prettiest girl in town, aged fourteen.

The agent came to Jean's house and saw that she was the most beautiful girl that he had seen and so the people all picked out her. Jean Learning was very happy.

This ball was the event of the year and everybody that could afford it made a beautiful costume, but Jean's costume was the most beautiful of all. When Christmas eve came the ball began. Now it happened that Jack came too. When Jack saw the girl of his dreams, which was Jean, he really gave way—he couldn't even help from talking to her. So he went up to her throne, which she was sitting on, and asked if he could have the next dance, and of course Jean could not resist. Jack danced like he had never in his life danced before. Just to think that he had been dancing with that wonderful fair faced girl!

There were some robbers in town that night, who had been planning to get Jean and her father for a long time, not for Jean's beauty but for the reason of Jean's father's money. That night the robbers came in and held the place up, and got Jean and her father. But alas—Jack was too late, in grabbing her.

He had come and had been worrying all night. But Towser, as I must tell you, was not at the ball but waiting on the outside steps and had seen everything happen. Towser barked three loud times, as if to say "Let us hunt!" So that very night Jack, with a long rope and two pistols set out to find Jean and her father. They went into a narrow passageway until they came to a den. Jack tried to open the door but could not, and so he climbed on top of it and came to a hole. He went inside of the hole, and there on a large black floor covered with sheets he went a little farther when he heard strange noises. He picked open the door, and said "Hands up!"

Now Jack had got them he tied them up with the long rope and

took them to the police station and had them arrested. Jack asked for Jean's hand, but her father said it was yet too early, and as soon as Jean was 22 and Jack 24 they were married. And had many children, and Jack built Towser a barn with 20,000 bones in it, which was called the Towser Bone Yard.

Towser invited all his dog friends to come over and rejoice and have a merry feast with him, and so that is how my story ends.

MARIEANGE LOCKE.

MARY FRAMMINI.

339 Tennessee St., Vallejo, Calif.

THE BURIED TREASURE.

An old man called his three sons to him and telling them that his days were numbered, told them that many years before he had buried a treasure somewhere in his vineyard. He now gave his vineyard in their keeping and he charged them to search diligently for the hidden treasure. The sons begged their father to tell them more about the treasure. One asked if it was a pot of gold, another if it was a chest of silver, and the third if it was a bag of precious stones.

Slowly shaking his head the old man answered that he would reveal neither what the treasure was nor where it was hidden. "At least tell us why you buried the treasure, father," exclaimed the eldest son.

"That you might dig for it," my boys," responded the father. "A man values only that which he must work to obtain."

"But the vineyard is so big," remonstrated the youngest son, "that without some hint as to where the treasure is, we may dig for weeks before we find it!"

"That you might dig for it, my sons. The treasure is great enough to repay you for much labor," replied the old man. "I warn you to leave no clod of earth unturned till you find it. Be patient and diligent and your reward is sure."

Soon after the father died and the three sons began at once to search for the treasure.

They dug and dug for many years. After he had gone, the eldest brother said, "Now I know what our father meant by the treasure hidden in the vineyard—it was not a pot of gold nor a chest of silver, nor a bag of precious stones. He meant that by our work we could earn our own treasure."

MARY FRAMMINI.

MARIAN SINCLAIR.

1400 Arch St., Berkeley.

(10 Years.)

THE UNKNOWN FOREST.

(Pirate story.)

There was once a king and queen who had a daughter, Marie. Marie was the only daughter, so of course she was loved very much. The queen was the only person that did not like Marie.

One day as Marie was walking in her garden she wandered into a forest that she did not know about. Nobody had ever gone into the forest because they knew that if they did go in they would never come out, but the princess had never been told this so of course she did not know it. When the king heard that Marie had gone in the forest he was horror stricken. But the queen said, "I told you she was with her death!"

As soon as the king had recovered his senses he sent his bravest soldiers to the forest to hunt for Marie. But after a week of patient waiting, and no sign of the soldiers or Marie, the king decided to put signs up asking whoever can bring back his daughter could have her and half of his kingdom, or any amount of money.

In another part of town there lived a young man named Allan Knight. He had always wanted

Marie for his wife but he could never get her. Now was his chance. He took as many provisions as he would need and started out. When he was walking along he tripped and fell over a small rock. When he got up he looked under the rock, only to see a piece of very torn paper. He put it together as best he could, and read as follows: "Princess in cave number 53. Kill whoever tries to take her away."

Then he replaced the note and went on, never forgetting the number fifty-three.

Soon he came to a row of caves, and he at once looked for cave 53 which he found without much trouble. He went in and he saw a man standing by a door. He at once started fighting, but strange to say the man did not fight.

Allan stopped. He found the man WAS STUFFED! He then went into the cave, and found the princess. She had her hands and feet tied on a table, and there was a hanging knife about two inches from her neck. Allan knew how to work fast, so he untied Marie's hands and feet and held the knife until she got off the table. She then told him that she had been captured by four men and the captain said she would be killed if she did not marry him.

But Allan said, "If we do not hurry out of here we will both be killed," so they hurried home and Allan went back and captured the men.

The King asked Allan if he wanted Marie and of course Allan's answer was yes. Allan and Marie were married and when Marie's father died the queen was killed and Marie became queen and Allan became king. Really Marie and Allan were happy and in later years Allan was called King Allan the III and Marie was called Queen Marie the I. After that they called the forest Knight's Forest.

MARIAN SINCLAIR.

MARION STOUT.

89 Yosemite Ave., Oakland.
THE ADVENTURES OF TWO MAIDS.

Mary and Jane Wilson were sisters and they always liked each other very much, being that they had no father or mother. They had nobody else to go to but their aunt and so they went there. Their aunt was very mean to them and made them do all the work while she went to balls and dinners.

One morning they decided to run away so they packed up some food and blankets and got started before their aunt woke up. When their aunt did wake up she wondered where the children were. She asked the neighbor if she had seen them and she said yes, they had a big bundle with them which looked like blankets and food.

Then their aunt went in the house and said "I don't care—now I don't have to take care of them."

Mary and Jane were in the forest and it was getting dark, but they wondered on until it was dark. A little way off they saw a light and when they got up closer they found out that it was a house and a kind woman lived there. They knocked at the door and the woman wanted to know what they wanted—the children asked her if they could stay there for the night, and the kind old lady said yes, they could.

"I am all alone, and you will keep me company," she said. They stayed up that night for quite a while and talked to the old woman who liked them more and more, and so she asked them if they wouldn't stay and live with her, and they said yes, they would be glad to.

The children told the old lady how they came here and why. The old lady said "It is time to go to bed now," so they went to bed.

In the morning they got up early and took a walk. Mary stumbled over a rock, and the rock opened and they found a note in which it said:

"On the east end of Lake Juniper there is a treasure, hidden, which belongs to you when your father died he left it. (Signed) Jack Brown."

Then Mary and Jane went to tell the old lady and on their way home they saw two little boys and asked them where they came from but they said they didn't know. The girls ran home to ask the old lady if she would keep the boys and then they showed her the treasure map.

When the boys grew bigger they went and dug up the treasure and gave it to the girls. forgot to tell you the boys names were Jack and George.

The next week they chopped down the old cabin and found their way to town and bought a new house for the old lady and a new house for each of themselves, and then Mary married Jack, and Jane married George and they lived happily ever after.

MARION STOUT.



(Continued From Page One)

Tom, of your travels to the moon and Mars in your "Brangor." Would you be able to take us all in it?

Tom nodded vigorously. "Chief, I can have it ready by tomorrow to go anywhere."

"All right," continued the Chief. "We will go to Jupiter first to prevent Rhodes from answering. He has not answered yet, or Ray Dio would have heard it."

"Yes," said Ray Dio, "and the message hasn't reached Jupiter yet. Above the air is an unknown substance, but after that is Zelba, which wireless waves have great difficulty penetrating."

Tom spoke. "Ray is right. Jack and I were in it one time—in the edge—and it cut our speed down tremendously. I have no doubt, however, but that once we come within Jupiter's magnetism we will go just as fast as through air."

"Then it is agreed, we sail go tomorrow at ten o'clock to Tom's house," asked the Chief.

"With a unanimous assent the men filed out and the Chief sat, his brow furrowed with thought."

In another world sat another man in the same position, little thinking that the World he was intending to crush would send forth inhabitants to crush him like the snake he was.

Chapter 2.

"All set," sang out Tom from the rear of the gigantic metal cigar-shaped projectile. Jack, in the bow, echoed the command.

At the chorus of "Yes-es" which were sung back, Tom spun a wheel in the engine room, pulled the heavy metal door shut and then pulled a bell cord.

Jack sat in the front at the steering wheel, explaining the mechanism to Hale, Paul Plane, Ray Dio and Harry Hare, the Chief.

They peered through the thick glass window in front and didn't know they were moving until they shot through clouds which left beads of water on the pane.

In the interior Steele and Sharp were preparing a meal, while Gomme and Gates polished their weapons.

The novelty soon wore off and the men reclined about as luxuriously as if in a Pullman train. One day Ray Dio, the Chief and Tom Ramsay sat talking earnestly and examining a small object the size and shape of a watermelon, painted red.

"If the worst comes to the worst," said Tom, earnestly. "I'll send that fiendish contrivance straight toward Mars. You see this is the most powerful explosive made. In the interior of Mars, just as in the interior of our earth, there is a molten mass of rock which breaks out occasionally in volcanoes. This explosive is a gas, that once brought in conjunction with the hot mass, will blow the whole planet to atoms by blowing so deep a hole that the lava flows out over the entire planet. Gases form in the interior and the whole planet is dissolved. Of course, the metal outside this is of the same consistency as the Brangor. That means that the planet will be as soft as butter."

The speed with which it falls to Mars, it will not take fire and consume itself as meteors do. It cannot break until the gas inside is too great a pressure per square inch for the volcanic gas. You know the result."

"But," said the Chief, "it may consume our earth also, or at least the gases may enter and poison our atmosphere. It would be terrible. Our earth would be a dead World, just as the Moon."

"It cannot be helped," said Tom. "If we are so fixed on Jupiter as to make it necessary, I shan't hesitate."

There was a jar, and then the motor stopped. Another jar, and the motor started again.

"What was that?" said Ray Dio, half rising.

"It's all right," said Tom, reassuringly. "As you know, our machine goes by carbon dioxide and feliemel. Jack just changed from one tank to another. You know our little cubes of frozen feliemel and carbon dioxide in enough to last us for a long time."

of fuel. And even if we ran out of carbon dioxide, I have a process of getting it from my breath, and as for feliemel, that's in nearly everything in tiny quantities waiting to be taken."

Ray Dio glanced at the clock on the wall and hastily went out. He was to take his trick at steering and was five minutes late. He relieved Hale, the handwriting expert, and gazed at the dials. All was well.

A week passed uneventfully, and then a month. One day Tom, at dinner, spoke. "We're due on Jupiter in three days, according to my calculations."

The men grinned cheerfully. They were tired of confinement and wished to get back on land. The next day the alarm bell rang violently. All rushed to the steering room, to find Steele vainly trying to turn the giant wheel. One glance out of the window showed the cause. They were progressing slowly, as they were in the Zelba.

Tom laughed gaily. "Move away, Steele, and let me show you."

Steele retreated and Tom moved the wheel gently, and very slowly. "You see, Steele, the Zelba fetters the steering apparatus, and your fierce efforts jammed it."

The rest breathed in relief. They felt as Columbus' sailors must have felt when they begged him to turn back.

Chapter 3.

As the others talked relievedly, Gates glanced curiously out of the thick glass window, and emitted a shrill whoop—"Jupiter!" he called out exultantly.

Tom glanced hastily away from Steele and gazed out. Then he grinned cheerfully. "You're mistaken, Gates; that's only one of the moons of Jupiter, but we're almost there."

At last the long-anticipated day arrived, and with a gentle bump the Brangor landed on Jupiter.

Strange people poured out from giant round houses, for all the world like Eskimo igloos! They were constructed of great slabs of some volcanic rock. Its appearance was somewhat like black marble without the veins.

The people's heads were extraordinarily small, with no hair at all. A hard substance jutted from the top, somewhat like a rooster's comb in shape. They had no noses, but had enormous ears, like an elephant's.

Their bodies were small, set loosely on long, stilt-like legs. Their arms had no elbow joint, but swung from the shoulder. Altogether they were an eerie sight, and such as one would see in a nightmare.

From one of the huts a tall, majestic man appeared. He was a man from the Earth—Rhodes, the World-bater.

"If you come from Professor Burke," he said, laboriously, evidently having almost forgotten the English language, "you may as well go back and tell him that I have seen the light and will have nothing to do with his infamous scheme. As you can see, I am raising these Jupiterites peacefully."

Hare smiled and held out his hand, which Rhodes took after some hesitation.

Hare explained their position and Rhodes made them heartily welcome. His wife hurriedly set food before his guests.

The next day the Brangor shot again into space, as much as they would have liked to linger in this queer world, Mars menaced their Earth and duty called.

Once they left the Zelba their machine swept like the north wind, and at last Mars was reached.

Tom took his bomb with him and the men walked to a gleaming city which flamed red in the sun. They were at once stopped by a number of soldiers, and led into a boat by the canal which led to the biggest castle.

They then left the boat and climbed innumerable stairs up a long passageway which curved bridge-like to the tallest tower. They were led into the presence of Professor Burke, an evil-looking man.

He spoke to them in English. Hare found out later that he had made a man who could learn the English language, and to use no other, which was odd, considering that he hated the World.

At one side stood Wolan, a majestic-looking Martian. Evidently he was arguing with Burke. The giant room was filled with Martians. Evidently some great national crisis was at hand.

None looked at the men. They were so engrossed in the dispute. Tom saw, at the ceiling, great horns which echoed the voice all over the room so all could hear. Without taking his eyes from Wolan, Burke motioned them to sit down and told them he would see them later.

Wolan spoke. "You came to us ten years ago, a fugitive from your World. We took you and fed and clothed you. We made you King. And what is our reward? You wish us to conquer your world and lose our lives. You killed my son, who disputed a question of law with you."

Burke's evil leer made Wolan's words more menacing.



(The mailman was late in arriving at The Tribune office this week, so we shall have to hold the next installment of this story for next week.)

band at Burke. "I disclaim allegiance," he said, loudly.

This was the greatest crime in Mars. Loyalty to kings was considered essential.

Burke stood out and faced the Martians—his hand raised appealingly. The Martians wavered uncertainly, and then Banks, the famous orator of the Complexo, stepped forward.

He told them of our Earth, and showed them what a mean reptile Burke always would be. Burke spoke unavailingly against Wolan's stubborn testimony and Banks' flowery words.

The Martians rushed forward angrily. Burke's head went up and he swallowed a red liquid from a bottle. The Martians halted, undecided, as he swayed and then retreated as Wolan shook his head after feeling Burke's heart.

He was dead! He had taken poison, and Complexo had saved the World.

VIKING KING.

"BLOODY HANDS."

587 25th St., Oakland.

If you are not too scared by the author's name, you'll like his story:

GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK.

Once upon a time there was a poor boy, and his mother. They lived in a little shack that was once owned by a man that is very rich now but he was poor then. Not far from here there is a very rich man. There is a boy about

This rich boy was very stingy and he wasn't honest. Bob was an honest and generous boy. Bob's mother was sick, and he earned all he could for a living. It was near Christmas and Bob was saving a little every day for a present for his mother.

One day he found a purse with \$200 in it and a medal that said on it "Won by Jesse King, in the big automobile race 1919." There was a little card with the address of the man.

It was six miles from where Bob was so he walked to the house of Mr. King. It was a big house with big grounds. Bob took it up to the house. Mr. King said he could have the \$260 and he would take the medal. Mr. King said "I valued the medal very much. He said Bob could have a job in his firm. He owned a bank."

In the meantime the rich boy is getting poorer and poorer. The poor boy gets richer and richer. Bob gave a nice little farm for his mother. Bob's mother is

Bob's mother got married, and they got a bigger farm.

When Bob was 30 Mr. King died and gave the firm to Bob. Bob's last name is Jones now. The boy that was rich was poor now and a beggar. Bob gave him a little money every time he came around. Bob and his mother and father live very happily ever after. Bob had good luck and the other boy had bad luck.

"BLOODY HANDS."

"RADIO KING,"
1519 Thirtieth Second St.
(10 Years.)

TWO BRAVE LADS.

One bright and sunny day in San Francisco there were two brave American lads, Jack and John. Jack was 18 and John was 17. Now these lads always had their pistols. John had a 32 and so had Jack.

As Jack and John were looking at the Chinese stores, all of a sudden they were seized by a gang of Chinese. They bound Jack and John and they were thrown in a dark room. Jack saw a piece of wood. He picked it up and there was a button.

Jack pressed it and they found themselves going down, down, down. Soon they reached the bottom. John went around looking for a knife to cut the ropes that bound him and Jack.

John saw a knife in the corner of the room. He cut it and cut the ropes and then he cut Jack's.

Chap 2. Safe at Last.

where the Chinese gang were and they got their guns out and said "Hands up." The gang obeyed them. They brought the gang to the police. The police gave the boys a silver medal and the boys lived happy ever after.

"RADIO KING."

ALLAN HUSBY,
1221 Fairview St., Berkeley.
(12 Years.)

Allan has introduced a mighty interesting subject in deep sea diving. I'll bet there isn't a Pirate in the Den who hasn't wondered what it would be like to travel under the waves and see the queer sea life below.

FRED'S DEEP SEA ADVENTURES.

When Fred Burns was 18 years old he wanted to be a deep sea diver. His father said he would let him be a diver when he was nineteen years old. One day news came that a submarine was stuck

(Continued on Next Page)



DETECTIVE: DID YOUR TEETH CHATTER
WHEN THE BURGLARS ENTERED?
VICTIM: I DON'T KNOW THEY WERE
IN THE BUREAU DRAWER.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

on a sand bar. No man wanted to go, but Fred said he would go.

He put a diving suit on and went down. At last he came to the submarine. He tapped it with a rock. All the men were almost crazy that they were saved. Then a big hook came down and pulled the submarine up.

Many a time before Fred had tried to get a treasure which Black Beard had cast into the ocean when other ships attacked him. To Fred's surprise what should he find but the treasure!

Afterwards he got the treasure and a reward of \$900 from the navy for saving the submarine. Well I guess I'll have to say he got married and lived happily ever after.

ALLAN BUSBY.

JACK BROWN.

No address.

Jack forgot to put his address in, but if he will send it to Aunt Elsie his prize will be scrambling off to his house in no time.

GRASSY LANE MYSTERY.

On a beautiful lane in a valley of the Appalachian Mountains stood an old but beautiful mansion, deserted years ago by the owner of it, and a large estate in that valley.

One day a well dressed man of about 35 years, accompanied by a tan-faced mountaineer whose name was Hal, came to see Grassy Lane and its house.

"Yes—these here parts ain't never been explored, all cap'n Grassy Lane and its house," said Hal.

"Who is the owner of all this property?" asked Mr. Lorenson, the well dressed gentleman. "Wa'al at present nobody owns it," said Hal. "The owner, a funny old gink, left about 8 years ago. Take it from me, boss, that place is haunted," said Hal.

"You mountain people are superstitious, aren't you?" said Mr. Lorenson.

"We've got good reason to be," replied Hal.

"I'll bet you a dollar to a doughnut that it really isn't haunted," said Mr. Lorenson.

"You're on," said Hal, and they shook hands.

Next day Dick, Mr. Sorenson's son, came out to decide whether Hal got the dollar or Dick's father got the doughnut. "Pitch camp and cook lunch while I go in and look around," said Dick.

And while walking in the house he stepped on a loose board which was a secret way to open a trap door, which Dick did. And on going through the trap door he found a door marked with the letters "C" and "D".

He went to the door and opened it shyly, meeting face to face with a large brawny fellow whose name was Pete.

"Password," demanded Pete.

"What for?" shot back Dick.

"I'll show you," said he, and so saying he tied Dick up.

But a hungry mouse gnawed Dick free and going into the next room he found some blank coins. "Counterfeiters!" he exclaimed.

Just then he heard a footstep and in walked Pete. "I'll tie you so that you can't get away," said Pete.

But Dick did get away, by cutting the rope on a bottle that was broken. After another half hour's experience, he got out of the house.

"You get a posse from town, in double quick time," he said to the man he had with him.

Soon the posse arrived and the head man said, "There is no reward for that gang, but I reckon you'll get one."

So Dick and his companion got a modest reward of \$500 each, and Dick's father got his doughnut.

Monthly, and

with Dick's father. So ends the story of the Grassy Lane Mystery.

BIOGRAPHY OF A WAR. (A Nonsense Story.)

War is a vile thing and it will get very popular if we don't get peaceful and calm. War is a armed contest, that being a fight with many soldiers in it with two sides each representing a country. War first started when Eve got sore when Adam wouldn't eat a apple so she thru a rowling pin att him and war has bin raging awl the time since then.

All the time since then there has been war all over the erth from Eve to President Harding. I know what war is like cause my mother and father fite orl the time.

JACK BROWN.

"CASS TEROIL."

487 Twenty-First St., Oakland.

This is the first story from a new Pirate. The story is so good and the Pirate is so full of pep, I think he will be popular in spite of his awful mystery name!

TRAVELING AROUND THE WORLD BY AEROPLANE.

One day Tom and Dick thought that they would like to go around the world by aeroplane. They asked their mothers and they said yes. The day came for the to start. They started from Oakland.

When they got to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean something broke. Before they knew it they were falling. They would have been killed but for Tom. When he saw they were falling he quickly pulled a lever which sent the aeroplane gliding through the air. Then he steered straight for a steamer which was on its way to England.

Then he told Dick to follow him. He went out on one of the wings and then just as they were passing over a mattress on the ship, they jumped, and they landed right on it.

When they got to England they bought another aeroplane, and completed their journey.

MY TRIP DOWN A HILL.

One day I went to see a friend who lived in Berkeley. When I got to there we listened to the music from the KUO on his radio. After a while he suggested that we go up to the big C at the University of California.

I said "All right," so we went.

When we got to the C we thought it would be fun to run from the top of the C down, as we couldn't very well run up. Philip told me to go first. I noticed he had a twinkle in his eye, but I didn't pay any attention to him, but ran all my might down the C. I was going too fast and I couldn't stop and I couldn't turn the curve because I was going too fast.

So I just had to go all the way down the hill. Another thing, my pants didn't go as fast as I did, so I had to turn around and didn't help, because I rolled the rest of the way.

When I got to the top, to where I left Philip, I saw him rolling on the ground and holding his sides with laughter.

"CASS TEROIL."

CLAYTON, IVEY,

2810 McGee, Berkeley, Calif.

Clayton has been doing some mighty fine work on our page lately. Here's another cracker-jack story from him.

DICK, THE BANDIT.

Once in a little town in Texas there was a Sheriff and his men. They were after a bandit named Dick because he had robbed a bank of gold which the miners had there.

Dick, the bandit escaped and went to New York where he could escape the law, where he stayed a year. And finally decided to come back to Texas.

One day a stranger walked along. The Sheriff came and asked him what he wanted. He said he came to preach about God. After he was preaching a few Sundays he

bandit, and he would be honest and he was. And he returned the gold and made friends with the Sheriff and his men.

CLAYTON IVEY.

HERMAN KINDLER.

1637 Delaware St., Berkeley.
(11 Years.)

THE MYSTERY BOOK.

Out of the slums of St. Louis lived Joe. He did not know who his father was because his guardians never told him. His guardians were a "garbage man" and his wife. There had been a very baffling murder lately and as Joe passed by with the garbage wagon and got the garbage from the house where the murder happened to be, he always looked through the garbage can to see if he could find a clue to the murder.

One day as he was looking through all the boxes and paper, he happened to see a book titled the Mystery Book. He decided to read it, and found it very interesting. When he was about in the middle of the book he saw a piece of paper that had writing on it—"Look under loose cobblestone by lamppost on corner 1st and Darcel Sts."

He told no one about it and one day he found the loose stone and under it a paper that said, "The treasure is under a large pine at the northern part of Jackson Island. One day he asked one of his chums if he wanted to help him get the treasure. He said yes, so the next few days they started out on a boat with a spade, a pick, some food and a sack. They reached Jackson Island in about an hour as it was only a mile or two below St. Louis.

They found the pine and started to dig. Jack struck some tin cans and was going to throw them away when his friend noticed something shining in one of them. He told Joe and they looked in everything. They dug until they had a sack full. They decided to camp for the night and had fixed comfortable sleeping quarters. They did not sleep very well as they were so excited.

In the morning they started for home. On their way home they saw a man fall out of his boat and they rescued him as he could not swim, and when they got home they found out that he was Joe's father, and he was rich. So Joe took his half of the money and gave it to his guardians, and lived with his father, and he had many other advantages.

HERMAN KINDLER.

RAYMOND CRINNION,
519 25th St., Oakland.

The Minnow and the Dragon Fly.
I lay one day beside a stream,
And saw the sunlight flash and gleam
Upon the running water clear,
And watched a minnow swimming near—

"I'm tired of this!" the minnow said,
"I long for something else instead,
I want new games and playmates too."
I whispered softly, "Will I do?"

A dragon fly came darting near,
The minnow wiped away a tear,
Then swimming close cried eagerly,
"Oh Dragon Fly, come play with me."

"Alas," the dragon fly replied,
"Did I but touch your flowing tide,
I should be drowned and swept away,
But come into the air and play."

"Your sunwarmed air is not for me,"
The minnow answered bitterly,
And so all through the summer day,
They wept because they could not play.

The dragon fly let fall a tear,
Which fell and splashed upon my ear,
Then down they poured with might and main,
I woke—to find the drops were rain!

At Sundown,
The sun is stealing all the gold,
And taking it to bed,
For very shame of him, the sky,
Is blushing rose red.

Which makes the little cloudlets think
There is a fire about,
And so they hurry cross the sky,
Trying to put it out.

The moon and starlets peeping out,
Whisper, "Oh, greedy sun,
He might have left some golden beams,
Not stolen every one—
That would not be the kind of things,
That we should ever do."

And yet at dawn the moon and stars,
Steal all the silver too.

RAYMOND CRINNION.

UNKNOWN PIRATE.

No Address.

The Pirate who who and what

but Aunt Elsie is proud of him, and proud to print the story:

Lest We Forget.

It was a rainy, gray afternoon in France. Captain Bennet was talking to Sergeant Larson.

"I know they are going to make some move," said the Captain, "but I can't figure out what it is. My spies can not get any information about it."

In the little village of Piver, not far from the front, a little girl was wandering. Henriette had lived in a cellar for three weeks. Piver, her home town, had been bombarded by the Germans. As she crept out of the cellar she heard two men talking. They spoke English, but with a pronounced German accent.

"We will attack the left wing at twelve-thirty," said one of them.

Henriette waited no longer. She started for the American headquarters. She stole very quietly as she left the village. But as she was going she felt a sharp pain in her side. From then on she could hardly walk. It was a very hard task indeed.

She was almost unconscious—she could only remember the message she was taking, and the gray form she had seen, disappeared after she had felt the pain in her side.

After she came to the table where Captain Bennet was sitting she could only murmur, "Germans—left wing—twelve-thirty."

The Captain knew the move the Germans were about to make. He sent two hundred men to help defend the wing. The next evening at sunset a little girl was laid to rest. Her resting place was among the graves of the soldiers.

The sun still sets upon the little grave that lies where the poppies grow.

UNKNOWN PIRATE.

BILLIE WALLACE.

114 E. 19th St., Oakland.
(7 years.)

Aunt Elsie is proud of Pirate Billy, and the Pirates will be too, for he is only seven years old.

The \$50,000 Reward.

Once upon a time long long ago there was a widow. She was a widow because her husband died. She had a little boy. His name was Tomy.

One day Tomy went for a walk. And Tomy saw a man. The man had a cage. He put Tomy in it, and he took Tomy to a big, dark cave, and put Tomy in the cage. And Tomy managed to work himself out of the cage, and he stepped on a button and a door opened. And Tomy went in.

Tomy saw some pirates. They said "Hands up!" They took him back up. Then they went back. In two days Tomy got the chains loose and off he moved. He felt around on the ground and found a key. He put it in the padlock on the chains and it fit. He turned the key and ran away.

Then he told the police. And they arrested the Pirates, and Tomy got \$5,000 reward, and gave his mother half of it, and they lived happily ever after.

BILLIE WALLACE.

GODFREY MATOUSEH.

Box 60 RR2, San Leandro.

A LESSON LEARNED.

John loved to tease his sister, aged four. One day he told her that money grew on vines.

One day John received a dollar from a man for running an errand. That night he showed it to his mother and sister. His mother told him to put it in the bank, but he would not. That night when he went to bed he put the dollar under his pillow but he forgot it the next day. His sister found it and planted it. When John came home to look at his dollar it was gone. He asked his sister and she answered that she planted it.

John was angry and went out





and told his mother. His mother replied "Why did you tease your sister? If you had not told her that money grew on vines she would not have done it."

So John had to dig up the whole garden but did not find it. Now in the garden were planted grapes and vegetables of all kinds. John liked the grapes but did not like to take care of them. From that day on John did not like his sister.

One day a peddler happened to pass by and he seen the grapes and vegetables were overloaded with fruit. He asked John's mother if she wanted to sell them and she replied, "How much will you give me?" The peddler answered, "A bag of gold."

She readily took it and brought it into the house. That afternoon when John returned from school his mother said, "Look at the gold that grew in the garden!"

John nearly fell over when he seen it, but then his mother said, "You dug around the grapes and vegetables and they grew better, so I sold them for a bag of gold."

So John never teased his sister again.

GODFREY MATOUSEH.

JOHN O. MELIN.

Box 825, Tracy, Calif.
(11 YEARS)

John is another new Pirate—and very welcome too!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Once upon a time there was a house that was believed to be haunted. At the same time there was children being kidnaped. Tom and Charlie had a little sister that was kidnaped. They had a boy that every night would shoot guns and stamp on the floor and make believe that it was the place where the kidnapers lived.

One night Tom was walking by the house. He heard children screaming and saying, "No, don't hurt me!" So they went and had a lot of men come and they searched the house.

Tom and Charlie came too. They went in first to see if they could see anything, but they heard screaming in the basement and heard a man say, "If there isn't a reward in the papers tonight we'll kill this little girl to get her out of the way."

Tom and Charlie told the men, they went in and Tom and his brother and father went up stairs to find a way to the basement. They pressed a button that made the door go down like an elevator.

They saw Helen, their sister. Just then they said, "At twelve o'clock we shall kill the little girl." Then the elevator came down again with all the men in it. The clock struck twelve—and they opened a door and brought out a box to put Helen in when they killed her, but just as they were going to, the men pulled out their guns and said "Hands up—or we'll shoot!"

They tried to get out under the cellar door but Charlie jumped on the door and closed it. One man was going down but when Charlie jumped on the door it hit the man on the head and killed him. After a while they found out that these men were boys that were kidnaped by some burglars and the started to kidnap children.

After they cleaned out the house they went down in the cellar and opened the door in the floor and saw a lot of boxes on a shelf, and at the end of the stairs was the ocean, where they threw the boxes with the bodies in them.

They got a big reward and the house. It was concrete building. The kidnapers got life time in jail for being kidnapers. Tom and Charlie became detectives and got \$200 a week. This is the end of this little story. I hope the readers like it for it is my best.

JOHN O. MELIN.

LOVELLA HUFF.

2330 Fifty-Fifth Ave., Oakland.

THE JEALOUS COUSIN.

It was the end of a long hot July day. Julia Cairns, aged about fifteen was sitting in the garden, in her grim gray dress. Her hair was neatly parted and hung in two thick plaits down her back. Her simple band of white ribbon, Julia was the only child of old fashioned parents. She was brought up strictly and was taught the world to be a very bad place. Her home was the Grange, and Mr. and Mrs. Cairns of the Grange were amongst the most respected people of the neighborhood.

Julia had not the slightest idea that anything very remarkable was going to happen and that she was to be taken off her feet and plunge into such mischief, such oceans of mirth, that she would never know herself again.

"Julia!" cried her mother, and Julia ran toward her mother. Mrs. Cairns was dressed in a shawl and poke bonnet and was leaning on her husband's arm. Mrs. Cairns drew her shawl around tightly when Julia came up.

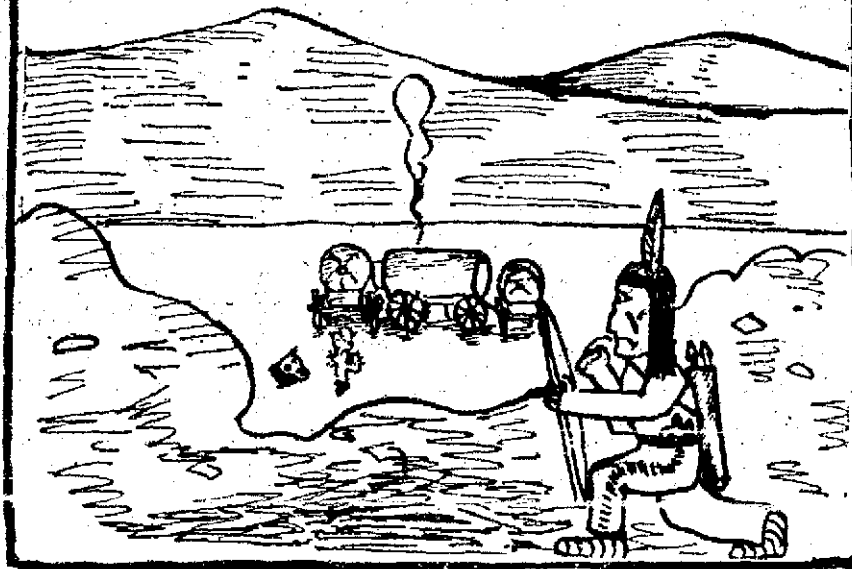
Julia, the dew is falling. I think you had better go into the house and get your jacket."

"I am very hot, mama."

"But my dear, the dew is falling

Watchman of the Plains

(BILL CLUNE)
ALAMEDA



and I prefer you to wear a jacket."

"We are sending the brougham to meet Shirley Kendall," said Mr. Cairns glancing at his daughter, "I thought perhaps you would like to go."

"Oh, yes, papa, I should like it very much."

"Well then you shall go. Run, you will be just in time."

"To the station Jones," she said. The man drove off obediently. The train had just puffed into the little wayside station as they arrived.

"How do you do?" said Shirley. "I am so glad to see you." But how about my luggage? I have seven trunks," and she darted back to the station. "It's all right to send them up to the Grange in the morning," said Shirley coming back.

They arrived at the Grange quite tired, so they went to bed early.

Next morning while Julia was sitting in the garden she saw Honora French coming up the avenue in a great hurry. Now Honora was a great friend of Julia's.

"Are you coming to see us?" she cried. "I am so glad."

"Well, I was," said Honora, but I am in trouble and I must hurry back. I wonder if you could help me?"

"What can I do?" said Julia.

"We are giving the school children their annual entertainment. It was to take place tonight. They have been looking for it and now it is knocked to pieces. Mr. Fry, our entertainer, has telegraphed that he 'could not come as he sprained his ankle. The milk is ordered and everything so we can't put it off until tomorrow.'"

"I can't do anything," said Julia, "but I have a cousin staying with us and maybe she can help you. Wait and I will go and get her."

Julia brought Shirley and introduced her to Honora. Honora told her troubles and asked if she could help her. Shirley said that she had some dancing costumes and Julia and her would take care of the program. Honora was glad and went away feeling better than when she came. Shirley carried on the play that night very well, and helped in other entertainments.

Shirley was a lovely girl and very loving. She attracted the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Cairns. Julia was getting jealous because she wasn't getting much attention from her father and mother. Julia did not like Shirley.

Shirley knew that Julia didn't like her so she decided to run away. Shirley got up early before anybody was up and caught a train. The train that she was on had a wreck. Mr. and Mrs. Cairns heard about her leaving so they thought she might have been on the train that got wrecked, and so was. Mr. and Mrs. Cairns were going to get Shirley but Julia would not let them go until she went with them. She said she would forgive Shirley. Shirley wasn't hurt very badly, and recovered fast. Julia got along nicely with Shirley after that and lived happily ever after.

LOVELLA HUFF.

MILDREN HUGHES,
1716 Bay St., Alameda.
(12 Years.)

THE LOST CHILD.

One day as I was walking along I saw a little house and as I was tired I thought I would rent them for a while. So I went in and it was so dark I could not see for a while and when I did I saw a little old woman lying on a bed.

At first it looked like a bundle of clothes. I said, "What is the matter?"

I had gone so far when she said, "Go into the cellar. My hus-

band is coming. If he sees you he will kill you!"

So I went down there and not too soon for he came tramping in. I thought he would come in here, but he did not. But he began talking to his wife. He said, "We have to go to New York. A detective is after us."

The lady said, "It is all your fault—you should not have stole that little boy."

The man said "Where is he now?"

She said, "He is down in the cellar."

The man said, "He is safe until I get some tickets and then we can take him and nobody will know of it."

And with that he went on his way. I was down in the cellar all the time and then I went up where the lady was and she said, "There is a little boy down the cellar. Take him before my husband comes. He will take him away." And with that she fell dead. So I went trembling down the cellar and got the little boy and carried him home. When I got home my mother put some nice clean clothes on him. And the next day we had company, a man and a lady. When they saw the little boy they said, "What a cute little fellow." I used to have a little boy like yours, but some one stole him when he was a baby."

"This is our little boy, we found him." And at that moment the lady noticed a little locket on his neck. The lady said, "That was on his neck when we lost him," and she opened it and there was a picture of a beautiful lady. She jumped away in surprise and after she got her breath she said, "You are my little boy!"

She took him in her lap and cried for joy at seeing her little boy again. MILDRED HUGHES.

"WISHBONE PIRATE."

1379 Hampel St., Oakland, Calif.
Two minutes—and the ball on the five yard line! Every football

fan, and most all pirates are football fans too—will feel the excitement of Frank's story. And sympathize with his hero!

WHO KNOWS?

Two minutes to go! What is to be the final score? He must play the part of the hero in order to deliver victory into the hands of Almer Rock. Barkster High is fighting desperately in order to stop the Almer boys from rushing over the winning touchdown, but they could scarcely hold the opposing side which was very desperate. Almer must win.

Third down! Three yards to go for a touchdown! The stands were frantic. The Almer Rock "was-to-be-hero" carried the ball. Every muscle was aware of the fact, every nerve tingled, because they knew that Almer Rock must go over as the score stood 30 to 0 in favor of their opponents. He followed his interference around the right end.

"Roberts!" almost shouted the professor, "put the next problem on the board, and explain it."

All the gridiron seemed to evaporate into the atmosphere.

"What?" muttered out Dick, slowly bringing himself to his senses, and in an odd comical voice of a man being awakened from a sound slumber.

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

"If you were to pay more attention in class instead of day dreaming you would be on the honor-roll once in a while."

"What is the problem?"

"Sir!"

"It is on page 101, the fifth, but you are too slow, Flays, you do it."

"Yes, sir," answered Flays promptly. "I will speak to Richard Roberts after class," the professor dryly added as he continued his writing. That period passed slowly for Dick.

In the evening, when he reached home, Dick related what had happened. His mother said nothing. His father said, "Well I'll tell you, son, what is the matter. That turkey dinner yesterday, my birthday, was a remembrance of my boyhood days when I ate too much did the very same thing."

He again turned to his paper with a grin on his face.

Maybe he meant it and maybe he didn't.

Who knows?

"WISHBONE PIRATE."

JACK BEATTY,
Hotel Hugson, Modesto, Calif.

A SNOW FIGHT.

"Hurrah, it's snowing," shouted John Hansen, as he looked out of the window.

"So it is," exclaimed his brother, Tom.

This was all going on at Lafayette Military Academy. John was a tall boy of twelve and Tom was tall, but broad.

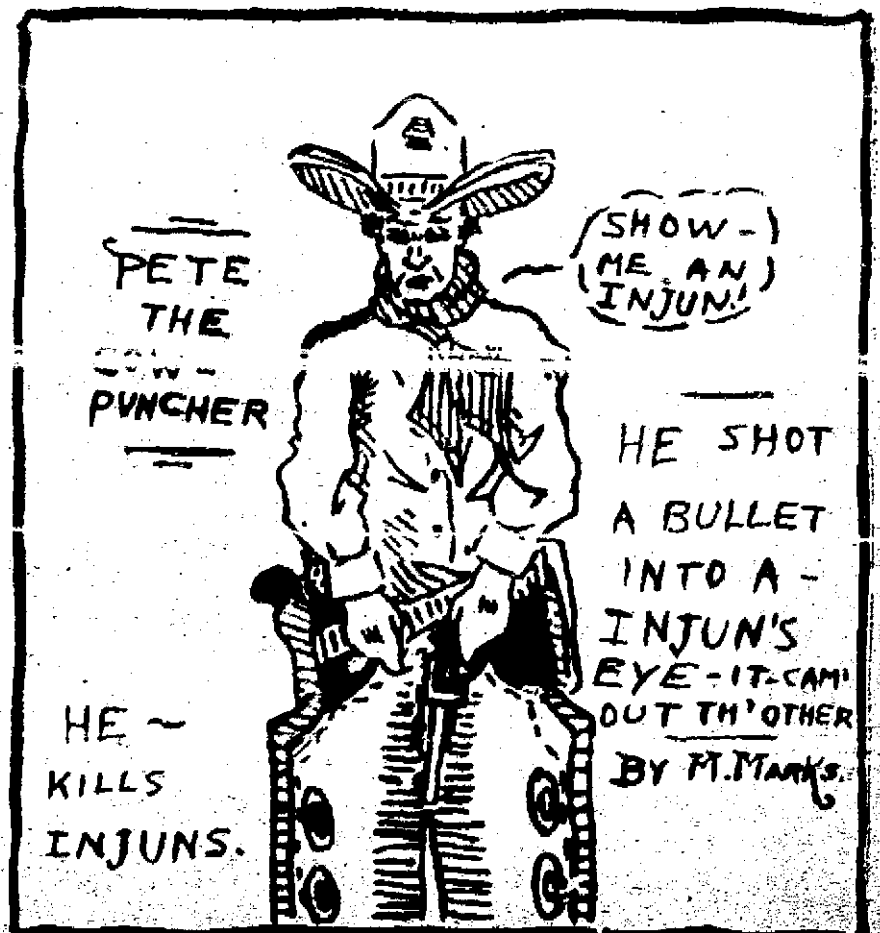
As soon as they were dressed they hastened downstairs to breakfast and when breakfast was over the two boys went to ask Captain Donaldson if they could have a snow fight.

"Why certainly," replied the Captain of the Academy.

Everyone fell to work to build a snow fort, and others made snowballs. The attacking party consisted of Tom, John Spud, Bill Albert, Hans and Sam. The others held the fort. The bugle for the attack was blown. The boys then rushed the fort. "Ouch!" cried Sam as he was hit in the eye with a snowball.

The attacking party broke through and captured the fort. "That was a perfect day," said Tom.

JACK BEATTY.





GLADYS DUNN
1337 Myrtle St., Oakland
3 Years

Babe and Bill (PRIZE STORY)

Billy and Babe were sister and brother. They lived in the country in a two-story house. Their father was a good man and their mother was a good lady. The children were also good. Babe was eleven years old and Billy was thirteen years old. Of course their mother was about 45 years old and their father was 50 years old.

I forgot to tell you that they rented the top of the two-story house. The people that rented this flat had one child and the girl's name was Hazel. Hazel was twelve years old.

One day Billy said, "If we went for a hike do you think mamma would care?"

Bill said, "Let's ask her." So Billy ran into the house. "Mamma," said Billy, "can we go on a hike in the hills?"

"And Hazel went into the flat she rented and asked her mother. Hazel's mother asked who she was going with. Hazel said "With Babe and Billy."

"What do you want for the lunch?"

"A couple of ham sandwiches and a couple of lettuce sandwiches and a pint of milk and a piece of home made cake, I guess that will be enough."

While Billy was down stairs asking his mother she said yes, and knew what to give them. Well, I guess you think they slept well but they never. Well, when morning came they got up at seven o'clock and were reading to waste time. Well at last a knock at the door was heard. Babe ran to open it and found Hazel ready to go.

"Come on Billy," said Babe as she kissed her mother.

"Now be home early," said her mother.

As the happy children walked down the road toward the hills after an hour of hiking they reached the hills about ten o'clock. And ate their lunch. While they were walking around they missed Babe. They hunted around a while and then heard someone cry. They ran to where they heard the sound.

Billy went down a trap door, and while Hazel was waiting for him to return a few men walked by and saw her standing there. After a while she found herself in a shack. While she was getting over the ether they had given her she began to scream for help. They took her in a prison and threw her on the floor. She found herself on her bedroom floor!

Her mother asked her what the matter was and Hazel said, "I had the awfulest dream in the world."

Just then she heard a knock at the door and in came Babe and Billy to see how she felt, because she was sick. She said "I had a bad dream last night."

Babe said, "Tell us about it."

So when she had finished Babe and Billy went downstairs, and ate their dinner and went to bed. I forgot to ask them if they dreamt anything too.

GLADYS DUNN.

LEAH FOX

1225 First Ave., Oakland
The Girl That Was Repaid

As my story goes on there was a poor girl whose name was Ruth. Ruth did not have a father and her mother had disappeared when Ruth was a baby. One day as Ruth was walking along selling her matches she happened to see two men talking about robbing a bank. After a while Ruth happened to see them walk over to an old shack. When they reached the shack she saw six other men playing cards. The two men walked in and after them came Ruth.

Before Ruth could turn around the men had tied her with some ropes. The next morning she was to be killed.

Suddenly Ruth twined her arms around, and the rope broke in two. It was decayed. As quickly as Ruth could she ran to a policeman who had been standing near by, and told him all that had happened. The robbers were captured and taken to prison and Ruth received a reward of one thousand dollars.

Before my story ends I will tell you that Ruth was adopted by a lady who later Ruth found out was really her own mother. Her mother was captured by the robbers and little Ruth had saved her. So Ruth and her mother lived happily the rest of their lives.

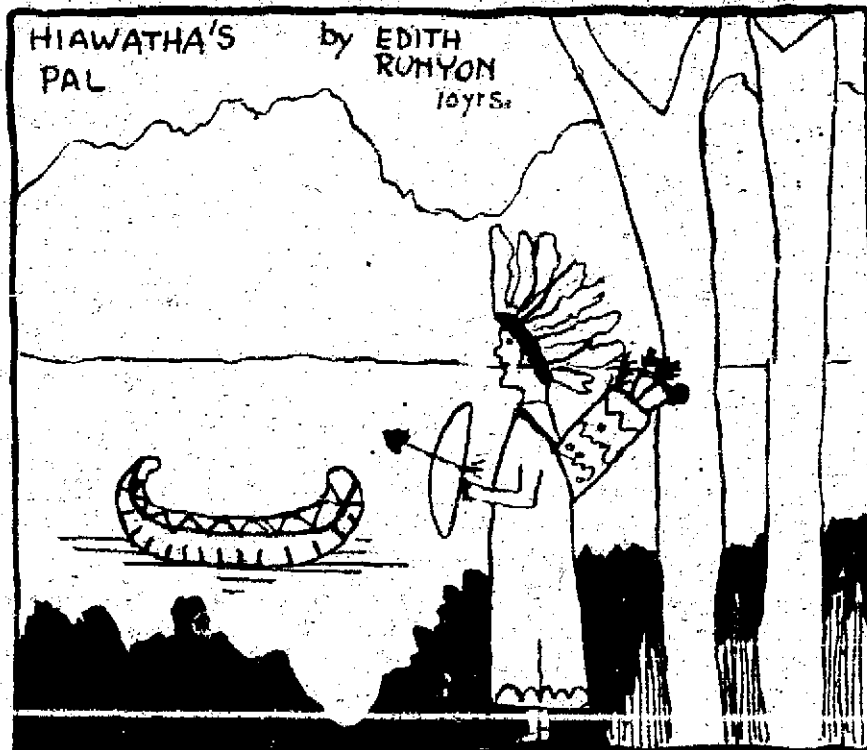
LEAH FOX.

MURIEL ADLER

708 Oak Street, Oakland
10 Years

The Beautiful Princess

There once lived in a castle a king and his daughter. His daughter was the most beautiful princess in the world. But the trouble was that the king always kept her locked up in a small room. She had pearls and jewelry and beautiful dresses and anything anyone

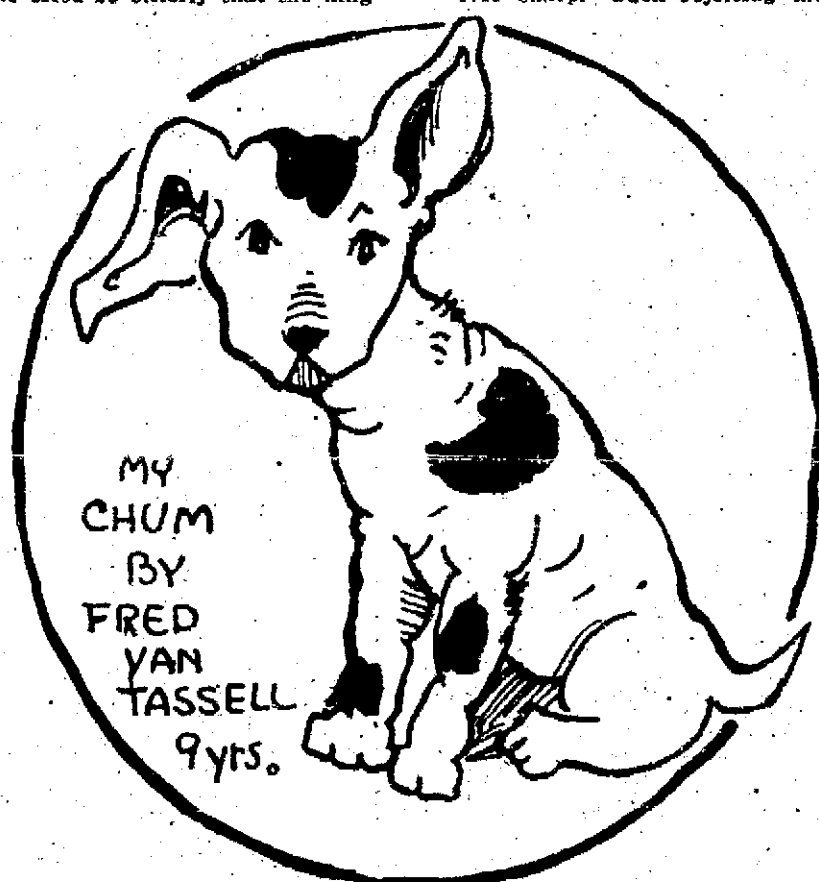


could mention. But still she was not happy.

One day the king went up to her room and asked her what she wanted to be happy. But she said she would be the happiest princess in the world if she could be free and not always be locked up. The king did not like this at first but she cried so bitterly that the king

sight, and she promised she would not. In a few months her father died. Now she cried but that did not do her any good for she was the only one in the castle besides her servants.

A month after her father died she gave a party and invited all her friends. The party started at 8:15 sharp. Such rejoicing there



felt sorry for her and told her that by the next day if she would do one thing, he asked her, she could be free. So the next day her father sent a servant up to get her.

The servant took her to where her father was. Her father gave her a bunch of keys and told her that when he died, if she would never let these keys out of her

was. They ate at twelve o'clock. But just as they were at the table the princess had to excuse herself. For she left the bunch of keys in the bedroom and just got there in time. For if those keys were out of her sight more than five minutes something would happen.

Well anyways the party lasted

to three or four o'clock in the morning. After the people went home they thanked the princess very much. A few days later the princess was looking out the window. Her necktie fell off her neck and that was one of her birthday presents her father gave her. Pretty soon a prince came trotting along on a horse and saw her crying. He asked her what was the matter and she told him her story. He looked around and found it in a bush.

She thanked him kindly and invited him to supper the next night. They became good friends and in a couple of months they were married. They lived very happy and had everything they wanted. They also lived to a good old age.

MURIEL ADLER.

JANETTE SHORT

Calistoga, Calif., P. O. Box 343.

THE SPRING SONG.

The jay and the robin red breasts are beautiful to see
And so is little Butterfly,
And busy Mr. Bee.

The birds from the trees are sing-

ing,
And the bees from the flowers do

buzz,
And little Mary is swinging.

And Susie is playing with Fuzz.

Now Fuzz is a little kitten,

Just a fuzzy little ball,
And his fuzz keeps him warm in

the winter,
And through the chilly fall.

JANETTE SHORT.

UNIS WILKES

5030 Carleton St., Berkeley

9 Years

Why Melvin Came Back to School

"I don't like school and I'm not going," cried a little boy one day, "because I don't like it a bit. Animals don't have to and neither will I."

So he ran far off in a big field of Mr. Ant's.

And there he saw a lot of little ants crying. "Why are you crying?" asked little Melvin. "Because we were in school learning to build an ant hill and we didn't do it right so we were punished."

So he went on till he came to some trees swaying and all the little leaves swaying too. Melvin asked "Why are you swaying?" And they said, "Because we are in school and learning to do it gracefully."

On and on went Melvin. Everybody was in school learning their lessons as they should and he should.

It was getting dark and Melvin went home and told his mother all he had seen. The next day when Melvin went back to school he learned his lessons thoroughly. And now he is a principal of a big school in Berkeley.

UNIS WILKES.

PEGGY HIRST

R 1 Box 452, Hayward, Calif.

(10 Years.)

THE PIES.

Mother is baking pies today
And we are all so happy and gay,
It might be pumpkin, it might be

cherry.
But either, we are all so merry.

Soon the pies will all be done,
Then hurrah, hurrah for the fun.

We are all so happy and gay,
For mother is baking pies today.

PEGGY HIRST.

MARY TAKESHITA

Sebastopol, Calif.

Dark Wood

Once upon a time, long, long ago, two little children lived alone in a dark woods. They were twins. Their names was Betty and Billy. They were very happy alone in the woods. Their mother and father died when they were very little and their grandmother took care of them. When the children were ten years old their grandmother died and so they were left alone.

One day they went for a walk. After an hour of walking they heard something behind them. They turned around and what do you think they saw? O—oh—OO—a big bear—so large it looked like a mountain to the children. Betty screamed, but Billy did not say anything, but ran and got a bunch of leaves and lighted it and put it in front of her. The bear burnt his nose so he growled and ran away. So the children ran home but they could not get in because a young man sat on the doorstep. He looked very handsome. He said, "Are you Betty and Billy Cullen?"

"Yes," Billy said, "we are, who are you may I ask?"

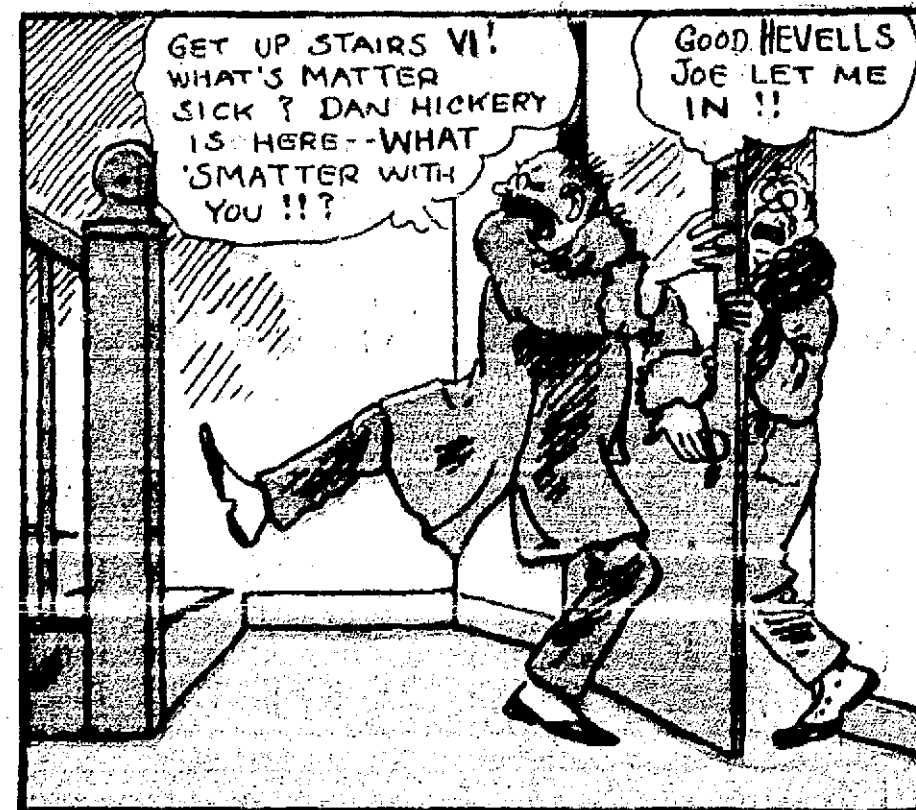
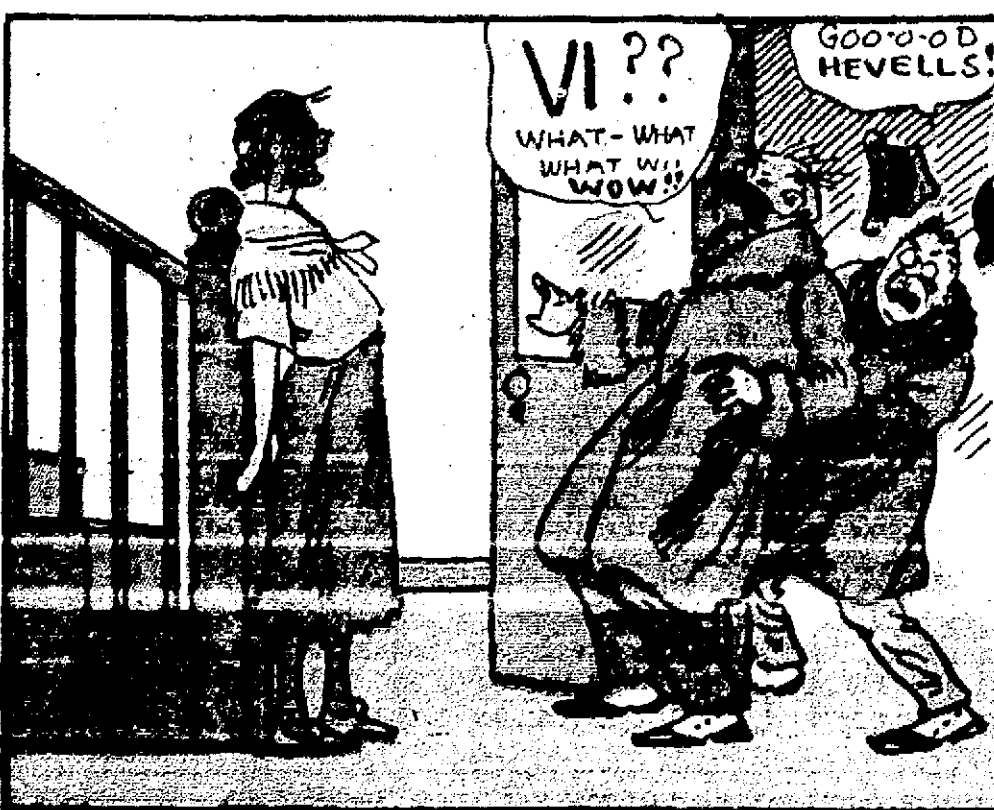
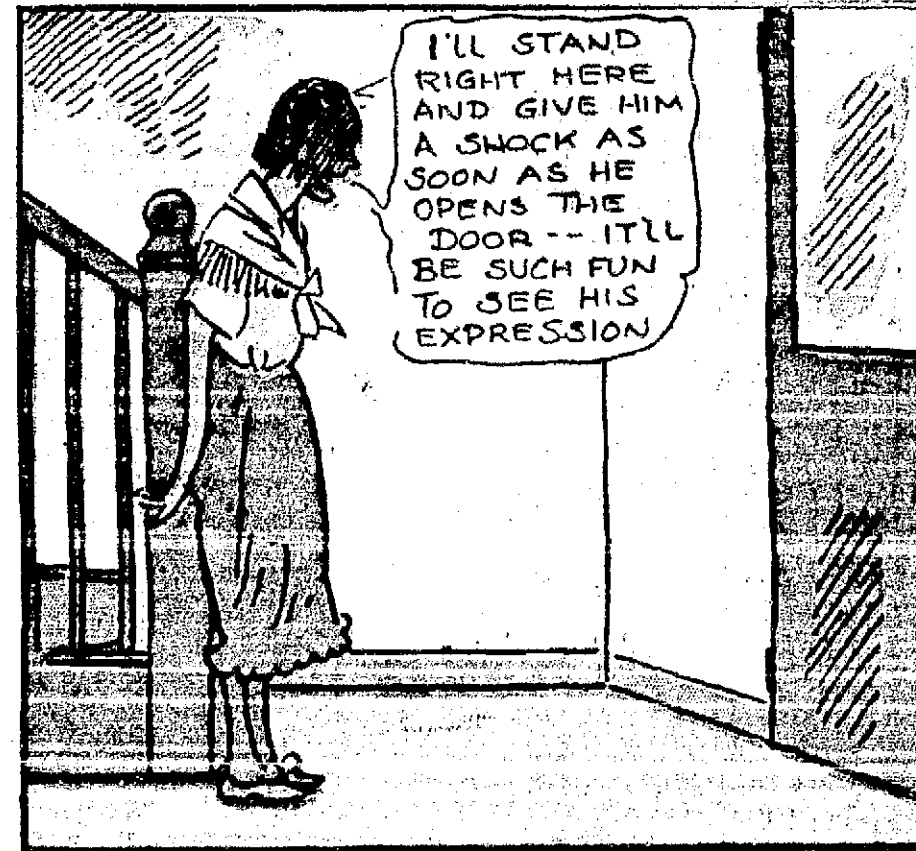
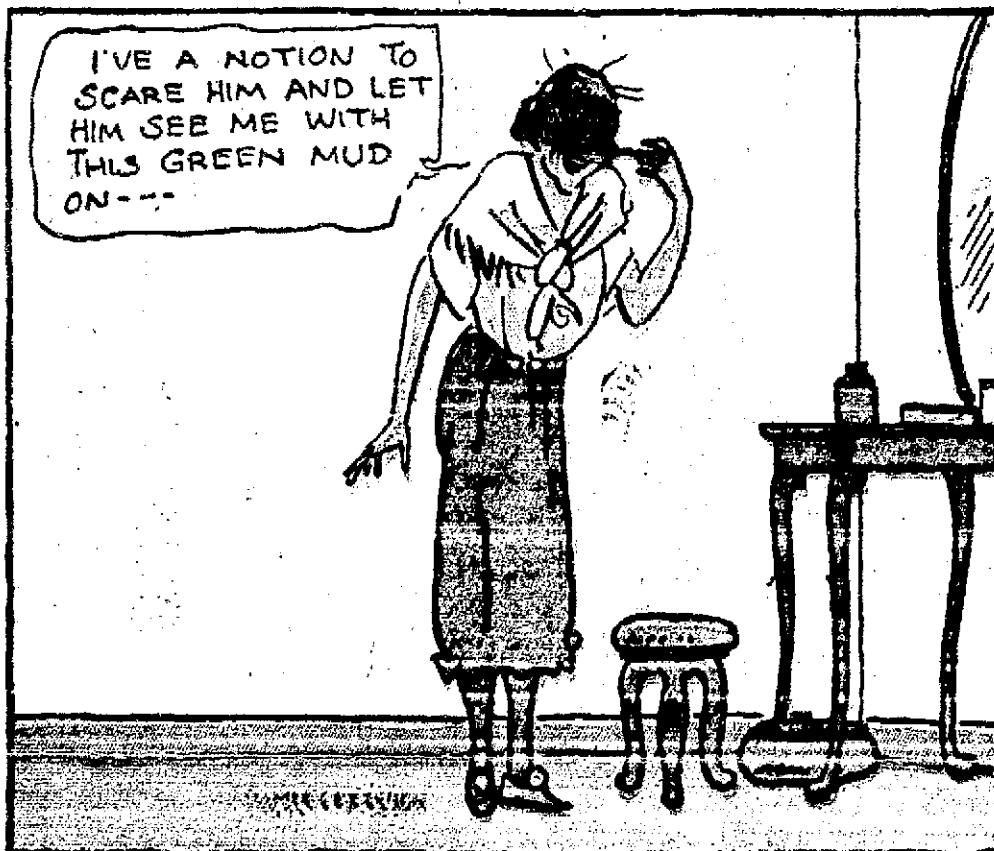
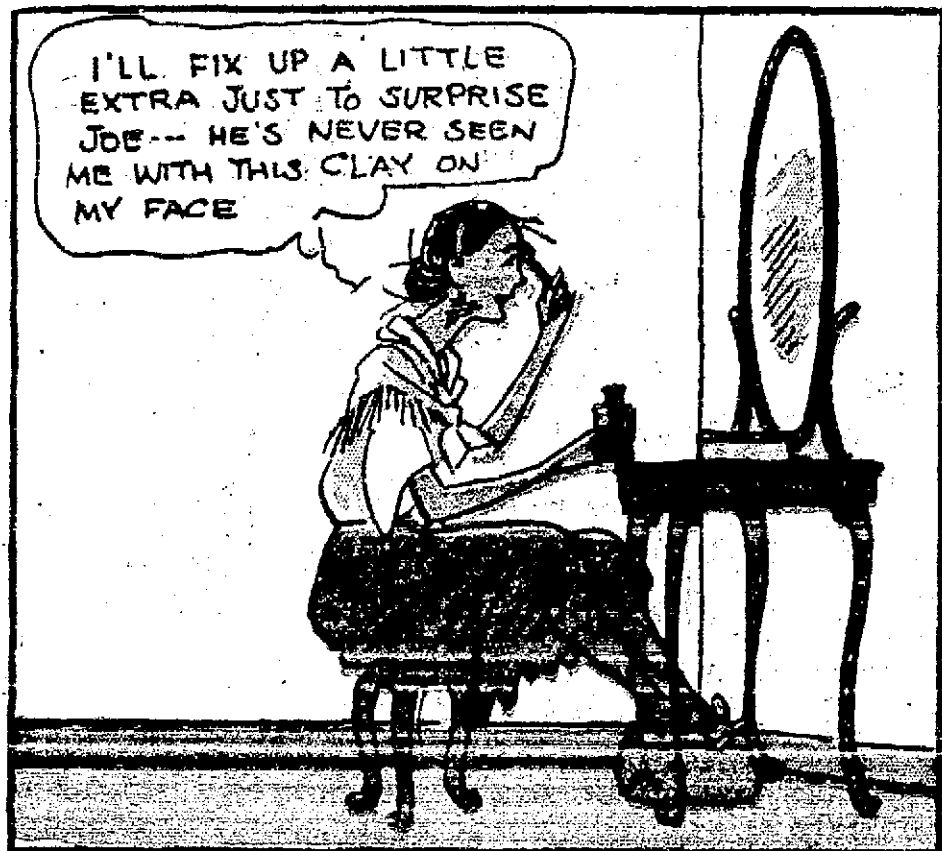
Then the man said, "I am your uncle from the city, to take you back." Then the two children ran to him, for they were getting tired of the dark woods, and the uncle told them about the city so they started off in his car. Billy and Betty went to school and are very happy. Some days when they lie in bed they think of their home in the woods.

MARY TAKESHITA.



Mr. and Mrs. -

By Briggs



SHE'S THROUGH TAKING CHANCES

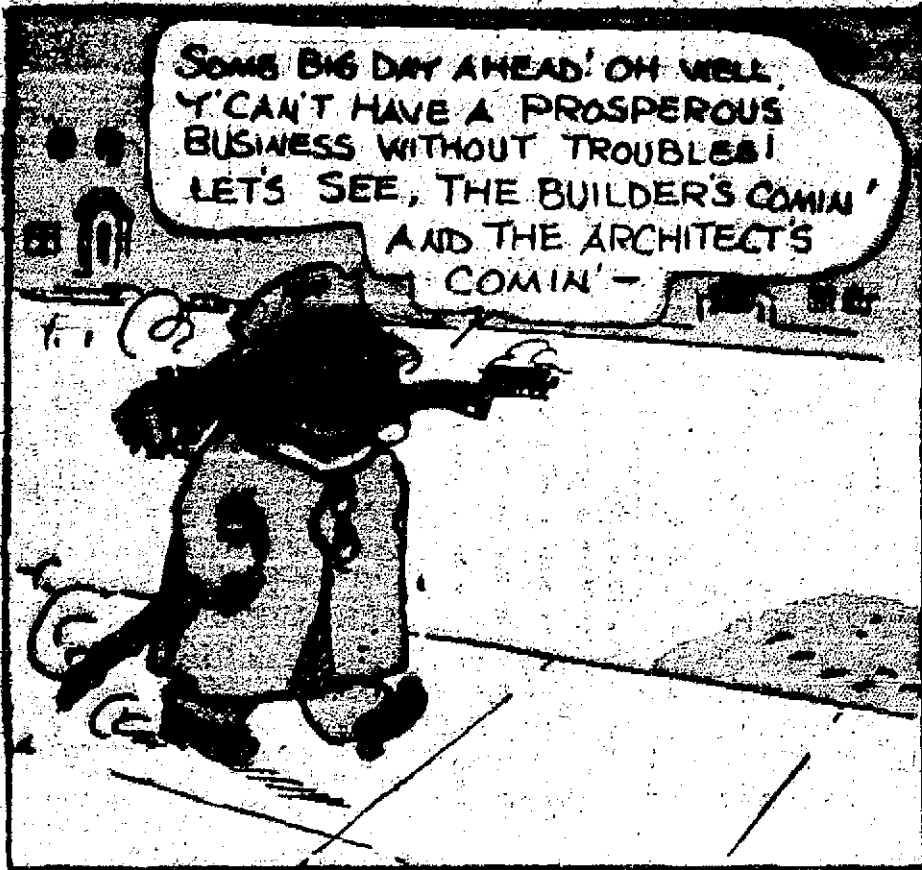
OH MY GOOD WORD!
AN' I WAS JUST GOING
TO PUT IN A BID FOR
A BIT MORE 'JACK'
IN MY PAY ENVELOPE!



SOMEBODY'S STENOGR

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

By A.E. Hayward





SAY, I HAVEN'T NUCED MEET! CHUCK ON MAIN STREET WITH THAT DOG OF HIS FOR SEVERAL DAYS - WHERE'S HE KEEPING HIMSELF!

HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL - AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THAT SAME INSECT OF A DOG - IF YOU KEEP IT MUM I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY!

MAIN STREET

BY GUS MAGER



UNDER ORDERS TO EXERCISE THE DOG, EN MEERK? HA! HA! YOU'RE THE TALK OF THE TOWN, PARADING THAT INSECT UP AND DOWN MAIN STREET!

WELL, IT'S NO-BODY'S BUSINESS BUT MY OWN!



AH, HERE COMES MY FRIEND MEEK AGAIN, WITH HIS MAN-EATER!

AW SHUT UP! IF YOU HAD A DOG WITH A PEDIGREE A MILE LONG YOU'D WANT TO SHOW HIM, TOO!



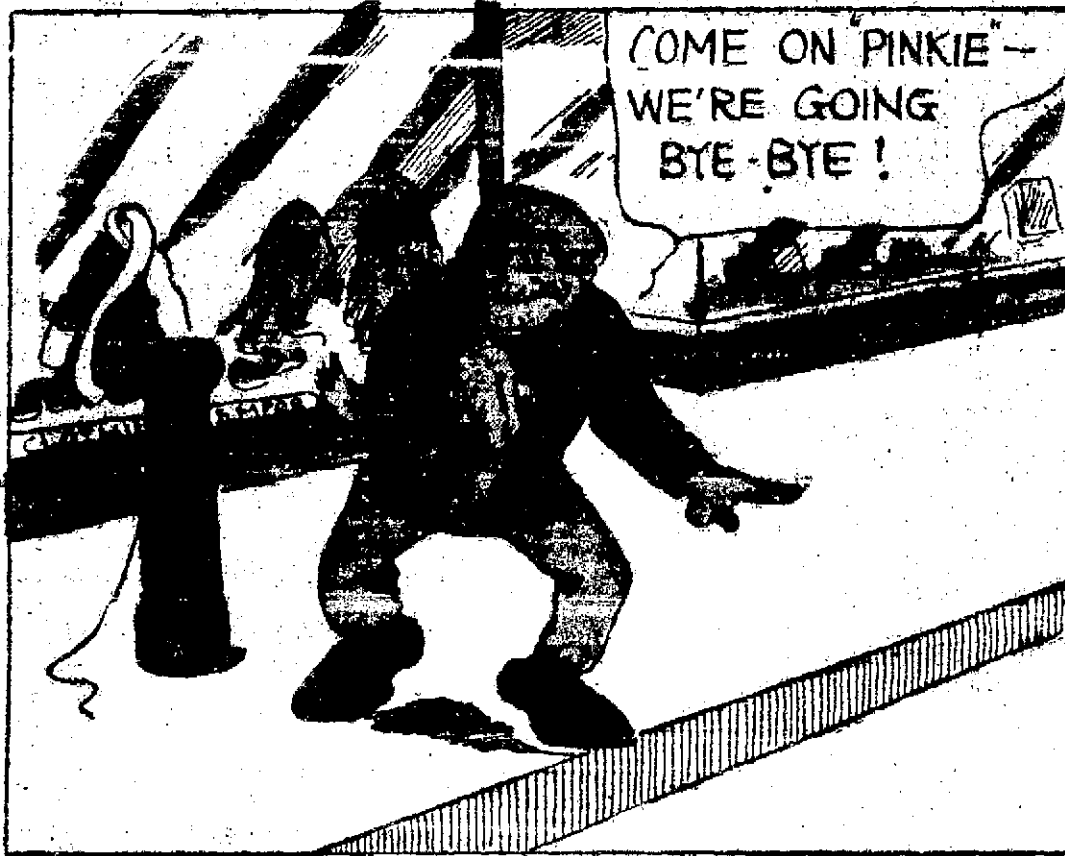
LISTEN BROTHER - WANT TO EARN A TENSPO? ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TAKE THIS PURP AWAY - NO, NOT NOW - MY WIFE'D KILL ME IF I CAME HOME AND SAID I'D LOST HIM - BUT THIS AFTERNOON, WHEN SHE COMES DOWN HERE TO SHOP ON MAIN STREET, SHE'LL THE HIM AS USUAL OUTSIDE THE DEPARTMENT STORE - WATCH YOUR CHANCE!

EASY MONEY!



THERE NOW - PINKY, BOY, WAIT OUTSIDE FOR MAMMA AS USUAL, LIKE A GOOD DOGGIE?

THERE'S MY MUTTON!



COME ON 'PINKIE' - WE'RE GOING BYE-BYE!

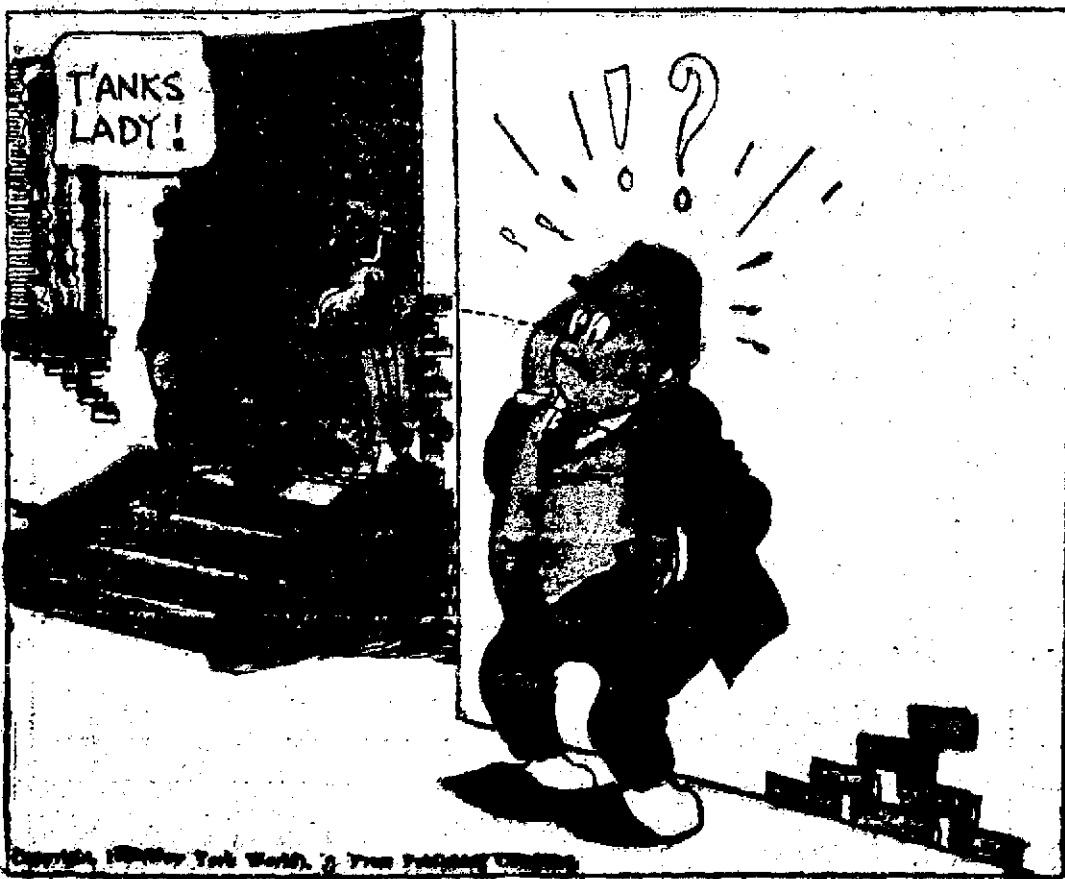


PINKY! GONE!



OH THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. PILLSBURY!

I'LL HANG IT IN MY WINDOW - EVERYBODY IN TOWN'LL SEE IT - YOU'LL GET PINKY BACK - DON'T WORRY MRS. MEEK!



TANKS LADY!



SO YOU'RE DOUBLE-CROSSING ME! YOU BROUGHT THAT CONFOUNDED DOG BACK, AFTER I PAID YOU TEN DOLLARS TO STEAL HIM!!!

HEY DIDN'T YOU SEE DE BIG REWARD OFFERED IN DE DRUG STORE BY YOUR MISSUS FER DE DOG'S RETOIN? I'M NO BOOB TO PASS UP ALL DAT EXTRY COIN!

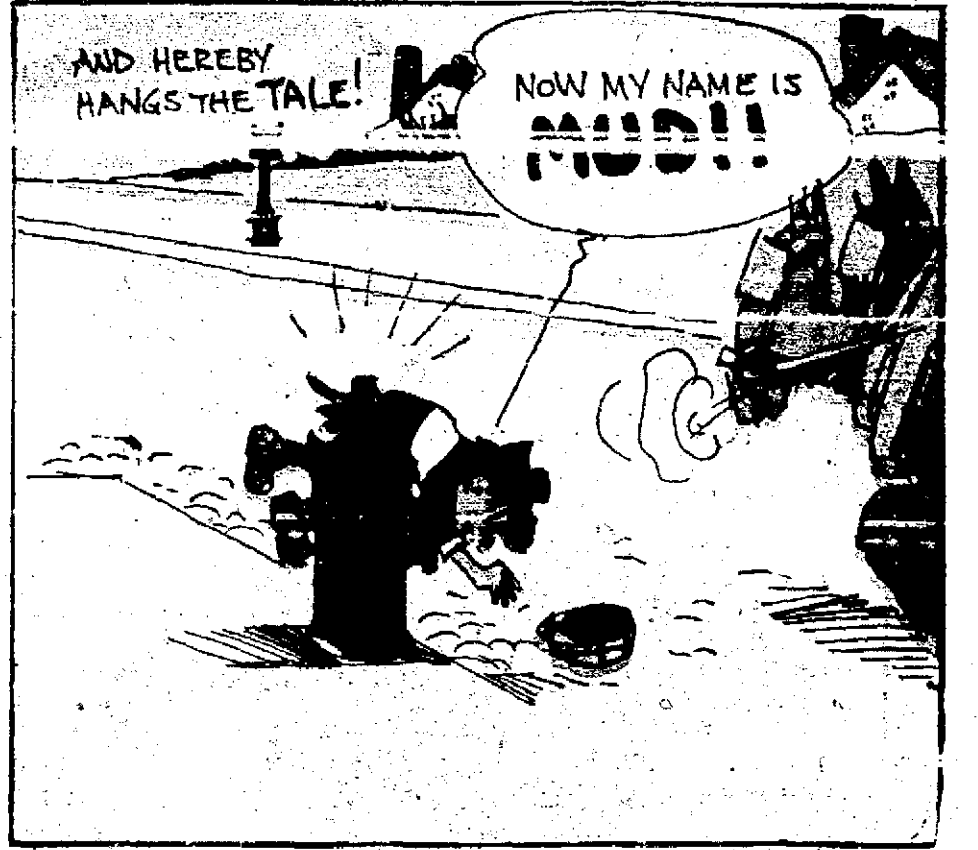
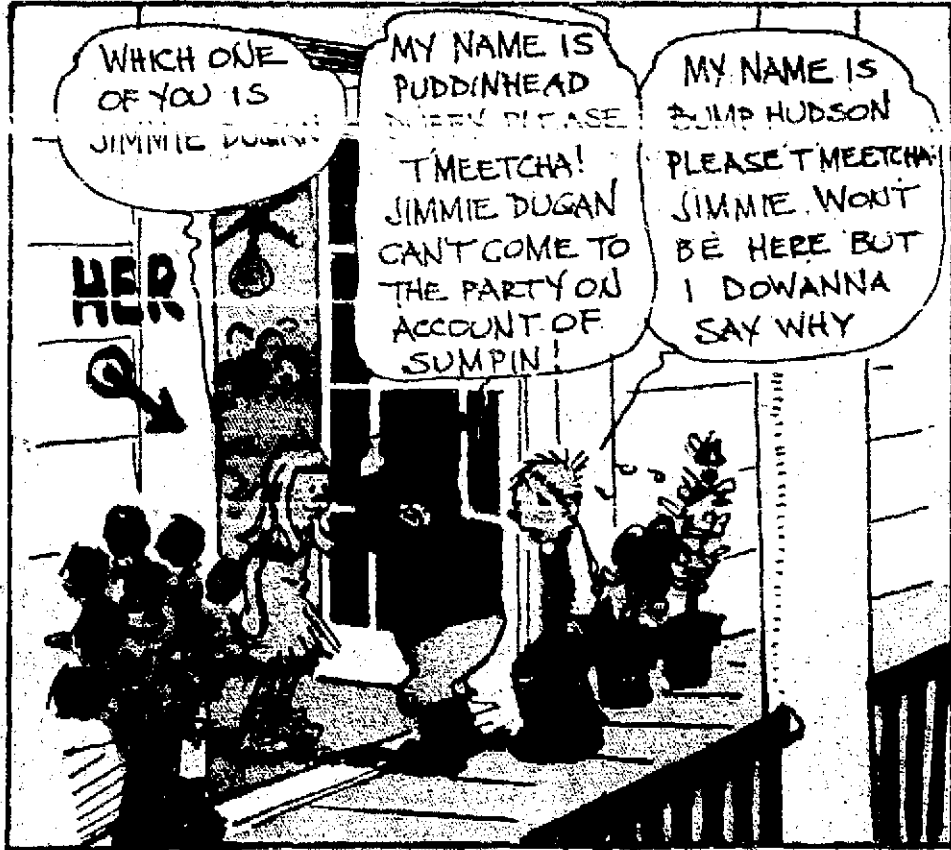
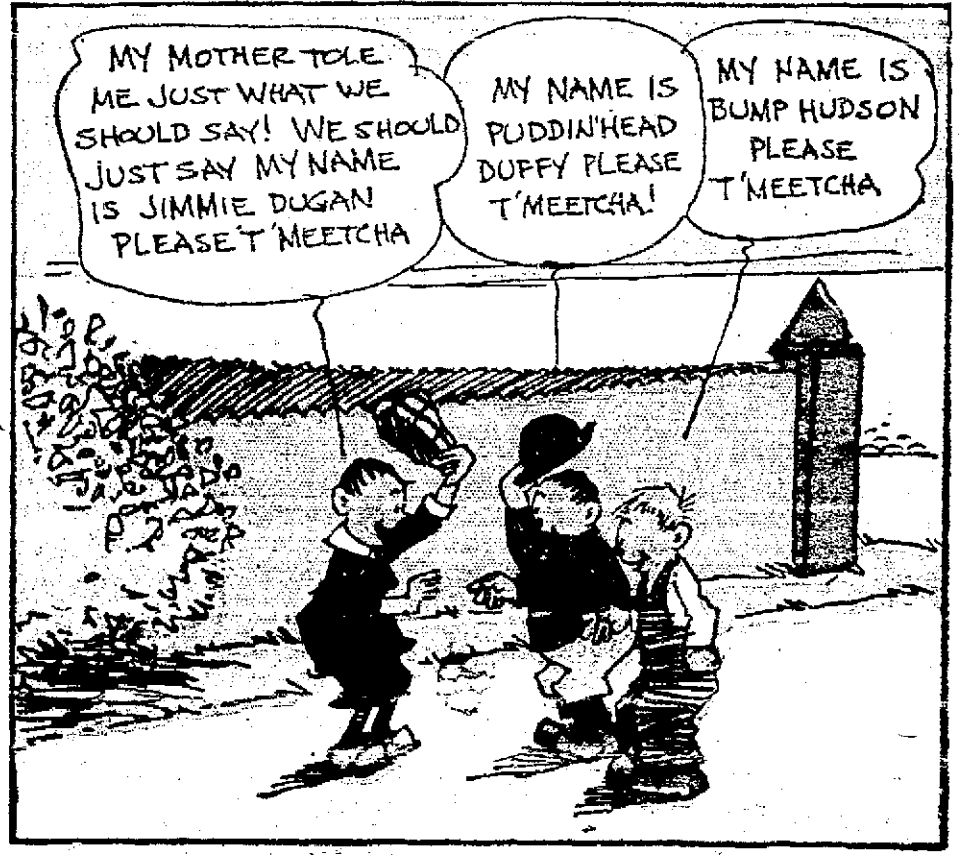
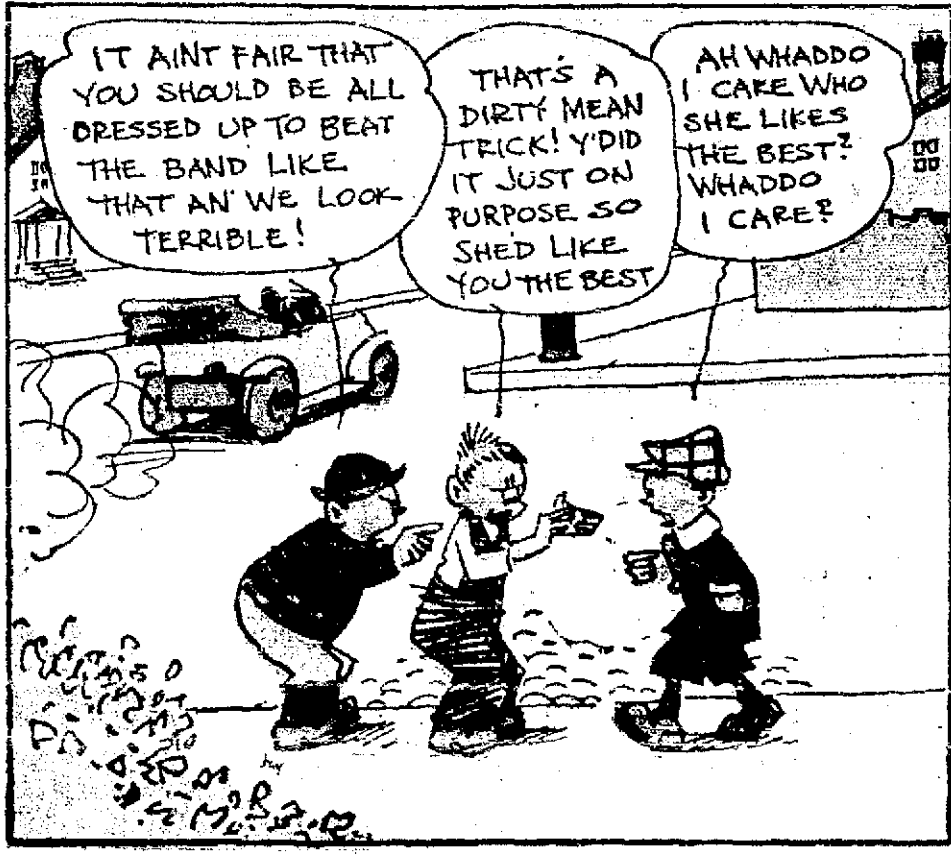
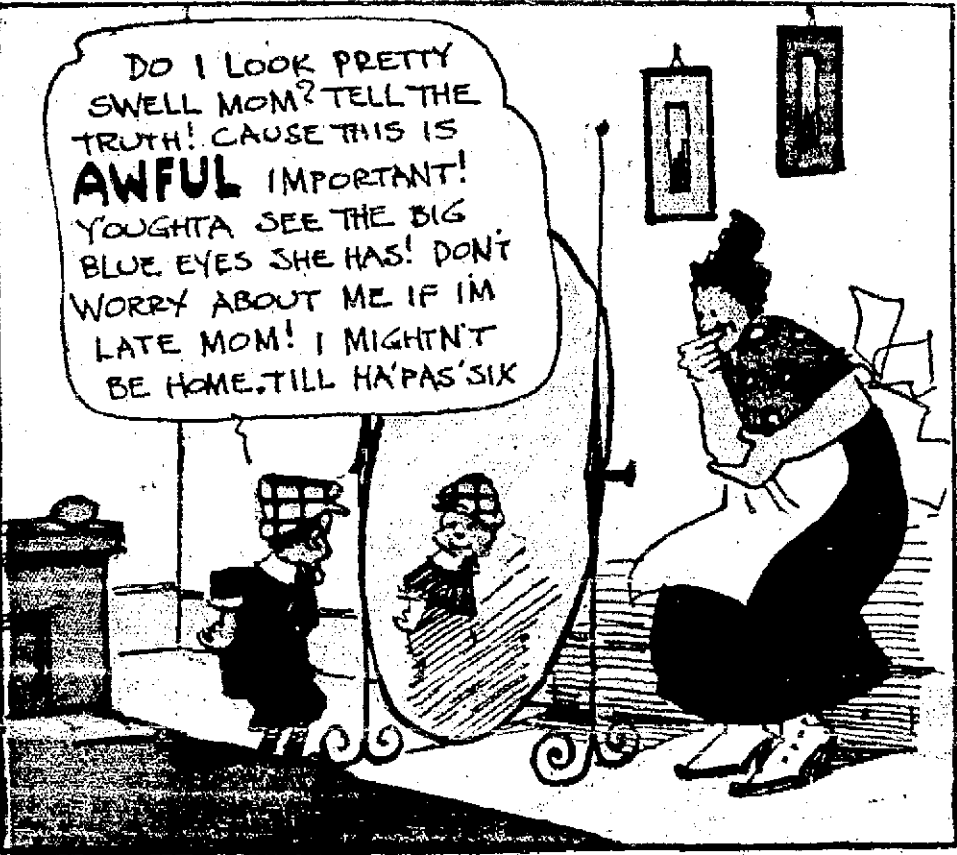
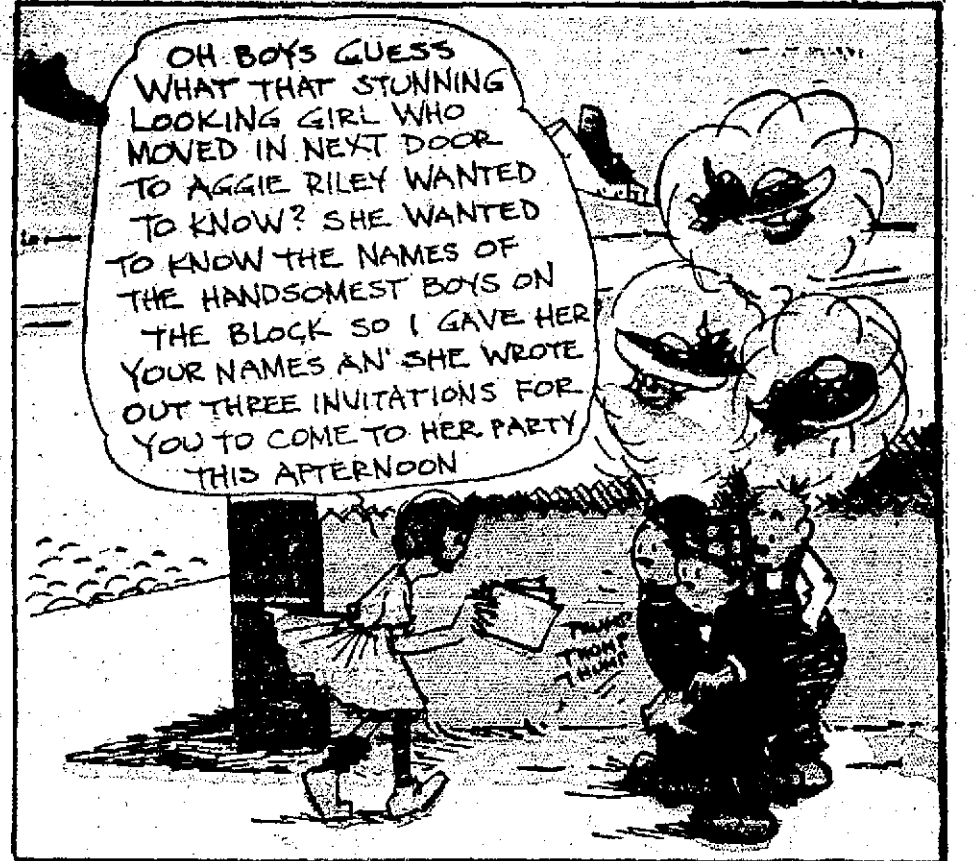
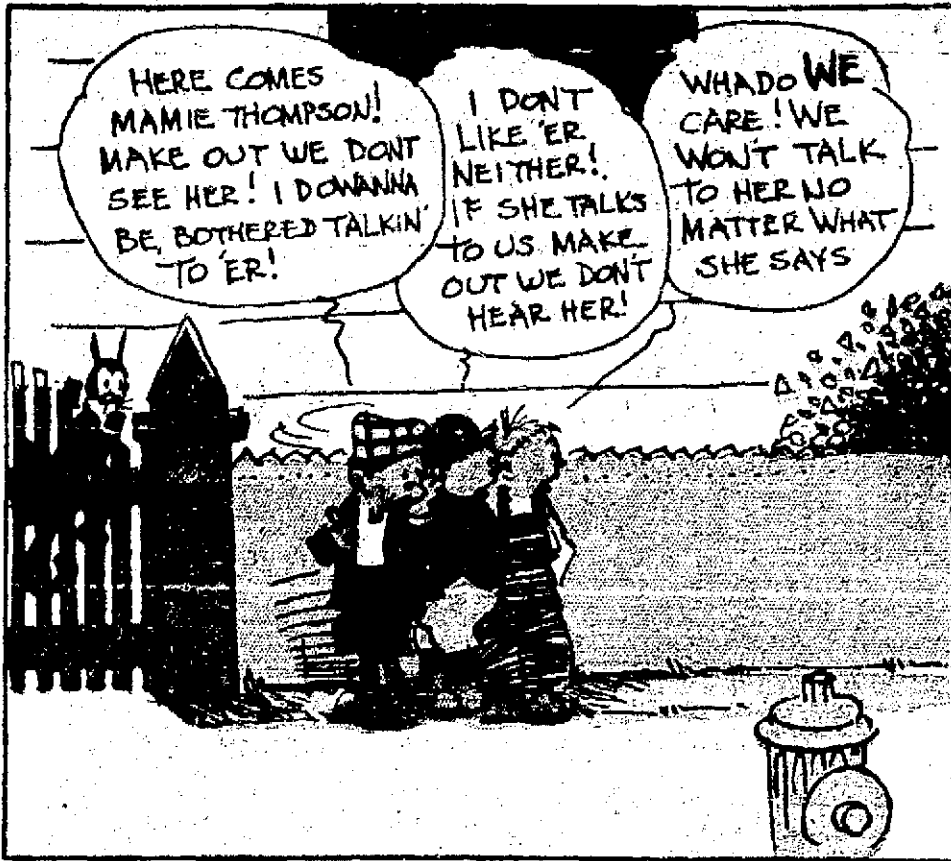


I HOPE I'LL GET WELL FIRST!!

Gus Mager

Regular Fellers

by Gene Byrnes



SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24.—I get a rumor of a projected organization for the municipal campaign on the lines that turned out so well for Friend Richardson in the gubernatorial campaign. It seems to be figured that a charge of extravagance in the city government and a strident demand for reduction of taxation would have an appeal that would give a movement on which it was based a show to succeed. No candidates are mentioned in this connection, but it is recognized that Supervisor McSheehy would come in for consideration. As it has been put, he is always "hollering." He charges wastefulness and incompetency upon those who are in the majority. He is regarded by at least fifteen of his conferees as a wild man of the woods who is given to uproaring, and the lobby is crowded with spectators at every session to enjoy the fun that ensues when he starts something. If he can be tamed and trained to moderate and coherent expression, a program arranged of specific allegations and a reasonable proposition made to correct whatever is alleged to be amiss, such a political project might get somewhere. Retrenchment and economy are potent political slogans nowadays. Political wisacres didn't give Friend Richardson a chance in the gubernatorial primaries, but we see how he came through!

McSheehy Scores

At last week's session of the Board of Supervisors McSheehy scored against odds. This resolution, introduced by Supervisor Scott, tells how: "Whereas, certain charges have been filed with the Grand Jury by different organizations of San Francisco on information furnished by Supervisor James B. McSheehy reflecting on the honesty and integrity of the members of the Board of Supervisors in connection with the sale of Hetch Hetchy bonds on August 1, 1921; and whereas, much publicity has been given the transaction in the columns of the press pending a hearing before the Grand Jury, thereby leaving doubt and suspicion on the public mind; therefore, be it resolved that the Grand Jury be requested to give the fullest hearing in this matter, so that a decision can be rendered to the people of San Francisco at the earliest possible moment." Supervisor McSheehy did not charge culpability in this matter, but that it was handled in a way that denoted incompetency. It is only one of the points of attack of the recalcitrant member, who stands almost alone in his habitual dissent from the things that are done.

Supervisor Morgan Branches Out

It had been known for some time that Walter N. Brunt, proprietor of a big print shop, had been dissatisfied with his manager's absence from her post—the said manager being Supervisor Margaret Mary Morgan, whose duties as a public official were being conscientiously attended to—and a denouement occurred on Thursday of last week when she purchased a print shop of her own, and thus discharged her boss. The sub rosa story is that the manager was receiving a salary and bonus on the business that she brought in, and that it was represented that as she was receiving \$200 a month from the city she ought to forego the bonus. Margaret Mary had been in charge of the Brunt shop for twenty years. That she has now purchased a shop of her own indicates that she is going to stay with the printing business, but that such public duties as may fall to her lot she is desirous of attending to without embarrassment from it. Supervisor Morgan's success in public life may have "looked easy," but undoubtedly it has been due to qualities of tact and business discretion. She may have had an idea at the outset of her official experience that some of the rough stuff of board sessions would be mitigated, but if it was not she was not ho-

part, though not failing to utter her opinion at psychological times. It is understood that several ladies, encouraged by what appears to have been her easy success in public life, contemplate running for supervisorships. It may be predicted that unless they have qualities akin to those of Supervisor Morgan, and similar experience in business affairs, they are not certain to come through with the considerable success that has characterized her two years on the municipal board.

Another Campaign Query

The sensational investigation by the Legislature as to campaign expenditures on measures up for decision at the late election has attracted attention in the municipal board. At last week's session Supervisor Hynes introduced a resolution reciting that whereas, it is notorious that a large amount of advertising propaganda work was done to promote the adoption of Charter Amendment No. 53, which provided a method for the purchase of the Market Street Railway system by the city, and it being desirable to know the sources from which the money was derived and the purposes

for which it was expended, therefore, resolved, that the mayor appoint a committee of three members of this board, authorized to send for persons and papers and to take testimony respecting contributions to the fund and expenditures therefrom, and also, if deemed expedient, to make a like investigation as to any other charter amendment. Just what this means isn't clear. It was evidently considered a good thing to head off, for some of the supervisors doubted the jurisdiction of the Board in the matter, and it was referred to the city attorney for an opinion on that point. It has been supposed that Amendment 53 was warmly supported by the city administration, and if the supposition is correct—it having been carried by a vote of 72,006 to 38,841—it looks something as though Supervisor Hynes is trying to smoke somebody out.

Concerning Voting Machines

There appears to be a general impression that voting machines were used in New York city at the last election. Secretary of State Jordan, in a letter to THE KNAVE, expressed that conviction; but it seems that this was erroneous. A commissioner is investigating the general matter of voting machines and reports to the attorney-general of New York that it is desirable that they be generally introduced throughout the state, and that the reason they were not used in New York city is that the machine that is most desirable—in fact, the only one that does the work—is a monopoly, and as soon as the use of voting machines is compelled by law, their cost is likely to become prohibitive. He suggests that laws be passed making it possible to condemn personal property for public use, when voting machines could be acquired in the same way that eminent domain is now acquired for public use. It seems that all voting machine patents have been acquired by one concern, which is able to control the situation. New York's embarrassment is undoubtedly that which will confront other states when they come to consider the use of voting machines, as there is general signs of their doing.

Is McCallum to Go?

The commercial element of the city, and especially the shipping men, are interesting themselves in behalf of President McCallum of the Harbor Board, who they fear is to walk the political plank. He is an appointee of former Governor Stephens and a personal friend, and of course did all within his power for the Governor at the primaries. What the commercial interests and the shipping men take account of is that he is one of them, interested in business on the city front, and in better position to manage harbor affairs than a new man is likely to be—in fact, has demonstrated his superiority over some previous holders of that responsible position during the years that he has been at the head of the Harbor Board. It is pretty well understood, however, that there is to be a change. The San Francisco Harbor department with its six hundred employees and ramifying connections is a powerful political rampart, and Governor Richardson is said to hold the belief that the fusillade from behind it against him was particularly severe in the primary fight. However, no sign has been made as yet toward dismantling the hostile fortress.

Following a Bank's Example

Frank C. Drew, so well known that it is not necessary to do more in the way of introduction than pronounce his name, is emulating the policy of a well known bank. He has opened offices in Los Angeles, consisting of a suite of four rooms in the Bank of Italy building of that city, to be occupied by a competent staff. As soon as the government of Mexico is recognized by the United States, he will establish an office in the City of Mexico. In this venture he will be at the advantage of speaking Spanish fluently and of having personal acquaintance with President Obregon, and of others eminent in that country. In time he expects to open an office in Paris, his linguistic accomplishments including the French language and his legal learning embracing French corporation law and general jurisprudence. That many Californians reside in and love that country is held to justify such move. These branches will be managed from a master office in this city, of which he will be the head. The partnership which has existed for twenty five years between Nelson, Drew and at times others, has been dissolved, the separation even as to offices to take effect March 1.

The Insurance Commissioner

The proposal of the state administration to reduce the salary of the Insurance Commissioner from \$6000 to \$4000 per annum will not disturb the peace of mind of the incumbent, E. C. Cooper, who his friends tell me, rather delights in the work, and is only hoping that his appointment will be confirmed by the senate. Cooper, who is a resident of this city, was selected by Governor Stephens as one of the latter's last official acts. He succeeds Al McCabe, for many years leader of the Hiram

Johnson forces in California. Cooper had been Insurance Commissioner before. He was chosen by Governor James N. Gillett and served a year under that executive and three years under the Johnson regime. At that time the office paid only \$4,000 a year, so that is the amount Cooper has been accustomed to receive. The cost of living has gone up, but Cooper is not expected to resign if the stipend is cut down.

At Tanforan

Sportsmen are taking account of Rudolph Spreckels' statement regarding the opening of Tanforan and the plans under which racing is to be conducted there. Before the ban was put on racing California was hardly second to Kentucky in the sport of kings and the breeding of thoroughbreds. But the kibosh was so effectual that the extensive breeding farms were disestablished and racing on the coast confined to the furtive effort at Tijuana. Mr. Spreckels says the rejuvenation of Tanforan is expected to revive breeding, but that no betting is to be permitted on the contests there. The revival of breeding will of course depend upon the demand for racers, and that will depend upon the success of racing. The question then depends on whether people will pay to get into the inclosure just to see the horses go around. If they are not permitted to work up a thrill by having a bet down it is at least debatable whether they will flock to what may be called the denatured sport. Horse lovers have grown scarcer since racing was banned by law, and especially since the automobile displaced the horse in other ways. And it must be pure horse-lovers who attend races under the Tanforan plan.

Concerning Bank Clearings

Bank clearings always have been accepted as showing the volume of business and the inferential prosperity of cities, but a San Francisco banker now points out that such evidence may be erroneous. By way of illustration, he calls attention to the fact that the merging of the Cocker National Bank with the First National Bank, had it gone through, might have turned the balance in favor of Los Angeles in so far as bank clearings were concerned. It would have meant that these two immense banks would have become one and their checks would have been merged in one clearing house number. The result would have been that the entire amount of business done by one or the other of them in the past would have been lost so far as bank clearing figures are concerned. It seems that banks have been increasing in Southern California, and the municipalities near Los Angeles have been clearing through that city. Here, on the other hands, there have been several consolidations in the past few years and each time two of the big institutions join forces and the checks formerly interchanged between them are no longer put through the clearing house.

The McMullen Will Contest

A brief despatch appeared in the news columns hereabout headed, "Oakland Men Lose McMullen Will Contest." This doesn't state the case. John McMullen, head of the San Francisco Bridge Company and for years a contractor in harbor work on this coast and in the Philippines, died at Bridgeport, Connecticut, leaving a fortune approaching a million dollars in value, which was willed to Cornell University. A contest was brought by attorneys E. C. Drew and W. M. Nelson in behalf of Anna McMullen, a sister, James McMullen, Frank McMullen and John McMullen, of Alameda county, nephews, and Frank T. McMullen, nephew of Eugene, Oregon, Anna McMullen and John McMullen being confined in the Napa Insane Asylum. The contestants might have broken the will, as there was evidence of testator's unsoundness of mind at the time of executing it, but that would have brought up another will executed in 1919 and duly attested, in which he bequeathed his estate to the Nationalistic Press Society of London and the

which being sustained, those interested in this contest would have lost. A compromise was agreed upon by Cornell University and the contestants, and the validity of the will was sustained. McMullen was very well known about the bay, and amassed a fortune in a business which some who attempted it went broke at.

Villa the "Hero"

San Franciscans who are familiar with Mexican affairs—who were in that country or kept tab on events during its recent long period of anarchy—recognized the fact that Holbrook Blinn's play, "The Bad Man," is based on the career and doings of Pancho Villa. Numerous episodes in his career became common knowledge, especially to the Mexicans. Acts that appeared to be ruthless, mere savagery, at this distance were regarded closer up as chivalrous, and that tinge appears to have got into the play, and instead of an altogether bad man there is a character that passes in some minds for a "hero." As a matter of fact, there appeared to be very little about Villa that was admirable. However, a very interesting play has been evolved from the doings of the "bad

man," and if Villa has witnessed its rendition and recognizes that its genesis is in himself, he is justified in taking it complacently. Some time ago there was protest against creating "bad men" out of Mexican characters. It was coincident with protests against stage representations of other national characters in a manner that cast ridicule. The time-honored stage Jew, German, Irishman were protested as characters that made their race ridiculous. The Yankee, however, found no protestor, and so far as it appears may still be permitted on the stage. It is concluded this representation of Villa was not of that malign character that offends, hence it meets with no protest.

Symphony Changes

There is increased interest in symphony music in Eastern centers as well as in this city. This from an editorial in the New York Herald: "Conductors of symphony orchestras seem more than ever to be taking advantage of the liberty of action possible to them since they have been called prima donnas of the baton. Walter Damrosch has handed over his baton for the time being to Albert Coates, who made himself popular with the audiences of the Symphony society last year. New York's loss is the gain of the Western cities in which Mr. Damrosch is appearing with the local orchestras. Josef Stransky has taken the place lately vacated by Henry Hadley at the head of the Philharmonic Orchestra, which will have other conductors during the rest of the season. Some orchestras have carried the plan of changing conductors so far as to go through a season with a succession of guests in charge of their concerts. The changes to be noticed this winter in New York are chiefly for the purpose of supplying a fresh interest to the subscribers, who enjoy the filip of a new personality even in symphony music."

Has Been Vindicated

The Civic League of Improvement Clubs cuts a considerable figure in the politics and municipal legislation of San Francisco. As its title implies, it is composed of organizations in different sections of the city, formed to promote the neighborhood well-being. It is headed and directed by George Skaller. It has been hinted, and even charged, that the organization has been manipulated in behalf of some other than the general purposes for which its component parts were organized. Certain it is that it wields a power in political campaigns, and has gained the nervous regard of office-holders, especially of supervisors. When the disclosure of the legislative investigation showed that the league and Skaller together were beneficiaries of the water power campaign fund to the extent of \$6000 it seems to have been feared the consequences would be inimical to them, and it was deemed advisable to have a vindication. So a meeting of the board of governors was called, and these, together with lawyers, doctors, magnates, and people various, expressed themselves on the subject—to the general effect that Skaller was not "unethical" in accepting the honorarium of \$2000, nor the league culpable or in any way to be censured for accepting the \$4000 that came to it via Skaller. It therefore remains to be seen what figure this league will cut in the next election—for instance, when it comes to its usual course of gravely and formally considering the candidates which it shall recommend for support.

The Automobile Show

One of the remarkable features of the annual automobile show at the auditorium is the rapidity with which the numerous exhibits were assembled and the completeness of the whole when the short time schedule is taken into consideration. Indeed the speed with which the huge pavilion was transformed into a Chinese wonderland can hardly be realized. Friday at noon scarcely anything had been done and the floors and walls were practically bare. Less than twenty four hours later a miracle had been

self to lightning changes. I am told that the exhibitions here and in Oakland compare favorably with the New York show, which is one of the great events of the year there. Auto shows more and more are coming to be institutions. There are many who come from long distances to attend them. This year there were an enormous number of purchases and in addition, the salesmen obtained "prospects" from visitors which could not possibly have been obtained through any other medium. One of the leaders of the San Francisco Motor Car Dealers' Association, which sponsored the exhibition, declared that the number of those who visited the Auditorium without the remotest intention of buying cars, yet decided to purchase after viewing the display, surprised even the most optimistic champions of the industry.

Uptown Tenderloin Vanishes

The opening last week of a modern hotel on the site of the old Olympic Music Hall at Mason and Eddy streets marks the last step in the elimination of the up town tenderloin, which persisted despite the efforts of the police to eradicate it. More than six years ago District

Attorney Fickert closed the downtown tenderloin in the region bordering the Barbary Coast. Almost immediately conditions there changed. The district was really a part of the Oriental quarter, and the resorts vacated were immediately rented by Chinese for business and residential purposes. But the efforts of the authorities to clean up Mason and Taylor streets and the thoroughfares crossing them just north of Market street were not so successful. The West of Powell street Improvement Association waged a determined campaign to weed out undesirables from the district and proceeded to make it more attractive for legitimate business enterprises. The establishment recently of a branch of one of the largest cafeterias on Mason street, and now the opening of the new hotel, has brought the neighborhood finally out of its shady past.

Lenten Services

The time-honored services of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which for a quarter of a century have been held in the Merchants' Exchange at the noon hour during Lent, were begun this week. The list of clergymen invited to address the bankers, brokers and general business men has apparently been selected with great care, and perhaps with an eye to the avoidance of controversial questions. With the outbursts of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant of New York fresh in the minds of all, it may be that those whose duty it was to choose the speakers for these sessions determined that they should be strictly orthodox. Be that as it may, a glance at the list discloses the absence of any of the so-called sensationalists. On the other hand, in the number are bishops, priests and ministers of great prominence as teachers and preachers of the spiritual and pious school. While the services are under the auspices of an Episcopal church organization, the speakers are selected from all the denominations. Among those who have consented to deliver sermonettes are Archbishop Edward Hanna, Bishop Edward L. Parsons, Bishop William Hall Moreland, Dean Gresham, Rev. Clarence P. Woodman of Berkeley, Rev. W. R. H. Hodgkin of Berkeley and the Revs. E. F. Gee, Alexander Allen and Lapsley A. McAfee of Oakland.

Money Making Family

That the late Robert J. Tyson's estate has been appraised at \$586,557 will be read with interest by those who went to school with him and his brothers in Alameda. And that was not so long ago, as events are reckoned in retrospect. There was quite a family of Tysons, and they were what might be termed live wires. Robert was the youngest and he was by no means an old man at the time of his death. He began his business life in insurance, from which he graduated to the banking business. His brother James went into the lumber business with his uncle, Charles Nelson, and is now the head of the Charles Nelson Lumber Company, one of the biggest concerns in San Francisco, and he is one of the magnates in the city's commercial life. George is at the head of one of the leading insurance concerns of the city, having the general agency of companies that do an immense business on the Pacific Coast.

Then and Now

C. C. Robinson of New York, who has charge of Y. M. C. A. work among employed boys in the United States, was in this city recently. He made a number of addresses during his stay, one of the most interesting of which was delivered to a gathering of laundry owners in Berkeley. He held the interest of those in attendance by relating some of his own experiences. He stated that when he was a boy he worked for a time in a laundry, and called attention to the crude methods of washing in vogue in his day, comparing the devices used then with the modern and expensive machinery in operation now. He deplored the fact that in many parts of the East the relations of employers and workers had not kept pace with the

it was his mission to try to improve conditions among the employed.

William H. Thompson

Old-time theater-goers will readily remember William H. Thompson. He was one of those capable and conscientious actors who adorned any part assigned him—who was versed in stage craft through having learned it in the old, thorough way of experience. He was of that coterie which was the glory of the San Francisco stage in the final decades of the last century and the early years of this. After that famous organization disbanded he lingered here, having become attached to the city and enamored of the environment. After almost a lifetime on the legitimate stage he went into the movies, where he manifested the same conscientiousness in his work, exemplified in the fact that his death was due to pneumonia contracted while on "location work." He was 76 years of age. His widow is Isabel Irving, who will also be remembered as a star, though of later years she had not appeared before the footlights.

THE KNAVE.



Mary Pickford Abandons 'Faust'; Lasky-Zukor Split Is Hinted

By Myron Zobel.

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., Feb. 24.—With Mary Pickford deciding not to do "Faust" and Griffith writing to us to deny that he is coming to Hollywood, and Pola

and deciding to do "The Cheat," nighties scenes and all, we feel rather double-crossed all around. But then, prophesying what film stars will do is always a thankless job. Anyway, we are glad Mary Pickford is not going to do "Faust." We maintain we've said so all along. Mary herself said that whenever she allowed herself to be "overpersuaded" she usually found she was right and the others wrong. We saw the hand of Ernst Lubitsch in her decision to do "Faust," and we see Mary's hard-headed common sense in her final decision not to do it. Mary is a good showman, as well as one of the shrewdest producers and cleverest actresses in the business. We hope "Rosalie," about which we know less than nothing, except that it is a German play and was brought over by Lubitsch, who seems to have come with a whole bag of tricks, will be a super-Pickford vehicle. It is time Mary had such.

As for Griffith, the latest rumor is that he is negotiating for studios in New Orleans. We are sorry Hollywood will not have the Griffith plant here. He would complete the family circle most happily. Pola being temperamental, we are not surprised that her mind has again changed, and that "The Cheat" will be filmed after all, with the story she wanted to do. It is time Mary had such.

Valentino's film god-mother. It was written by Adolph Dennery, the author of "The Two Orphans." The script will be rewritten, so that the feminine

the close-ups, Antonio Moreno will play the male lead, formerly all fixed up for Valentino. All indications point to a magnificent production. Now that the unofficial news of the Pola Negri decision has been given, one can't help wondering just what took place on the secluded stage where Pola works, secure from prying eyes. Will Pola wear a bathrobe in the ocean scenes, where she is rescued by Jack Holt, as the aviator in "The Cheat"? Or has she decided to sacrifice her maidenly modesty, and, as the script demands, rise from the sea clad only in a thin wet nightie which sticks closely to the divine form? Surely 'tis a small concession to make to art, and surely Pola has nothing to conceal. And probably "Sharlie" won't be so shocked as Pola is said to have believed he would be at her broadcast display of her charms. Charlie isn't at all selfish.

All of which seems to point to a temporary adjustment of the numerous little rifts in the Lasky lute, as far as the incomparable Pola is concerned. By the way, Charlie does not seem to be in any hurry to announce his wedding date. Betting is said to be even on the Boulevard as to whether Charlie and Pola will really marry or not. Charlie has been engaged or reported engaged "many" times. Sitting on the top rung of the

(Continued on Page 3-W.)

From the Studio Lot

"Danger," the title of a film now being made, lived up to its name, for Bert Apling, playing the heavy, was seriously injured in a 50-foot fall in a covered wagon down an embankment on the upper mountain road in Griffith park, where the company was on location. An injured spine, broken ribs and severe contusions resulted for Apling.

Anne Luther is suing J. Frank White, motion picture producer, for \$100,000 damages for breach of contract. Anne alleges that White got her to invest \$15,000 in a film enterprise, that he contracted to star her and pay her a weekly salary of \$1500. Mr. White, she alleges, has never come through.

This is going after realism with a vengeance. "One-Armed" Jack Demond and Scott Turner, both famous faro-dealers, have been engaged to deal a wicked hand in a Goldwyn picture. Thus are the fruits of reform.

Constance Talmadge caused a riot of interest at the directors' ball at the Ambassador recently, when she appeared without stockings. On her bare ankles she wore diamond anklets. Her dress was of white brocade and silver trimmings, but few looked at the dress. Constance's ankles and slim bare calves received the most flattering attention. Claire Windsor, dressed in white and silver, looked like a snow queen.

Gloria Swanson, Incog, Disports On Stage and Gets Catcalls

Gloria Swanson in a madcap role is slightly unusual. But then—Gloria is versatile. We could have believed it of Viola Dana without blinking an eyelash, but Gloria! The truth is—or we have been grossly misled—formed by one of our secret agents—Gloria and Viola and an

small amount, of \$7000 in cash, and her statement that she was the wife of Lord Chamberlain of England. Separating the bunk from the real is such a difficult job that Hollywood frequently takes the bluffers with the biggest bundle of their own make.

Gloria Swanson is said to be in need of a man of peculiar type as leading man in "Bluebird's Eighth Wife." He must look old enough to have been married eight times, and yet young enough and fascinating enough to please the film fans. That's easy. Why not put Kid McCoy in the role? He would give it convincingly, and has an extra marriage to throw in for good measure.

Hollywood is so trusting. Mrs.

Rosie Chamberlain, with many aliases, has been arrested on a charge of a San Angelo man, who claims she married him and then decamped with his Liberty bonds, cash and jewelry. She is said to have thrilled Hollywood with her generosity, her lavish display of jewels, her casual dress, and her statement that she was the wife of Lord Chamberlain of England. Separating the bunk from the real is such a difficult job that Hollywood frequently takes the bluffers with the biggest bundle of their own make.

A new skin game has been worked successfully on Ettore Cavallieri, Italian tenor, who has been in this country only thirteen months. He arrived at Lasky's studios with a beautifully engraved contract, for which he had paid \$500 in New York, to a man he had met on the train, and which called for Signor Cavallieri's services at \$30 a day. It was signed V. W. M. Solenis, manager, and A. D. S. V. Relloni, secretary. Charles Eylon, general manager, explained as gently as possible that the Italian had been tricked, but promised him a little work as an extra.

Play Pointers

Herbert Rawlinson says he just can't stand any more of this notoriety over his alleged affair with Dorothy Clark, the dancer, who is suing him through her mother for \$100,000, and admits that he is anxious to settle out of court. He is just sick of the publicity.

Anna Q. Nilson has just been married to John M. Gunnerson, business man of Los Angeles. Anna Q. is one of the busiest actresses in pictures, probably because she can really act. She has just finished "The Rattle of Silk," starring Betty Compson, and is now working in "The Spoilers" at Goldwyn's.

Doris May, one of the many temporary stars who have been reduced to taking secondary roles so that the pleasant pastime of eating may be continued has been signed to play opposite of William Farnum, one of the hardy perennials of the screen and stage. But even hardy perennials do not last forever. This is Farnum's last picture for Fox. Then what?

Bebe Daniels has practically recovered from her operation for appendicitis and breathes a sigh of relief at the news that Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis are married. "Now they'll quit saying a suit engaged to be married," Bebe said, reclining in her invalid's chair. She further states that she is not engaged to anybody, or married.

One Pretty Girl Causes Havoc Even on Blase Hollywood

By Anne Austin

A man who claims to have psychic powers said the other day that we did not enjoy a certain picture, for he could see what was in the director's mind as he looked at the star, and it wasn't nice. It's that horrible idea of a certain picture that was released within the next three months, and is now in the making. He will probably feel very badly. For one little extra girl caused so much trouble the company almost had to quit work. She had never worked in pictures before, but she was so pretty that the director gave her a screen test, saw that she filmed well, had a growing personality, and that she fitted a certain small part which was waiting for a type. He gave her the part, and it looked as if the girl was all set for a real career in the movies. But the girl was cursed with a long tongue that wagged at both ends. And she had sex appeal. Put the two together and combustion is certain. The star—an Irish boy—fell for her beauty and her very real charms, and soon became the center of a perfect whirlpool of gossip, recriminations, petty warfare and worse. Before long the star wasn't speaking to the director (which made it awkward) and the star's leading lady wasn't speaking to anybody. And the star found himself roped in for nightly parties, from which he went to work with a throbbing head and bleary eyes.

Finally the director decided he had a stomachful, and fired the extra. But even then, it was found that the lot again he would have her put off. Besides the expense of retaking the scenes in which the extra had already taken part, the company

was the loser to the extent of a lot of time, poor acting, and much grief. And the extra spoiled a very promising career for herself, as well as made a mess of the picture.

Theda Bara wrote many of the sub-titles for "Driven" incongruous as the statement may seem. Her husband, Charles Brabin, recited it, and New York critics say it's almost a rival of "Tala" David.

This tickled our risibilities somehow: "Contradicting the previous announcement, the Jane Novak, will be seen in photoplay based on 'The Road to Agnes,' the Chester Bennet star will shortly begin work on a picture tentatively titled 'Divorcee.'"

We will soon have a chance to ask Mabel Normand just what she means by that platinum wedding ring on her finger, while she displayed on landing in New York after an European tour. Mabel stuttered "yes" and "no" both when asked if she was really married, and one of the Hollywood friends who was kind as to wonder whether Mabel had been slipped something stronger than ginger ale when she reached the three-mile line. "That interview," Mabel said, "was like Mabel Normand. I said those things because I was not herself." The story was not herself.



FRANKLIN

"The Beautiful and Damned" has been awaited by moving picture patrons for the past two years, since the sale of 20,000,000 novels caused a sensation throughout the country. The Franklin theater now offers this superb romance for a 7-day engagement. Marie Prevost handles the role of Gloria and is piquant and captivating in her delineation of the modern flapper. Assisting her are Kenneth Brien, Tully Marshall, Harry Myers, Louise Fazenda, Cleo Ridgeway, Clarence Burton and Walter. A wonderful cast of screen favorites. It is a superb production, boasting of a superior cast of players. As for the story and its author nothing can be said but high praise.

Charles Forsyth and his Intimate Symphony will offer two concerts, at 7 and 9:15, in addition to a surrounding show of comedy and novelty.

CHIMES

For today and tomorrow, Monday, February 26, the Chimes theater offers Wallace Reid in "Thirty Days." The tale is a farcical one, of a chap whose intentions are always misunderstood and who upon one occasion goes to jail for thirty days in order to escape the consequences of one of his acts. It is a picture built for laughs and thrills, with a perfect cast. Pathe News and a comedy round out this special feature. On February 27 and 28, Clara Kimball Young will be seen in "Enter Madam," another brilliant feature.

NEW BROADWAY

TODAY AND TOMORROW
TOM MIX
in
"For Big Stakes"
"WHITE and YELLOW"
A Jack London Short Story
"FALSE ALARM"
Educational Comedy

STATE

BROADWAY
DIRECTION ACKERMAN & HARRIS
SUNDAY, MONDAY AND TUESDAY
Rex Beach's Romance "FAIR LADY"
Also Super-Talented
And Livingston's Symphonic Band.

Pantages

EXTRAORDINARY ENGAGEMENT
LILLIAN BURKHART
The Distinguished American Comedienne.
Also the Sensational Film Success
"THE GHOST PATROL"
Final Price.

FRANKLIN

NOW PLAYING
"The Beautiful and Damned"
Screen Star's Life in Hollywood
By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ED Booth Tarkington's

"The FLIRT"

CHIMES

TODAY AND TOMORROW
WALLACE REID in
"THIRTY DAYS"
Pathe News - A Comedy
Coming soon, "DR. JACK"

NEW PIEDMONT

TODAY AND TOMORROW
Kate Douglas Wiggin's story
"TIMOTHY'S QUEST"
BUSTER KEATON in "COPS"
Continuous performance 2:00 to 11:00 today.

CHURCH

"The Golden Calf"
28 in Caste
7:30 Sunday Evening
NO ADMISSION CHARGE

ORPHEUM

"Marry Me," a diverting musical comedietta, will be the outstanding attraction, supported by many scarcely lesser numbers, on the week's new bill at the Oakland Orpheum, beginning with the matinee today. "Marry Me" was written around Guy Feyer and Velma Hinkle, and both these well known musical comedy stars are seen to advantage. Another outstanding feature will be Milt Collins, "The Art Classic," introducing their 3-year-old son, Jack, the youngest performer on the vaudeville stage. A miniature farce, "Thanksgiving," will be the offering of William Carr, Olive Francis and James Dare. "Birdseed," something new in light entertainment, will be the offering of Frank Davis and Adele Barnell. "Perjury," featuring William Farnum, is said to be the strongest play in which Farnum has appeared. Its plot is well constructed, its action swift and its emotional crises gripping and fascinating.

NEW BROADWAY

Starting today, the New Broadway theater will show "For Big Stakes," starring Tim Mix. Tom and his remarkable pony, Tony, go through all the daring stunts that have made them both so well liked and remembered by screen enthusiasts. The story is one of rapid action from beginning to end, with threads of intense drama and vivid romance running through it. Everyone with red blood should find an abundance of good entertainment in this photoplay. If you like outdoor life and adventure, if you like romance, "For Big Stakes" will furnish them.

AUDITORIUM

Traveling in their own private railroad car and carrying a brass band and a carload of dazzling costumes and scenery, the famous Georgia Minstrels are headed for

AMERICAN

Cecil B. De Mille, moving picture master of massive themes and elaborate settings, has exceeded himself in his latest offering, "Adam's Rib," which heads the current bill at the American theater.

A typical De Mille cast, including a group of the most popular stars of filmdom, is seen in the production. Among these is Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson, Theodore Kosloff and Pauline Garon, a recent "find." De Mille has been working on this production since the completion of his "Manslaughter," and those who have seen his latest effort pronounce it superior to his previous work. Miss Garon has the leading feminine role and moves through her difficult characterization with distinct grace. The other principals are equally well cast.

T. and D.

Booth Tarkington's story, "The Flirt," was one of the most widely read books in the country, and its entertainment value is greatly enhanced by its presentation in screen form. It was made into a magnificent film by the Universal Pictures Corporation and is now playing at the T. & D. theater this week. The production was directed by Robert Henry, one of the most skillful craftsmen in pictures. New, artistic heights in photography were reached in "The Flirt," and the scenes of American life are said to make all those who watch the picture feel themselves a part of the story.

Larry Semon, in "The Counter Jumper," appears on the same program.

CENTURY

A story of contrasts and a picture of the Whiffles, starring Alice Calhoun, shown yesterday at the Oakland Century theater, in conjunction with Jack Russell and his company of thirty entertainers in their latest musical comedy revue, "I Will, Will You?" Russell plays the part of an ex-jockey who is secretary to a millionaire (Walter Spencer). While working in the millionaire's home he comes across the will of the rich man's uncle, in which his entire estate is given to a little servant

PANTAGES

Lillian - Burkhart, the distinguished American comedienne, will be the featured artist on the new bill that comes to Pantages Sunday, in conjunction with the feature film "The Ghost Patrol."

"Mother's Right Here" is the title of Mike Burkhart's latest comedy vehicle, said to be one of the most entertaining of her brilliant career. Thialer's Circus, featuring trained dogs, ponies and monkeys, will be added attraction. Other well known acts on the coming bill include Betty Lou Hart as the Gingham Girl, Katherine Appleton in a new program of musical numbers and Major Richard, the urbane violinist, who ranks among the foremost musicians of vaudeville.

"The Ghost Patrol," written by Sinclair Lewis, author of the famed novel "Arrowsmith," is one of the most unusual productions of filmdom.

NEW PIEDMONT

The New Piedmont theater presents for showing today and tomorrow a big four-unit combination program headed by Kate Douglas Wiggin's universally read and loved story, "Timothy's Quest," now

includes Gladys Leslie, Master Joe, one of the best parts which the

OAKLAND ORPHEUM

CONTINUOUS
Sat. and Sun.
1 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.

MATINEES
Mon., Tues., Wed.
Thur. Fri. 1 to 5 p.m.

NIGHTS
Mon., Tues., Wed.
Thur. Fri. 7 to 11 p.m.

6 Always Six Standard Orpheum Acts and a Feature Photoplay

PRICES PLUS TAX

MATINEES 22c
All Seats

NIGHTS 45c
All Seats
Children 15c
Any time with Tax

Smoking Permitted in the Balcony

GUY VOYER in "MARRY ME"
with VELMA HINKLE
A musical comedietta by Alan Brooks.
Lyrics and music by Sam Hearn. Production staged by George Chooch.

LUCAS and INEZ
Presenting "AN ART CLASSIC"
Introducing "The Slow Motion Camera"

Joe - Oliver - Ramond
Carle - Francis - Claire
in the Musical Farce
"Timothy's Quest"
By George Chooch

Milt Collins
The Speaker of the House

CRYSTAL BENNETT and CO.
The Athletic Girls

Frank DAVIS and Adele DARNELL
offering "Manslaughter"

WM. FARNUM in "PERJURY"
A photo drama of tremendous human interest.

Orchestra Concert | Organ Recital
TOPICS | TABLES | NEWS | COMEDY

OAKLAND AUDITORIUM 6 DAYS COM.

THIRTY THIRD SEASON

The Famous GEORGIA MINSTRELS

40-PEOPLE-40

Band and Orchestra

15 VAUDEVILLE ACTS

PRICES 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00
Wed. Mat., 25c and 50c plus tax
Sat. Mat., 25c, 50c and 75c, plus tax
Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

6 DAYS
Commencing March 6
Matinees Wed. and Sat.
Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

BAT

FULTON

"The Famous Mrs. Fair," in which every Miller, Blanche Bates and Ruth Chatterton record dramatic triumph, will be presented for the first time in this city this afternoon, at the Fulton theater, with Katherine Van Buren, Eleanor Parker and George Rand in the three feature roles supported by the entire Fulton company.

In addition to the three principal

AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY AFTERNOON 2:15
FIRST TIME HERE IN TUTTA

RUFFO

World's Greatest Italian Singer
YVONNE D'ARLE
Metropolitan Lyric Soprano
People's Gem
Orchestra
50 Musicians

Goodbye, Saturday
All for \$1.00, 92.00, 95.00 - over tax 10%
Special Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, 5c.
Mail orders with self-addressed stamped envelope sent at buyer's risk.
Add 10c if registry desired.

Manager FRANK W. HEALY

Includes Gladys Leslie, Master Joe, one of the best parts which the

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

Phelan

Former United States Senator's Book of "Travel and Comment" Shows Him Keen Observer With Wide Knowledge of World Affairs.

Former United States Senator James D. Phelan of San Francisco, who in 1921-22 made a tour of the world that covered a period of nine months, has given his impressions in a book just issued under the title of "Travel and Comment." As Senator Phelan is a keen observer and possesses a wide knowledge of international affairs, the work is of unusual interest.

Embarking from San Francisco, the author's first stop was in Hawaii, and, as might be expected, the Japanese question, with which Senator Phelan is most familiar, receives attention. "Hawaii," he declares, "was abandoned to the Japanese by the blundering policy of our government. How far the sugar planters may be responsible for this is another question. They wanted labor Finally the Japanese, beginning in 1885, were permitted to come, and now, by immigration and birth, compose about one-half the entire population of this American territory."

As Senator Phelan approached Japan a number of his fellow travelers expressed apprehension as to his personal safety in view of his private and official views on the question of Japanese immigration and California land ownership. He was treated most courteously, although a newspaper in Yokohama on his arrival announced in glaring headlines, "The great enemy of Japanese arrives and opens his mouth hatefully." The Senator declares that Japan cannot apparently produce enough food for her own people, so she must either restrict population or make something for exchange or overflow on her neighbors' territory.

In view of Senator Phelan's position in Democratic councils, his declarations concerning Philippine independence are somewhat insignificant and not entirely in harmony with former party platform declarations. Apparently he believes that twenty more years must elapse before the Philippines are ready or fitted for independence. "After more than twenty years, educationally and politically, wonders have been wrought," he comments, "and at the pace of progress established, another twenty years, when the fuller effect of education in the common generation may be observed, will more surely determine the ability of the Philippines to take care of themselves."

A visit was paid to China, the San Francisco landing at Canton, the seat of the new southern government. He directs attention to the fact that nearly all the California Chinese come directly from that province, particularly during the late seventies, when the steamship lines landed thousands in San Francisco, precipitating the agitation that finally resulted in the enactment by Congress of the Chinese Exclusion Act. The Chinese coolie is a changed man, according to Phelan, when he returns home from California. "I was told by a Cantonese that when a California coolie returns for a visit to his home folks, he puts on as much style as a 'Cool Oil Johnny,' and is treated accordingly. 'My' best man, after flooding him, taunt him with the cry, 'Kam Shan Ting,' which, translated, means 'Gold Mountain Easy Mark,' or 'boob,' because, he is known, California is styled by them the mountain of gold. The unfortunate returned Californian's woes have then only begun. If his home is in the interior, he is often waylaid by bandits who are on the lookout for such as he, and if he escapes them, a hoard of unimpeachable relatives appear and claim a part of his wealth. This sort of worship which brings him back has its disadvantages."

India, Italy, France, England and Germany were also included in the itinerary.

The book is entertaining and the author is most frank in his comments of men and events. It contains a large number of illustrations.

James D. Phelan: San Francisco, A. M. Robertson. Price \$4.00.

HAMLIN GARLAND TO VISIT THE PACIFIC COAST

Hamlin Garland, who has not visited the Pacific coast for more than thirty years, will tour California, Washington and Oregon with his daughter, Mary Isabel, during late March and early April. His most popular program, "Memories of the Middle Border," is a lecture based on the prize-winning books, "A Son of the Middle Border," and "A Daughter of the Middle Border." His daughter, the Mary Isabel of the latter book, will assist by reading, in the costume of her grandmother, the "Return of Richard Garland from the South in 1855," and in one of the gowns worn by her mother, Zulime Taft, in the nineties, reciting the "Fair-land of Childhood," from "A Daughter of the Middle Border."

The combination is unique on the platform, for it represents at once father and daughter, author and character, book and personality. Miss Garland, who has won distinction by her dramatic ability, who aids her father in his program, "Personal Reminiscences of Famous English Authors," by reading a group of verses from the poems of whom her father speaks. Miss Garland and her daughter will leave Los Angeles by way of El Paso on the 19th of April, and three days on the coast about three

HARVEY O'HIGGINS, author of "Some Distinguished Americans," who has been accorded high praise by British Reviewers.



Harvey O'Higgins

The February Bookman gives prominence to a review of Harvey O'Higgins' "Some Distinguished Americans," by Edward H. Rende. The reviewer is none other than Dr. Reede of Washington, one of the foremost psychiatrists of this country. A review of fiction by a doctor of medicine is rather unusual, but in this case is warranted by the undertones, or subliminal background of many of Mr. O'Higgins' stories.

In the course of the review Dr. Reede puts into print the first time some of his remarkable findings on the human mind and their relation to literature as a record of life. Those interested in literature will find not only an excellent review of a much-talked-of book, but a sort of concise handbook for the newer phase of American writers.

Dr. Reede says that O'Higgins would be the first to deny the application of an evangelist, yet what he presents is a gospel of character. "To him," writes Dr. Reede, "character is a kind of beauty. It is a sort of diamond for which the artist performs the task of detaching it from its matrix so that it stands out with light on all sides of the rhomb. Character to Mr. Higgins has a fiber nobility. He does not lose his admiration of the created end because it has been dragged through the mud of the living camp. He does not have to shut his eyes until it appears with the polish of the cabinet shop. And finally, he is saving to his reader, this is the stuff of life, it is only with this kind of material that any man can do anything. If you can mold beauty from it, it has been done; if you have not, it has not." The only true use of mind is to do what you do with the courage to bear the reward or penalty of clear-eyed choice. It is the only hope of escape from muddled sentimentalism and muddled naturalism.

"Modern psychology has proved that man has but one adequate outlet of energy against his environment."

There is only one fundamental purpose of the human being and that is action. Throw as many motives as you please into the hopper of impulse and yet only one can control the one way rails of action. Always the final act is a breath ahead of the wind of other impulses. Mr. O'Higgins is a psychologist of act. The gesture is supreme to him. Whatever communion goes on beneath the surface, the hand which lifts Ixchabur above the lake is a single hand and the weapon is single pointed.

"In 'Some Distinguished Americans' we have a series of struggles between character and reality. Character forms out of many warring impulses, attempts to make terms with a reality which has but one protocol—unconditional action—and in its attempt throws out by-products of fact and fancy. The products, the fruits of human life, become of value to society or do not, but are all that residues from the man living on the earth. The tragedy, if a tragedy is contained in these stories, is that society, which man unconsciously, through predetermination of nature, lives in and for, remains blind to the possible value of the several component parts—the energetic possibilities of its individuals.

"Genius is born, develops greatness through weakness, has heroic dreams, trickles puny acts, or reversely develops weakness through greatness, mutes poetically, and overturns empire. Only social

values remain, yet when does society attempt really to add a cubit to its stature.

"A certain unpremeditated greatness drips from the dead and gone husks of all the people of O'Higgins. It lies in not what they wished, but in what they did. Perhaps it is only here that greatness lies. Few of those dead and gone Americans whom we meet now call great, visioned this greatness as they looked back through the vistas of dead days. Like autumn leaves the path was strewn with dead grandeur and drifting trivialities."

"Man is the slave of his symbols, his responses are abetted before his symbol. By will power he who is not an inch nor the ten-thousandth part of an inch. But reverse his symbols, true up his perceptions and suddenly his prison doors fly open. And somewhat as if in a psychological laboratory Mr. O'Higgins, step by step, shows how the control of the symbol controls character. Pinch-hitting for intellect, Mr. O'Higgins suggests, the intelligent correction of perception desymbolizes the symbol, releases the instincts from infantile dyavys and introduces them to the joyous highroad of morality.

"This book is valuable to whoever is disposed to take heart from reviewing the trivialities of his own past, and a minute one of the old Second Reader aphorism that 'great acts from little acorns grow.' Those who still renew their youth through Napoleonic field glasses will find small blessing in it."

"Voice at Johnnywater," Latest by B. M. Bower

Another novel dealing with mystery, romance and the great outdoors has been put off the press. This time it is "The Voice at Johnnywater," by B. M. Bower, already famous for her cowboy yarns and her virile romance.

In "The Voice at Johnnywater," the story of Patricia Connolly and Guy Marshall is told in the

language of a movie actor, his fancies does not approve of his profession.

She purchases a ranch at Johnnywater and endeavors to get Marshall, the son of a cowboy, to migrate and marry her for her. He demurs but later for the West to see whether or not he can dispose of the property.

Once on the ground, however, he becomes immersed in the solution of a mystery which surrounds the place and the business of posing and donning grease paint for the detection of the movie fans is forgotten in the business at hand.

"The Voice at Johnnywater" has an engrossing plot, true western atmosphere and a series of fine novel types. It is no great contribution to the field of letters, but it makes jolly reading and serves to while away the passing hour in admirable fashion.

"The Voice at Johnnywater," by B. M. Bower: Boston, Little Brown Co. \$1.75

In a new book called Memories of Travel are recorded Lord Bryce's impressions of a visit to Iceland in 1872, to the mountains of Poland and of Hungary in 1878, to the Southern Pacific Islands in 1912, the Altai mountains in the following year, and to Palestine in 1914. The chapter most recently written is that on The Scenery of North America, under date of 1921. Memories of Travel is being published this week by Macmillan.

"Crime"

Study of Crime and Punishment is Presented by Clarence Darrow as Result of Long Experience in Criminal Courts.

When Nicholas Murray Butler, in a speech the other day, spoke of laws which make crimes of simple things, which make illegal today what was countenanced yesterday and will be accepted tomorrow, and deplored the effects of so many "verboten" in life, he spoke out of a chapter in Clarence Darrow's book, "Crime." This does not mean the college president arose from reading the Darrow book to deliver his speech, or that, in fact, he has read the volume. It does speak, though, for a growing realization that crime is not being cured by countless regulations and that there is need for a study of causes, a recognition of the mental limits of men.

It was not so many years ago when punishment for crime was an out-and-out matter of revenge. In fact, many of the punishments meted to men who are called criminals today are predicated on the revenge motive. Investigation of the conditions within certain prisons, an estimate of the sentences given when weighed against the offenses committed, and a taking into account of local conditions in industry and in race proportion, will bear this out. Society, often, punishes a man to be even with that man for the act he committed.

A newer idea was that punishment acts as a deterrent. If the one who transgresses the law is not made to suffer, this idea holds, others will offend with impunity. The reason so many of us are afraid of the law is because we are afraid of the punishment. This is a proposition more difficult in the proof and in the disproof. Darrow holds punishment does not deter men from crime and he reads from the record to substantiate his beliefs.

There is no attempt here to follow the Darrow argument through the pages of a book which must, at the outset, be classed as a remarkable contribution to the study of crime and criminals. It is not the book of a sentimentalist pleading for flowers and cake for every offender. Rather, it is the book of a man who has made it his business to look beneath the surface of things to gauge the acts of men by their natural capabilities and limitations. He looks upon the human animal as it lives in the present, considers its environment, the speed with which the more fortunately equipped progress and the handicaps that progress places upon those who cannot keep the pace.

Civilization has become exceedingly complex. Everyday life is hedged in by rules and laws which men have considered necessary. It is not going far afield in speculation to say that in the mass are many minds which have not been able to conceive the new order. Psychologists testify as to the average mental age, records in army tests prove the limits of the common man—the law assumes we are all alike in our capabilities of adjusting to rule, in assimilating the changed program, the new restrictions.

A few years ago men were punished for being witches. Every time a state legislature meets things which were legal become illegal and things which were illegal are made legal. The mass is supposed to take note. The people must follow the law.

The criminologist has always looked for the cause of crime in some other direction than in the inherent wickedness of the criminal. Only those who make and enforce the law believe that men commit crimes because they choose the wrong. Darrow believes biology and the allied sciences which are devoted to the unraveling of complex causes responsible for individual development will be able to solve the problem of crime and mental aberrations of man what it has already done for his physical diseases.

"As long as men collectively impose their will upon the individual units," he says, "they should control intelligence, kindness, tolerance and a large degree of sympathy and understanding. In considering the welfare of the public, the accused, his family and his friends should be included as a part. It need not be expected that all men's adjustments can ever be wiped out. Organization with its loose relationship of individual units implies conflict. Nevertheless, the effort should be to remove all possible impediment for the violent clashing of individuals and to minimize the severity of such conflicts as are inevitable."

"Crime," by Clarence Darrow: New York, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.50.

More than 655 different varieties of living germs have been collected by the American Museum of Natural History. The group comprises every well-defined bacterium known. Over 700 institutions have been supplied with cultures for study and experimental purposes.

"Challenge," Novel By V. Sackville-West

Intrigue, romance, fictional history, and political color are cleverly interwoven into a new novel "Challenge," by V. Sackville-West but at best it is dull reading, partly because of the descriptive dryness with which the author has adorned the tale and partly because of the wretched type with which the Doran company has printed it.

"Challenge" is a story of Julian Dovenant, an English lad whose family are quasi-rulers of a set of Greek Islands, his cousin Eve and Kato, a singer-patriot who is by far the strongest character in the book and would do justice to a much better literary effort. Around these three revolves the tide of historical battle.

The book is loosely constructed on the whole and is disappointing for Miss Sackville-West has done some far better things, notably "The Lord of Thundergate."

The work has been compared with Joseph Conrad's "Nostromo" which is certainly far-fetched enough to warrant a slight sneer.

"Challenge," by V. Sackville-West: New York: George H. Doran company, \$2.00.

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H. C. Capwell Co.

OAKLAND

Thundergate

Sidney Herschel Small of San Rafael Has Written One of the Season's Most Colorful Books, "The Lord of Thundergate."

"The Lord of Thundergate," by Sidney Herschel Small, is remarkable primarily for its wealth of local color—the locality in this case being Japan. It is evident that the author, who is now a resident of San Rafael, must have lived a good many years in the Nippon archipelago, for his story has a greater wealth of descriptive matter dealing with Japanese life, customs and superstitions, than is usually found in books written by westerners who have chosen Japan for their background and setting. This is the outstanding merit of the book—its evident correct interpretation of a state of mind, and a milieu that remain a closed book to most foreigners. The plot itself, while spellbinding and handled with remarkable deftness, is nothing new—the story of one man assuming another's identity, and carrying everything with a magnificent bluff, until he reaches the fulfillment of his heart's desire.

The story is that of Robert Wells, son of a missionary who, born in a small Japanese town, grows up amidst Japanese children of his own age until his outlook on life, love and moralities approaches that of the Orientals themselves. He becomes, outwardly at least, a materialistic philosopher, and an ultra-obedient son, and actually grows somewhat to resemble the slant-eyed race among whom fate has cast him. Then he is sent to college in America, and here it is seen that "au fond" he has retained the white man's directness and personality. Through circumstances he is returned to Japan, where he becomes the victim of a "frame-up" in which the love element enters largely, and in which a white man and several Japanese conspire against him. Losing faith entirely, he embarks on the downward path trodden by many white men who go to the "domination bow-wow" in the tropics, and winds up where the book opens, in the "Tan of the Paie Pearl," where "Ito, the pimple-faced host, his kimono opened at neck and pinned high above his knees to permit free motion, stood dealing out liquor from a little cask." Here, also, "huddled a ne-san, lowered bit by bit from tea-house to tea-house, from yoshiwara to this nest of wickedness." There is a fight, a wealthy young Japanese pitifully killed, circumstances pitchfork Wells into the place of the dead man, he meets a white girl, who has been reared in China as a Chinese girl, pride of race asserts itself on both sides, and eventually Wells and the girl come to America, regaining their heritage. A stirring story, and well told.

A brief paragraph is here quoted to indicate the "feel" which the author has of his subject:

"Every shop was decked with its best . . . clear to the gate of the temple, the Nippon. The drinking shops—the gyu-ya—filled and overflowed, patrons clamored at the panels for admittance . . . from the eating shops came the smell of bad sake and equally bad fish, the odor of cheap cigarettes. The huss of the bolting pan could be heard clearly in the streets, and the enticing slap of slabs of fish against the iron fry-pans. Maid servants, ugly of face and rusty of kimono, rushed into the street . . . pointing upward to the paper placards which hung above the shops and out into the streets, which read 'Honorable—successful fish here is! Come to honorably enjoy!'"

The book is well seasoned with many such descriptive bits of actual, everyday life as it is lived by teeming millions in hamlets and streets. The touches of Oriental mysticism and superstition are also well brought out.

Of particular interest to westerners is the chapter in which the author shows the little white boy listening to the stories of his native nurse, and of his adventures among the Japanese children among whom he has been brought up.

"The Lord of Thundergate," by Sidney Herschel Small: Indianapolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

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OAKLAND

READIN' AND WRITIN'

Pleasant Talks About Books and Authors EDITED BY GRANT OVERTON

TRY THIS BOOK THIS WEEK. Tumbleweeds by Hal G. Everts. Another rattling good Western story by Hal Everts—this time about the territory known as the Cherokee Strip. Published by Little, Brown & Company.

Or. Town and Gown, by Lynn Montross and Lois Seyster Montross. If you live in a midwestern college town, you can't afford to miss these stories of what goes on in the faculty and among the students. Published by George H. Doran Company.

Or. The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, by Burton J. Hendrick. More and more this is coming to be recognized as the extraordinary



SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL.

interesting picture of one of the greatest of recent Americans. The book is selling very heartily; everyone is certain to be talking about it. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company.

As They Were. John Galsworthy studied to be, and became, a full-fledged lawyer. John Drinkwater, author of Abraham Lincoln, was an insurance agent.

Mary Roberts Rinehart was a trained nurse. Irvin Cobb was a newspaper man in Paducah, Kentucky.

William McFee was, and is, an engineer on steam vessels. Harold Bell Wright, as probably you all know, was a clergyman.

Kathleen Norris, the oldest of a good-sized family left in poverty, was a shopgirl for a while and little mother into the bargain.

Our Rhyming Reviewers.

"If you want to read a novel, rich and rounded, polyhedral, Head for the nearest shop and grab Trench Walpole's The Cathedral."

"I'll say that for plain ennui I found an antitoxin. In tackling Gertrude Atherton's Ingenious Black Oxen."

"Huntingtower, Huntingtower, ho, ho, ho! This yarn of old John Buchan's ought to go, go, go!"

"The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page—Now there's a fine book for a skeptical age."

"I ate peas with my knife; a book was my savior. 'Twas Donald O. Stewart's Perfect Behavior."

PEN POINTS.

We have just heard a piece of news—

It is that Joseph Conrad is coming to this country in April to be the guest of F. N. Doubleday, head of Doubleday, Page & Company, Conrad's publishers.

This is a piece of real news. Conrad has never visited America. Here is one of the few admitted great living novelists writing in English—some would say, the greatest, with a bow to Thomas Hardy, who writes no more fiction.

America than in England; but Americans have never seen him. In truth, except for one or two trips to his native country, Poland (the Ukraine), during the last of which he got caught abroad by the opening of the Great War and got home only with much difficulty—with this exception, Conrad has stuck pretty close to home, to his little place in Kent, where big, solicitous Mrs. Conrad looks after him and where his two boys grew up. Conrad is 65, now, and in better health than some years ago. When he returned from the sea, just under 40, his health had been seriously impaired by fever contracted on a passage to the Congo river, in Africa.

In fact, he left the sea because his health made it necessary; and he became a novelist largely because he had quitted the sea and had to be doing something; although, of course, his first novel, "Almayer's Folly," was under construction while he was still a sailor. Those who have read somewhat of

Conrad's life will remember that the seamen did not, at first, take his novel too seriously. Or, rather, it would be more accurate to say that he had not much confidence in it as a novel.

His visit will be an event, although it is unlikely that he will be seen in public a great deal, or that he will be publicly heard. Conrad is not a public speaker but, on the contrary, a shy and modest personality. One of his close friends has related the extreme embarrassment in his first meeting with the author until, happily, he asked about the book Conrad was then engaged upon. In telling about that, Conrad's embarrassment completely wore off and the two parted feeling very well acquainted, each with the other.

It is undoubtedly true that many people cannot read Conrad. They find him obscure, hard to understand; they "don't see what he is driving at." But this is a matter of temperament and taste; and the existence of thousands of Conrad fans is all the evidence we need that he is readable, intelligible and admirable, if you will take the necessary pains. We know a man who could see nothing in Conrad until he read "Victory." Others have been "hit by 'Youth' or 'Lord Jim' or 'Typhoon.' But even the most enthusiastic Conrad-olater would advise against beginning him with 'Chance' or 'Nostromo.' However, even that has been tried and, given the right temperament and taste in the beginner, has "come off."

Already the year 1923 promises to be a big one in the world of books. There will be new novels by Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton-Porter and Kathleen Norris and Stewart Edward White. There will probably be a new novel by Edna Ferber. There will be new books by Tarkington, Kipling, Galsworthy, Conrad—to name a few headliners. Practically all of these are scheduled for next fall. Kipling's history of the Irish Guards is just about to be published now.

On the spring list of Alfred A. Knopf is a novel written by the late W. H. Hudson, "Ralph Hamo," and E. P. Dutton & Company will publish this spring another posthumous Hudson book, "A Hind in Richmond Park." These, apparently, are to be the last things we shall have from the pen of one of the most charming writers that has lived in our day. In looking over the Dutton spring list we have been interested by a novel, "The Late Matthew Pascal," translated from the Italian of Luigi (Louis) Pirandello. If this is anything like as clever as Pirandello's play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," it will be something not to be missed by your trusty old Penholder.

But the fortnightly contains, as well, a typically fine paper by the great naturalist, Fabre, on "The Aphid-Eaters" and Kenneth Grahame's paper on "Ideals"; the Nineteenth Century prints some investigations into the unimportant and therefore diverting subject of "Horace Walpole's Dogs" and—behold!—a "History and Mystery of the Mince Pie." This alone should be worth the price of a year's subscription. Blackwood's has a rich savor of Eastern spices, what with Al Khanar's "The White Ram" and J. D. P. Bland's "The Ivory Buddha." And our distinct impression is that the American magazines, even the ever-esteemed Atlantic Monthly, could do worse than imitate some features of these British monthlies. Ourselves, we are pretty well tired of the prettily girl cover and the snappy, manufactured, enamel-finish short story.

PEN HOLDER.

A Romance of San Francisco and Japan by Sidney Herschel Small of San Rafael.

The LORD of THUNDERGATE Sidney Herschel Small

A Japanese nobleman disappears. In his place comes a masquerader, a yellow man even to the eyes of his reluctant American bride.

All Bookstores \$2.00 Bobbs-Merrill

Train

Arthur Train Has Written Story of Family Founded on Piracy, "His Children's Children," One of the Delightful Books of Year.

Arthur Train, the only author extant who has been able to weave romance into Blackstone successfully, has written a new book that will meet with popular favor among all classes of readers. It is called "His Children's Children." The title is really not indicative of the character of the book. It might have been called more appropriately the fall of the house of Kayne because it is with the fall of this house founded on the sands of piracy and double-dealing with which the plot is concerned.

Rufus Kayne, pompous and sleek, but human none the less, is the son of an old railroad and stock pirate, Peter Kayne, now in his eighties, reformed and a Christian who takes pride in the fact that his own past has been forgotten in the rise of his son.

Just as it was written so many years ago that pride trips along before the inevitable fall, so is Rufus Kayne in the hey-day of his success to be cut down by a chain of circumstances as disconcerting as they are unexplainable.

As president of the Utopia Trust company, Kayne is in an enviable position. He takes advantage of this to do some financing for a motion picture concern. How these twentieth century pirates repeat the activities of Kayne's old father is told in gripping manner.

In fact "His Children's Children" is one of the most delightfully written novels of the year. Train has drawn a picture of present day conditions among the younger generation that is as telling as it is vicious. His picture is painted with broad strokes and is ever true to life.

It will be a long time before there is a better written passage in light fiction than that describing the coming out party of Sheila Kayne where the flappers and their male prototypes foregather and do strange things.

Then there is that heart-breaking description of the fall of pretty Sheila, her discovery a victim to opiates and her recovery only to fall victim to the wiles of a fake Yogi. And last of all there is the graphic picture of the passing of Peter Kayne in the midst of the auction sale.

Throughout the book runs the romance of young Maitland and Diana and interspersed are chapters of drama, romance and adventure concerning the various figures in the book, but the romance dwindle in the face of the inevitable crash of Rufus Kayne and that reason the title is misleading.

Like every novel of this character there is a weak point in the evolution of the plot. In this instance it is the introduction of our old friend the deus ex machina to extricate Lady Harrowdale and Nigel from the mess they are in. Once extricated, however, the author drops Nigel with an abruptness that is snocking and the end of that romance goes unexplained.

This is only a minor detail, however. The book is interesting from the first page to the last, and in addition to being light romance it has something for the reader of more active mentality to get hold of. There is a lesson in "His Children's Children" and yet it is not a preachment. It is on the whole a worthy effort.

"His Children's Children," by Arthur Train: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00.

Some people are so fond of butting in that no matter how often you help them out they won't stay out.

Buy Your Books IN OUR Book Department

Magazines, Children's Books, Fiction and Miscellaneous Books Not in stock will be ordered.

H. C. Capwell Co.

OAKLAND

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Buy Your Books

SOLONS WILL DRAFT NEW GOVERNMENT

Alameda County Measure Will Be Based on Recommendations Contained in Report of Grand Jurors

Legislators of Alameda county have under consideration recommendations of the county grand jury and requests of various county officials upon which the new county government bill will be predicated. The Alameda legislative delegation met with the county officials yesterday morning and went over the grand jury report. The officials then stated their views as to the needs of their respective offices. The county government bill will be drawn up immediately and introduced when the legislature convenes. No definite action was taken at yesterday's meeting.

The report of the grand jury was made following an exhaustive survey of the county offices. Yesterday's conference developed a few points of difference between the opinion held by officials and the recommendations in the report, but the differences were of a minor nature.

WANT COSTS LOWERED.
The chief discussion of interest at the meeting was between Assemblyman E. H. Christian and County Clerk George Gross. Christian has frequently laid stress upon necessity of retrenchment and a lowering of governmental costs.

When the matter of the county clerk's office came up it was found that the only recommendation made by the grand jury touching this office was for increasing the payment of registration deputies from 5 to 8 cents for each name, up to 50,000 names, and 10 cents a name thereafter.

Gross pointed out the need for two new deputies, saying that while the county was supposed to have but eight deputies in the superior court, there are in reality ten, the juvenile court and the extra sessions court being in almost constant session.

SALARY CUT OPPOSED.
Christian suggested that the salaries of the chief deputy and the clerk of the board of supervisors be cut if the new deputies were appointed. To this Gross made strenuous objection. He pointed out that these two have a great deal of the most important work of the office to perform and that he could not get anyone else to do that work for less money. He further pointed to San Francisco county, where the county clerk has seventy-five deputies, thirty copyists and three stenographers as against less than forty for a complete staff in the local office.

Gross further stated that in San Francisco there are ten deputies handling the work of the board of supervisors alone, a task which J. H. Holland handles alone in the office here.

The recommendations of the grand jury included the following: Recorder—Eight new deputies. County Clerk—Increase from five to eight cents per name for registration deputies for names up to 50,000 and 10 cents per name thereafter.

Coroner—Increase in pay of autopsy surgeon from \$150 to \$175 a month.

Superintendent of Schools—In-

Do They Really Set Beauty Standards?

Three famous artists (left to right), HARRISON FISHER and C. D. WILLIAMS, and (below) CLARENCE UNDERWOOD, who maintain that the beautiful girl types drawn by noted artists have a physical influence, and that modern girls grow to look like their pictured ideals.



crease in salary of superintendent from \$4000, present salary, to \$5000. Provide transportation in county.

Decrease in salary of chief assistant from \$3600, present, to \$3000.

INCREASED EXPENSES.

Treasurer—Additional stenographer at salary of \$1500. Increase in salary of treasurer from \$5000, present, to \$6000. Additional deputy to act as cashier, salary \$2700; automobile allowance for county trips; increase in salary of chief deputy, \$3000, present, to \$3600; increase in the salaries of two other deputies in the office, \$100 and \$200 per year, respectively.

Juvenile Probation—Additional assistant probation officer for domestic relations court work, \$2000 salary; additional probation officer for male juveniles, \$2000 salary; additional stenographer, salary \$1500.

Auditor—One new deputy, salary \$2000; increase in amount allowed for extra help from \$2500 to \$3000.

Tax Collector—Additional stenographer, \$1500 salary.

\$2400 salary.

Adult Probation—Office—Additional deputy, \$2000 salary; additional stenographer, \$1200 salary.

Assessor—Two additional deputies, salary \$2000 each; six extra men for five months each year at monthly salary of \$135.

District Attorney—Additional deputy at salary of \$2400, provided that an extra police court is created in the city of Oakland.

Women to Hear U. S. Health Expert

ALAMEDA, Feb. 24.—Through the courtesy of the Alameda Rotary club, women's organizations in the city are to be afforded an opportunity to hear Dr. Charles E. Barker, who is representing the United States government in a lecture tour for the better understanding of the obligations of the parent to the adolescent child, when he speaks in the Adelphi club house in Central avenue, Thursday afternoon, March 15, at 2:30 o'clock, under the auspices of the Rotary club.

Dr. Barker will address the members of the club at the weekly responsibility of the parent. At the Porter school he will address the students of the high school. His address before the women of the city in the Adelphi club will conclude his formal appearance in Alameda.

BAPTISTS OPEN 3-DAY SESSION

ALAMEDA, Feb. 24.—Delegates from the San Jose Pacific and San Francisco Bay Association of the Baptist Young People, who opened their annual three-day institute in this city last night, attended a service tonight in the church parlors of the First Baptist church under the auspices of Miss E. Burgess, state junior superintendent. At the close of the report, a program was given including addresses by the Rev. E. Matthews of Santa Clara, the Rev. Paul Offenhiser and Victor Bowen, and at 9 o'clock, a social and entertainment with held for the pleasure of the visiting delegates.

Various activities of the Institute in the church tomorrow will mark the close of the session. These include special classes for out-of-town delegates at the Sunday school beginning at 9:45 o'clock.

The social hour for young people will be held at 5:30 o'clock. This is to be followed by the monthly song service by the choir, with a short address by Rev. Hansen, and will begin at 7:30 o'clock.

Home-made Food Sale Arranged

ALAMEDA, Feb. 24.—A food sale, which will include home-made delicacies has been arranged by the members of the Porter school Parent-Teachers for the noon hour of Tuesday, February 27, as announced by Mrs. J. A. Powell, president. The sale will be held in the main corridor of the Porter school with members of the P. T. A. in charge of various booths.

The committee arranging for the affair is composed of Mesdames Arthur Heche, C. E. Hayden, Thomas Arada, E. J. Phillips, David Dickie and Mrs. Powell.

Piedmont Police Officer Fined \$25 On Speed Charge

Carl Fogh, a member of the Piedmont police department living at 3630 Quigley street, Oakland, appeared before Police Judge Edward Tyrrell yesterday on a charge of violating the motor vehicle regulations, and was given the alternative of paying a \$25 fine or spending 12½ days in jail.

While speeding to work on February 5, Fogh was caught in a "speed trap" at East Twenty-ninth street and Franklin avenue.

When his case came up in court and he did not appear, a bench warrant was issued for him and he was forced to furnish \$50 bail.

NO WONDER THEY CHOK.
COOLVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 24.—Farmers along the Ohio river report hearing the croaking of frogs coming from several small ponds covered with a thick coating of ice.

EYE-ACHES

If you have a difficult or annoying case of eye-ache, come to our optical parlors. Our Optometrists will be able to solve the trouble for you. With our scientifically fitted examination rooms no case will be too difficult for us to take care of.

Bring us the Hard Cases

R. C. ENDRISS
OPTOMETRIST

118 15th Street, Oakland
Bet. Broadway and Franklin

CANDY BUSINESS FOR SALE

Easter makes business for the candy stores.

Summer makes business for the soda fountain.

Christmas makes business for the candy stores.

No prohibition worries.

Look at the candy businesses advertised today under

BUSINESS CHNCES

in the classified Want Ad pages of today's TRIBUNE

ART PAVES BEAUTY WAY

By PAULINE DESCHA.
THE girl who smiles at you today from the magazine cover, the decorative advertisement and the art calendar will be walking down Fifth avenue, say from ten to twenty years from now, the reigning type of the American beauty. Perhaps she'll be your

(Continued on Page 6B.)

State Real Estate Men To Be Berkeley's Guests

BERKELEY, Feb. 24.—Officials of the State Real Estate Association will be guests of Berkeley Tuesday on their tour of California. A program for the afternoon and evening has been arranged.

An automobile tour of the city is planned for the afternoon. In the evening at the Varsity, Telegraph avenue and Bancroft way, a banquet will be given. Representative citizens will address the visitors. President James McCrosson of the Berkeley Realty

Board will preside, assisted by C. C. Juster, former president of the state association.

Those who will be guests of the city include Frazier O. Reed, president of the state association; Elton D. Williams, managing director; Henry P. Barbour, vice-president; Charles P. Crothers, treasurer, and the following other vice-presidents: Herman Janss, Chris R. Jones, Emilie E. Zahn, C. A. Ticks, John T. Summers, O. A. Vickrey, Everett A. White.

GIFTS SWELL MILLS FUND

Contributions to the Mills College endowment campaign continue to arrive at campaign headquarters in Hotel Oakland, according to an announcement late yesterday afternoon.

A friend of Mills from the interior of California contributed

(Continued on page 2B)

Toggery
CLOAK & SUIT HOUSE
568-572 Fourteenth Street Oakland
Between Clay and Jefferson Streets Oakland

Month-End Sale

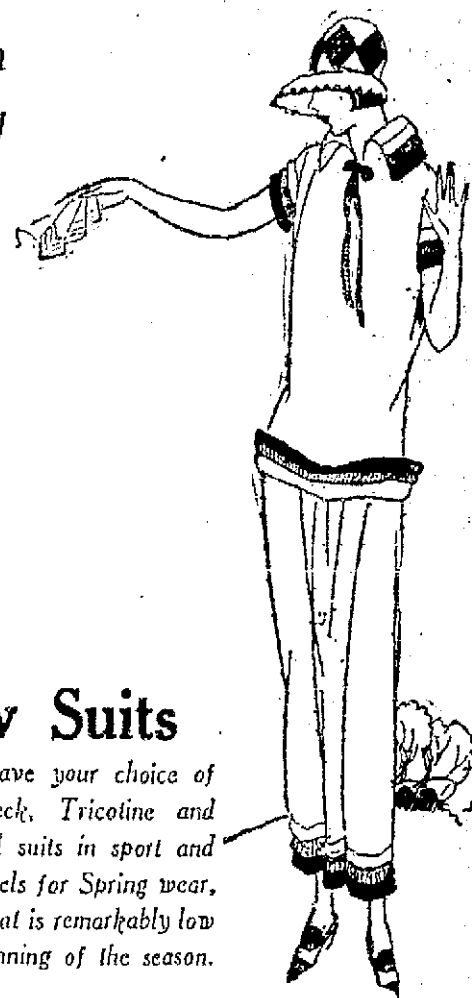
A Rousing 3-Day Money-Saving Event
For Monday -- For Tuesday -- For Wednesday

Coats Dresses Suits

Offering Values Much Above the Ordinary



\$25



New Coats

NEW SPORT COATS of Polo, Tweed, Overplaid and Novelty Mixtures. FULL LENGTH COATS in Mondaine and Normandy, in straight line Blouse and Wrappy effect; CAPES of Silk and Bolivia.

New Suits

You may have your choice of Velour Check, Tricotine and Poirat Twill suits in sport and tailored models for Spring wear, at a figure that is remarkably low for the beginning of the season.

Exceptional New Dresses

\$25

With the Spring season just around the corner, it is high time to replenish your wardrobe. And you can do it for a comparatively small sum if you invest in one or more of these wonderful dresses. The selection includes: Taffetas, Canton Crepe, Flat Crepes, Tricotines, Twills and Trico Chines. The styles are straight-line models, busque waists, bouffant skirts, Beulah collars, uneven hem lines, etc. There are wonderful garments in this group at only twenty-five dollars.

\$25

DOWNSTAIRS DEPARTMENT S

SUITS DRESSES COATS

The Toggery is offering some of the most excellent bargains in Suits, Coats and Dresses. Values that will not be duplicated are being shown in the downstairs department in this month-end sale

\$14.75

Three-Day Suit Sale

Wonderful Suits of Velour and Velour, fur trimmed and embroidered, in snappy styles for the year round wear. Garments worth very much more than the low price of \$14.75.

Three-Day Dress Sale

Tricotine, Poirat Twill, Taffeta and Canton Crepe are the materials that go to make up the excellent selection of Dresses we are offering for the low sale price. A special bargain for only \$14.75.

\$14.75

Three-Day Coat Sale

Coats of plain and embroidered Velours and Suedenes; some fur trimmed are offered for your selection. These garments are straight line, blouse or wrappy styles. Every one a remarkable value for

\$14.75

ANGORA SCARFS—20 inches wide, with fringe, at less than cost price. 15 CHILDREN'S COATS—Plain, embroidered and fur trimmed. 40 WONDERFUL SPRING DRESSES—Combinations of All Time Crepe. ODD JERSEY COATS in assorted colors. Sacrificed at \$2.50

The Royal for Shoes Genuine Dr. Reed's Improved Cushion Shoes



Facts for Thinking People

Every man and woman who has worn Cushion Shoes, patented by Dr. A. Reed, will hail with delight his latest and perfect invention. The Improved Cushion Shoe is by far the greatest achievement and the most perfect Cushion Shoe ever manufactured. There is no wringing of the inner sole, a patent device insuring it permanently smooth.

NEW IMPROVED CUSHION SOLE

FOR MEN \$10

FOR WOMEN \$8.65

Royal Shoe Co. 101 12th and Washington

JAZZ
POPULAR PIANO
Uptown taught
10, 20, 30
lessons. You
can't fail. Our
money back guarantee.
The JAZZ SYSTEM
1200 1st Ave., Oakland 1003

ASK AT BREUNER'S
EXCHANGE DEPT.

For bargains in best imported
all kinds, turned in to
ment on new goods; also
named numbers from the
of the of the sale to
time early. Boy on Easy
MAHOQANY DINING TABLES
in the approved Queen Anne
style, 12 ft. long, 30 in. wide,
with 12 seats. \$100.00
Real bargain. \$60.00
SMALL AMXISTER TABLE
two only—size 27 1/2 in. square
Attractive design. \$40.00
Each. \$20.00
PAINTED OAK FINISH
wooded, oak frame and
solid seat. \$40.00
ARMCHAIR—oak frame and
living room; cane and ma-
hogany combination with
loose cushion. A big bar-
gain. \$22.50
WHEELED ROCKER in golden
brown upholstered in cre-
tine. Sale price. \$12.50
ARMCHAIR, 12 ft. long, in
solid finish. Priced very low
at \$12.75
DRESSING TABLE in white
Euxia special. \$75.00
MAHOQANY DINING TABLES
mahogany with brown ma-
hogany and brown leather
seat. 3 only. Come early.
Each. \$ 9.50
SOLD ON EASY TERMS

Breuner's

"Everything for the Home."
Clay at 15th Street, Oakland.

BREAKFAST SET cheap; The cond.
Phone Eied. 40453.

SUFFT, good cond., reas. Pd. 919.

CHESTERFIELD SET, beautiful 3-piece
velvet, 12 ft. long, 30 in. wide,
3-piece iron, 12 ft. long, 30 in. wide,
suede; solid mahog. davenport;
table; small Oriental and Chinese
rugs; large Anglo-Persian rug;
best 12 ft. long, 30 in. wide, 30 in.
carpet for stairway and hallway;
good material, cheap.
Call Sunday between 10 and 12
a. m. only. 1745 Telegraph ave.

CHESTERFIELDS—Maker to you.
Eureka Mfg. Co., 2005 Broadway.

CHESTERFIELD, chair, rocker,
best Chester tape mohair, \$300.
worth \$300. 2883 Piedmont ave.

COUCH, 3 rocking chairs, small rug,
kitchen table, set of dishes. 453
41st st., rear.

SUITS—12 after dinner cape, silver

BRB, child's and white bureau, cheap. \$275. High st. Ptl. 2374.
HUTTENFELD SEAT, slighly used; \$115. 487 20th st., nr. Broadway.

DINING SUITE
Table and 4 chairs, period style, solid oak, lacquer finish, genuine leather chairs, brand new. Special prices and delivery, \$1,200. You'll buy if you come, because you can buy everything for less than.

SAM BERGER
2262 San Pablo
DINING SET, beaut. Queen Ann style, table, 6 chairs, long Q. A. li-brary table, massive overhanging leather top, ivory bed chairs, chiffonier and rocker; all like new; \$200 or sell separate. Also 3-pc. Chesterfield set (taupe, beige, black). Call Sam, cheap; 1200 E. 25th st. F. car.

ESSIE—White princess \$15. oak
cabinet, 14 in. high. **Libby**—
oak library table good as new.
\$13.50. **tumed oak leather settle**
\$10. baby crib with silk floss mat-
tress, \$3.50. **music cabinet** with
radio, \$12. **leather heater** large
range, \$17.50. **Rund heater**, good
as new, \$5. **Also new breakfast**
table, \$7.5. **lunch**. **Other furn.**
as new. 14th St. **W.**

DINING SET, **beaut.** **Queen Ann** 4-
in. table, 6 chairs, long **Q. A. li-**
brary table, massive overstuffed
leather rocker, ivory bed, dresser,
chest, 12 in. high. **leather** **he-**
ater, \$200, or sell separate. **Also 3-**
pce, **Chesterfield settle** (Jaume Baker
velour), rug, etc., cheap. 1200 E.
38th st. "S" car.

DINING TABLE, **beau.** 34-in. W. M.
table, 6 chairs. **Libby** table, W. M.
chair, rocker, ivory bed, chiffon-
robe, dresser, night stand, new,
delivered, \$185. 3559 **Piedmont ave.**

DINNER SETS—Closing out **at cost**
factory sample line **at 50% off** **all**
tableware. **Also** **glass**—**new**
—**terms.** 50 **Bacon blvd.**

DINING table—**Fumed oak**, 6 ft. ex-
tension, \$15; mahog. lib. table, 6;
mahog. mahog. chair, 37. 2 oak
bed, chairs, 14 in. high. **Also** **oak**
—**terms.** 50 **Bacon blvd.**

DINING table, **quartered oak**, 54 in.
long, 8 chairs. **leather** **bed**, **chairs.**
Living rm. furn. etc. 453 **Wals-**
worth. **Lake**, 1320.

DINING SET, 2 dressers, 4 matching chairs, new, with everything new for the home at less. Security Storage Warehouse, 6th and Market.

DINING TABLE, solid oak, and 4 chairs, new, with upholstered leather foot ends. Pled. 6413W.

DINING SET, Queen Anne, walnut, oblong table. Bargain. 487 20th street.

DINING SET, 2 dressers, 1lb. set, 2 rugs, breakfast table and chairs. Must be sold. 319 15th st.

SEAT, fume, oak, suite, \$90; 4 leather seat, fume, oak, d. chairs and 53 in. table, new. Pled. 2109Y.

DRESSERS, rockers, cheap. L. Harris, 3279 E. 14th. Ptv. 55.

DINING TABLE, solid oak, 4 chairs. \$25. 8251 E. 14th st.

DRESSERS, two, and folding bed. \$20. 710 15th st.

SEAT, square, 3 brass bed and mattress. 226 E. 20th st.

DUOFOLD, Piedmont 853W.

EXCHANGE DEPT.

Sectional bookcase, 3 sections, top

Tapestry box couch, \$18.00.
Mahogany writing desk, \$15.00.
Pine dining table, 6 chairs, genuine leather seat and back, \$12.50.
Pumed oak dining table and 6 leather seat chairs, \$21.50.
Golden oak sideboard, \$18.50.
Furniture crib, A-1 shape, large size, 9.00.

ASHBY FURNITURE CO.
Adeline and Alcatraz, Berkeley.
Phone Pied. 321

UNNAMED bedstead, spring and dining table. Call 1 to 5 p.m.
1914 Grove st. Wk. days

DELEG. heater, \$5. Laska. 4544.

FURNITURE
Attend the gigantic offerings of desirable chairs, pianos, gold and domestic rural furniture to be sold at absolute auction next Thursday, March 1st, at 2:30 p.m. at the

Watch the auction column at the
paper for details. Those not familiar
with the possibilities of buying will
encounter the surprise of the price
at the extreme savings to those who
on this occasion. Dealers and others
invited. W. H. Edwards is

FURNISHING OF beautiful
court home, including wainscot
and ivory bedroom suite, piano
and liv. rm. furniture,
3-piece bath, etc., all new.
berry colour; will sell as lot
as a whole. 1847 Grand Ave.

EDUCATIVE CATHOLIC

HENRY KAMMERER, 101
West 1st St., Clark Ave.
111; Rmud heater, 97, 97-100
Rm. 918; Office Room 918;
Chair, 11. Moving on 1st. Home
of everything in house
1014 Texas St. School 1014

SPORTS SECTION

Oakland Tribune

VOLUME XCVIII.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1923

A

NO. 56.

RAY KREMER SIGNS CONTRACT

SONS OF ST. GEORGE PLAY VIRTUS CLUB FOR THE TITLE

Few Oaks Will Be Tardy in Joining Club

Rookies Will Not Have Matters All Their Own Way After Tomorrow.

By EDDIE MURPHY.
For the past week, rookie ball players who have been working out with the regular battery men of the Pacific Coast League clubs, have been having a lot of fun and were in the height of their glory. There were no seasoned infielders and outfielders prancing about the various fields and the kids had everything their own way. Tomorrow will see most of the regulars drifting in and some rookies packing their grips from the training camps, and indications point to it being a sad day for some kid players, some of whom will have to make way for the older heads.

With the exception of about six players, probably including Claude Cooper and Del Baker, who are holdovers, all the Oaks will be in camp tomorrow at Myrtledeale.

EWING VISITS CAMP.

Del Howard left for camp yesterday morning and Cal Ewing followed up in the afternoon. Cal will spend today looking over the youngsters and the chances are that Del will talk Cal into remaining over a couple of days. Herbie McFarlin received letters yesterday from Infielder Marty McGaffigan and Outfielder Frank Wetzel. McGaffigan wrote from his home at Carlisle, Illinois, to say he will be a few days late in reporting, but that he is in fine shape, having played a little winter ball. He also mentioned that he thinks the change from Sacramento to Oakland will do him a lot of good. Wetzel's letter came from St. Louis, Missouri, and he also mentioned he would be a few days late. Pitcher Walter Mails, who is at Sacramento, was given permission to report next Thursday or Friday.

SQUAD LEAVES TOMORROW.

About a dozen Oaks will leave Sixteenth street depot tomorrow morning at 8:30 o'clock and will arrive at Myrtledeale just in time to pack themselves at the lunch table. Marvin Smith, the new infielder, will leave Los Angeles today and go up with the main squad. Al Maderias and Percy Chavez, who are slated to battle Smith for the shortstop job, have been playing winter ball in Oakland. Maderias worked out every day for the last week at St. Mary's college and is in fine trim. It looks like a keen fight among Smith, Maderias and Chavez. Smith should report in the team in the Southern California Winter League.

HOW ABOUT BRUBAKER?

"Frenchy" La Fayette and Ray Brubaker of last season's infield also wintered around the bay. La Fayette did not play any winter ball, while Brubaker played with the Ambrose Tailors and also worked out with the boys at St. Mary's the last few weeks. They

(Continued on Page 3-D)

Dempsey Would Be 100 to One in Beckett Bout

(By Universal Service.)
LONDON, Feb. 24.—According to the most responsible opinion, the British boxing world is absolutely opposed to a Jack Dempsey-Joe Beckett bout, concerning which there has been considerable talk of late. This opinion holds it would be one of the greatest blows to pugilism in the history of the ring, and that betting should be 100 to 1 that Beckett would be knocked out in four rounds at the latest.

Beard Mortimer, former manager of Beckett, said today: "It would be a crime to star the world. Beckett is not in Dempsey's class. Many third rate American fighters can beat the British champion."

The "Big Four" of the Oakland Club's Pitching Staff

Here are the men who will carry the burden of pitching for the Oakland club in the Coast League race this summer, and they are rated the best in the minor league. From left to right the athletes are: RAY KREMER, right hander; HARRY KRAUSE, southpaw; BUZ ARLETT, right hander, and WALTER MAILS, a port sider. Kremer came to terms with the owners of the club last night.



SONS OF ST. GEORGE MEET VIRTUS ELEVEN IN FINAL GAME TODAY

Neptunes of Alameda Meet Vampires at Memorial Field in S. F.; Foresters Meet Riversides in Playoff of Cup Tie Game

By DOUG. MONTELL.
Four soccer games will furnish fans of the Bay region with a select list to pick from this afternoon, the final game of the Bay City Soccer League being billed for the San Pablo playgrounds in Berkeley, while three Cup Ties contests will take place across the bay.

Eastbay teams will bask in the calcium today, the Alameda Neptunes engaging the Vampires of the San Francisco league in a headline attraction at Tobin Field at 1:00 o'clock while the Ancient Order of Foresters will clash with the Riversides of Sacramento across the bay at Memorial Field at 2:30.

The local attraction will give Eastbay fans a treat. The Italia Virtus club of San Francisco, eliminated from the Cup Ties in their first round match, will resume action this afternoon against the Sons of St. George in the final scheduled league game of the Bay Cities Soccer League. Much hinges on the outcome of today's game. The Sons of St. George, two points behind the Alameda Neptunes for the lead, must win today or lose their opportunity to win the 1923 soccer title.

Some Must Win From Virtus Club.
A win is the only thing that can do the Sons any good. A tie would leave them one point short. Should the sons make good and defeat the Italia Virtus club, the attention of the local fans will be attracted to the game of the Sons of St. George against the Vampires of the San Francisco league at Memorial Field at 2:30.

MANY KENNEL SHOWS LISTED THIS SPRING

By S. BOEHM

The California spring shows are looming on the horizon. The first one will be the Crown City show at Pasadena, on March 9 and 10. Dr. Demund of the American Kennel club, will judge. One week later, on Saturday, March 17, will take place an event which is of special interest to the Eastbay fanciers. On this date the California Cocker club, in conjunction with the California Collie club and the newly formed California Irish Setter club, will stage an exhibition in the Oakland Auditorium. Dr. Demund has consented to again don the purple for this occasion. The "Golden Show" will be the slogan for this fixture. The prizes for first, second and third will be \$10, \$5 and \$2.50 respectively and this money will be given in gold. Both the secretary of the California Cocker club, Miss Louise Herling, and the secretary of the California Irish Setter club, Mrs. Nancy Lee Fletcher, are Oakland residents. This show should draw a big entry from all over the West.

Oakland Japanese To Play S. F. Nine

Ed Fusko, manager of the Oakland Japanese Student College baseball team, announced last evening that he will lead his nine against the San Francisco Japanese College team this afternoon at General Electric Field at Fifty-fifth avenue and East Fourteenth street. The game will start at 1:30 o'clock. If Oakland wins today it will be tied with Alameda for the lead in the Bay Cities Japanese Baseball League. Alameda has two wins to its credit, having defeated both Oakland and San Francisco.

Happy Howard to Meet Greb March 19

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 24.—John Cox, manager of Happy Howard, New York middleweight, has signed for Howard to meet Harry Greb in a 15-round contest at the Louisiana auditorium here March 19. It was announced today, giving organization. Pacific City will be the scene of the first attempt of the young club and the date will be around May 30. The Pacific Coast Fanciers' association will give a show in the grounds of the Hotel San Rafael on Sunday, June 10. And it is generally expected that the Gold Gate show in San Francisco will be held some time in April or May, though

Washington Winner Over Oregon Quintet

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 24.—(United Press.)—The Washington basketball club defeated Oregon tonight, 29 to 27.

Melrose Stars to Play Best Tractors

Manager "Doc" Silvey of the Melrose Merchants has lined up an all-star club to go to San Leandro today and play the C. L. Best Tractors. George Drew, Al Voant and "Scotty" Ledwich of the Melrose team, which finished second in the American Division race, will be with the Merchants.

Bushers in Big Game at Alberger Lot

Del Montes, Crystals Tangle Today in Season's Classic.

Although Pacific Coast League clubs are day by day assembling at the various training camps and the rabid ball fans scan the sport pages to read the accounts of the athletes trying for jobs, those fans who make their homes in the eastbay are not overlooking the fact that right here are other baseball events worthy of their attention. Today will witness the second big game in the series to determine the class A champions of the Oakland TRIBUNE Midwinter League. At Alberger Field, Forlieth and San Pablo, the Crystals Laundry nine, champions of the Coast division, will cross bats with the Del Monte Cafe club, which won the championship of the American division. Play will be called at 2:15 o'clock, and indications are that the largest crowd to witness a bush game in years will witness the struggle.

CRYSTALS UNDEFEATED.

Since last October, the Crystals and Del Montes battled teams in their division until they were proclaimed the champions. The Crystals went through their long schedule in the Coast division without meeting a defeat, while the Del Montes met with a few, as they were in the best balanced division of the league. The Shattucks Avenue Merchants, champions of the National Class A division, met the Crystals in the first game of the series last Thursday and were forced to accept the short end of the score. The only hope for the Shattucks to get back in the championship series is for the Del Montes to win today. That would give the Shattucks a crack at the Del Montes a week from today. If they defeat the Del Montes they would get another crack at the Crystals, but otherwise the Del Montes would be proclaimed the champions of the whole Class A league. A win for the Crystals today would make them the champion.

MENAMARA TO HURL.

Jimmy McNamara, the husky 19-year-old southpaw whom Howard Greer will use in trying to make the Wichita club the champions of

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Baldwin Signed By Seattle Club

SEATTLE.—The Seattle club of the Pacific Coast Baseball League has signed H. C. Baldwin, who has been a player semi-professional ball in a number of leagues in the past years. Nick Williams, secretary of the club, announced. Baldwin is a third baseman. He recently was taken from the ineligible list, where he was placed three years ago for failing to report to the Memphis club of the Southern League after signing a contract.

Star Flinger Will Go To the Camp Tomorrow

RAY KREMER, one of the mainstays of the Oaks' pitching staff for the last few seasons, will be in the party of Oaks that will leave here tomorrow morning for Myrtledeale Springs. It was believed up until late yesterday afternoon that Kremer would not be with the club this week at least, as he had a talk with Del Howard on Friday and was unable to come to terms, and Del and Cal Ewing departed yesterday for Myrtledeale. But late last evening the spring fever took a strong hold on Kremer and he got in touch with Scotty McFarlin. Kremer was willing to compromise so McFarlin wired the word to Cal Ewing and Del Howard that Kremer had decided to stay in Oakland and leave the team contract.